

The Drama--Players, Playhouses, Gossip of the Stage.

TOPICS OF THE STAGE.

Grand opera is the most desperate, heart-breaking and frequently unprofitable undertaking in the wide catalogue of managerial activities. Also it is frequently unappreciated, and the sifful interest in erratic and changing. Another reason which makes it a gamble. American cities, therefore, know very little about grand opera, in its best sense, music-dramatic, whether late Wagner or early Verdi, is only known at large as "opera," and an intelligent portion of the public which is acquainted with Shakespeare, has come the whole Fitch alphabet and may even have read Mather's, is frequently found wallowing in greatest ignorance as far as accurate information on the lyric stage is concerned.

With the exception of New York City, it may be truly said that no American center of population pays serious attention to operatic music. Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Pittsburgh, have a few weeks or days of Corried drainings, and occasionally, when the fodder is good and the money-coop at home is short, the prize collection of metropolitan nightingale wanders far afield, and has even dipped its pinions--somewhat disdainfully--in the placid waters of the Pacific.

Mr. Russell, with his last year's superbly-organized San Carlo company, came near doing for Chicago and New Orleans what Corried, with large social assistance, is doing for New York. But one backer was committed to an asylum, and it appears that others modestly retired. The Russell company will not come West this year, although it has good Eastern prospects.

Outside of New York, the only large operatic undertaking, save Savage's "Mme. Butterfly" and one or two similar organizations, has been in the company formed in Italy for Los Angeles and San Francisco. As announced frequently enough to inform every man, woman and child in the city, this company--"our" company--will open its season at the Auditorium on Wednesday evening, with a production of "Aida."

Possibly on the adage that beggars must not be choosers, and Americans are beggars when it comes to opera, Signor Lambardi passed in his well-remembered cluster of lyric lemons last year. Out of this there were barely three or four worthy artists, and when the season was over, and Manager Berry had reviewed the run-

too, for this column strives honestly to get away from mere asinine press-agency--but, on the whole, it is acclaimed as the best the kindly, gentle, gray-haired old impresario has ever put together.

The opera? During the month we shall have a pretty fair representation of the entire Italian school, by arduous pulling. Manager Berry has gained the promise of "Gloconda," which Lambardi had not slated. Alfred Metzger has written The Times that this organization could give a sensational performance of Meyerbeer's magnificent "Huguenots," which has not been seen here for many years. But it is very doubtful if it will be given. Macco's picturesque and tunefully original "Iris," will be given a special production--for which, thanks! In the list of the latter half of the season "Mignon" is catalogued. I do not think popular interest in it will be very great; personally, I believe that since there are two splendid basses in the company, a production of Boito's "Mefistofele" would be far more of an attraction. Has it ever been done in this city? "Otello" should be well received. But be these things as they may, we shall see "Aida," "Lucia," "Tosca," "Bohema," "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Faust," "Cavalleria," "Pagliacci," and those already mentioned. "Carmen" is on the bill, but it is to



Opera Principals.

Leading singers in the season of lyric drama, which will open Wednesday evening.

nants, be made a mental resolve to begin anew, and in an entirely different manner for this present inning. Accordingly, San Francisco enterprise was made to work harmoniously with local interests, and in the late spring of this year Lambardi was sent across the water with money in his pocket, and iron-clad orders to bring back a good company or none at all. As a matter of local pride, interested people in Los Angeles watched the company's debut in San Francisco with something more than anxiety. The artistic feeling of the town was at stake; if the company scored, it proved that operatic promotion was as ripe, if not as large, upon the Pacific Coast as upon the Atlantic; that New York and California, were the only two States in the Union with ambition and energy enough to bring over a complete European singing organization. The company has proved itself capable--or at least the critics of San Francisco--after either of greenhorns. The company has shown weaknesses--these must be confessed,

be hoped that it will not be given. There are few Carmens in the world, and practically none from Italy. Any Carmen here after Fely Deryne would be compelled to make a sensational showing to score even mild success. Mr. Berry has a personal hesitating characterizes his inward desire--to see "Lohengrin" in Italian. This is merely a possibility. It is said that Signorini has made a great reputation as the Knight of the Swan. The company numbers about 100 people, including the orchestra which is carried with it. This is said to include all the principal parts, numbering sixteen or twenty instances. To list the illustrious Mr. Karmmeyer: will add another score. Some confusion of tongues and mixture of motives may be expected when the emotional Jacchia hurls his baton above their heads, but it will probably be better than last year's work--and positively, yes

(Continued on Second Page.)

A Modern Magdalen

A MODERN DRAMA WITH BIG SCENES--A STORY OF REMARKABLE INTEREST
LAST TIME TONIGHT OF THE FAMOUS ROMANTIC PLAY, "THE ONLY WAY."
COMMENCING TOMORROW NIGHT
THE MILAN GRAND OPERA COMPANY WILL GIVE THE FIRST PERFORMANCE IN THIS CITY OF AMELIA BINGHAM'S GREAT SUCCESS.

Additional Amusement Announcements on Page 2

TOPICS OF THE STAGE.

(Continued From First Page.)

cannot expect a full orchestra to come two miles for you at 12 per cent.

Scenery and costumes are said to be above the average in completeness and excellence.

Concerning the principals, the following seems to be pretty accurate information:

Cher, Signorini is a celebrated dramatic tenor, approaching middle age, but still in vigorous usefulness. His European career has been an honorable and profitable one, and even the German critics have recognized his artistic values. Mr. Metzger insists that he is a lyric tenor, which insistence greatly excites Mr. Berry. Taking a deduction from Signorini's maturity and Mr. Metzger's statements, I am led to believe that he has had the rare good sense to save his voice by using it gently and carefully. Heaven deliver us, anyway, from the yelling species of robust.

Mrs. Padovani has created a genuine future in San Francisco. She is a famous European singer, is wealthy, has acquired many details of stage art, has a gracious personality, and is declared incomparable in dazzling vocal technique. Metzger writes "The Times" that certain evidence she introduced in "Lucia" excels anything he has ever heard for color and intensity.

Giuseppe Pimazzoni raised the people out of their seats on that San Francisco first night, with his electrifying performance of "Aida." Like Mrs. Padovani, he is a great success. His vocal criticism of his voice, which he declared "smooth as velvet and as direct and unimpeded as an arrow."

Another operatic crank has told me that he believes Pimazzoni the greatest baritone whom this country has heard in Italian music for years, not even excepting Antonio Scotti. However, all these superlatives are not yet proven.

Alessandro Aramboldi has been into fame as a splendid actor, as well as for the possession of a baritone voice of substantial quality. His Rigoletto is said to be superb.

Angelo Parola, principal lyric tenor, is classed as an artistic success, though not as a sensation. Mrs. Ester Ferrell, the beautiful young Tucca of the company, proved another source of delight, as did Lina Bertoni, as Mimì.

The huge bass, Wulman, is declared by many to be the greatest of the company, both in style and vocal and physical impressiveness. Olinto Lombardi is a known quantity, from his last season's work in Los Angeles. Young Adolfo Piniola returns, and is said to be improved in voice and stage.

Maria Gonzalez, the young Spanish woman, who is principal dramatic soprano, is described as handsome of face and figure, with an ample voice of beautiful quality.

And there are others—and a rumor that a new tenor has been called, who will, perhaps, arrive in time to sing in the season's second half. The division mark is Sunday's three-day engagement at the Auditorium.

There is a ballet, allegedly very poor. The opening bill is "Aida," with Donales, Signorini, Pimazzoni, Ferrell, Wulman and Mancini.

On Thursday night, "Lucia" will be given, with Mrs. Padovani, Parola and Piniola.

"Tucca" is scheduled for Saturday afternoon, with Parola, Ferrell, Aramboldi and the dear old buffo, Bergami. The repetitions are "Aida" on Friday night, and "Lucia" on Saturday night.

Lombardi himself will reach Los Angeles tomorrow. His equipment and his carload loads for the past three days. The company will come in on a special train Tuesday morning.

THE DRAMATIC WEEK.

"The Vanderbilt Cup," scenic production in which Elsie Janis rose to national-wide celebrity, will be at the Madison this week.

The story is based upon a motive furnished by the well-known race for the Vanderbilt cup. The characters are country people, automobile men and others of similar pursuit. The principal feminine role is that of Dorothy Willets, a village girl who is suddenly made an heiress by the death of a rich old uncle in New York.

The feature of the production is the automobile race, which takes place on the stage. Two huge racing machines at full speed—running of course upon treadmills—participate in this lively encounter.

A capable company is promised by the management.

The Belasco Theater company will present tomorrow night, "A Modern Magdalen," in which Amelia Bingham has been seen in this city.

Bianche Stoddard will have Miss Bingham's original role in the production, and Lewis S. Stone will take the part that was created by Robert Bosworth.

Following "A Modern Magdalen," the Belasco company will give the first performance in this city of Eugene O'Neill's new comedy, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary."

J. M. Barry's romance, "The Professor's Love Story," will have its first western production at the Burbank Theater this afternoon.

The story is very reminiscent of "A Bachelor's Romance," save that instead of being a book worm, the gentle, absent-minded bachelor is a scientist.

Mr. Beasley and Miss Hall will have principal roles.

Frank Daniels' comic opera success, "The Idol's Eye," will be the offering at the Los Angeles Theater for the week commencing tonight.

It will be marked by the reappearance of Carl Haydn, who gained a reputation here some years ago as one of the best of the many light opera tenors. Since playing here, Mr. Haydn has filled successful engagements with Anna Held, DeWolf Hopper and Fritz Schell.

Mr. Blaisdell will have the chief comedy role, while Arthur Cunningham will play Don Pablo, the Cuban. The remainder of the principals, including Aida Henmi, Daphne Pollard, Maudie Beatty, Lillian Raymond and George Kunkel, will be well apportioned.

"A Night With the Poets," described as a novelty of sumptuous mounting, will be the feature act at the Orpheum this week. "The Sunny South" is another ambitious sketch, words and music are by Max Hoffmann, and ten specimens of genuine southern ebony are introduced.

The bill also includes Berry and Berry, rather unusual musical comedians. The holdovers are the Electric Crickets, Inez Cascajero, Paul Barnes and the Christie duo.

"Broadway After Dark" will be the offering of the Ulrich stock company for the week commencing this afternoon. It is a new sensation play, the familiar "story of misplaced trust," and in spectacular features is said to rival the Lincoln J. Carter production.

An unusual feature will be "Ladies' Night" at the Broadway Athletic Club, and a three-round "go" will be the principal attraction. "Kid" Webster and "Kid" Dalton, both known to fight fans here, have been engaged to pummel each other. As the action of the play is not concerned in the mill's outcome they may fight as hard as they please.

"My Neighbor's Wife" is the new musical piece to be staged at Fischer's Theater today.

Of Musical Interest.

Among prominent local musicians



Carl Haydn,

tenor who will return to the local stage tonight, after an absence of some years.

soon to return from Europe is Miss Alice Coleman of Pasadena, who is expected the latter part of this month. She has spent more than a year studying the piano with masters in Berlin and Paris, and on her return will be heard in a series of chamber concerts and recitals.

A musical event of ambitious nature is programmed for one week from tomorrow, at the Ebbel Club. It will be a quartette recital, by Miss Beale Chapin, violin; Miss Gertrude Coburn, piano; Mrs. Mesasac, cello, and Robert Messinger, viola.

The programme will include a Beethoven quartette, a Schumann quartette, and solos by Miss Chapin and Charles A. Bowes, baritone.

Miss Chapin, by her brilliant technique and rich, musicianly tone, has proven herself a violinist of rare accomplishment during the past year, and for one so young has made an astonishing artistic record.

The Philharmonic Quintette will be the opening event of the Occidental College lecture course this season, giving a concert at the college on Friday evening.

The company now consists of Mrs. Nunda Baber, soprano; Carolyn von Benion, soprano; May Orcutt, pianist; Miriam Eskridge, reader, and Natrop Blumenfeld, violinist.

Miss Louise, Miss Hill, who was with the quintette, is still in Chicago.

The Harmonic Musical Club will hold its first fall meeting on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. John Alvanson of No. 2214 Romeo street.

Max Dick is to have a violin concert here a little later in the season, supported probably by Mrs. Edmund S. Shank, Archibald Sessions and perhaps other prominent artists.

Lack of interest in the Francis Murphy movement caused the postponement of last week's concert.

Mr. Belymer may be congratulated on having secured Mrs. Gadski for his early concert tour—she will sing in Los Angeles in a week or so—for now Corried is advertising her as a great feature of the Metropolitan season this year, and once back in the net of the big operahouse, it is probable that she will not escape until spring.

Dramatography.

By arrangement with Charles Frohman Miss Nance O'Neill's manager, Charles Dillingham, has secured the Pinerio play, "His House in Order," for the use of Miss O'Neill, who will play the part of the wife, Nina, in which Miss Dillingham was seen to such advantage last season.

The Shuberts announce that Frank Gilmore has been engaged as leading man with Mary Manning for this season. In "Jealous Betsy" Gilmore will play "Jerome Bonaparte," which was played, last season by Robert Warwick, now playing "Vronsky" in "Anna Karenina," with Virginia Harned.

James O'Neill will begin his season tomorrow in New York, where he will be seen in "Virginia," the company, it is announced, will contain more than 200 persons. All the scenes will be erected on the cyclorama plan, giving an appearance of nature. Later in the season he will present a repertoire of classic plays.

Refinement is one of the most noticeable characteristics of Annie Russell, although she confesses in a story she tells of once using profanity. Annie Russell overheard a young man of her acquaintance using strong language to some one who had mislaid a gun case. When the young man discovered that Miss Russell had heard him he apologized, saying: "I always call a spade a spade."

"Indeed," replied Miss Russell, "I have thought, judging from what you just said, that you would call it a d—d old shoe."

Law Docketster does not keep all his jokes for the stage. One of his jokes that he does not tell on the stage is about a waiter who never lived anywhere except in Harrisburg. The waiter told Mr. Docketster of a dream that he had the night before. He dreamed that he went to his kitchen and found a mouse on a plate of food. He said: "Move on, Mistah Brown; they ain't no more room heah."

He went to the other place and was again told to move along. Mr. Brown then said: "I just throw up my hands and cry out, 'disparin' like, 'Good Lawd, has I got to go back to Harrisburg?'"

Mr. Patrick Campbell, who will arrive in New York about November 10, for a tour of America under the direction of Liebler & Co., will appear in "Electra," a new version of Euripides'

Greek tragedy. Mrs. Campbell will essay the title role, that of the unhappy daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. Instead of masked men and boys, the Greek chorus, which is retained in the new version, will be composed of women. Great care has been taken in getting sketches and drawings for scenery, and a number of all of which will be brought from England.

Miss Pauline Frederick, a young actress of remarkable beauty, told an amusing story of an author who recently wished her to read a translation of a foreign play. Miss Frederick made an appointment, and the writer appeared promptly. He was accompanied by a beautiful little dog. During the reading, the actress became more interested in watching the capering of the little animal than in listening to the play of his master. When the dramatist had "rang down" on the last act, Miss Frederick said to him: "What a beautiful little dog. Where did you get it?" The man, who happened to be very deaf, answered: "I adapted it from the German."

Many plays are being written in which there is no conservatism. Many plays succeed in living from the rise of the curtain to the going down of the scene, without the production on the stage of any gentleman wearing a sword, without the appearance of a single servant in livery, without the utterance of a sentence in which there is mention of Lord So-and-so, or Lady Such-and-such. That all this is true is proven by the success of the play, "The Business of Writing," which is now being produced at the University of California.

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Art and Artists.

BY ANTONY E. ANDERSON.

In October.

October morning! How the sun glitters on glowing shock and sheaf. On apple crisp with yellow gold. On wonder-landed leaf!

October evening! Look, the moon, like one in fairy lands benighted! Frost out-of-doors like sharp; within, Good, our first fire is lighted.

—John James Platt.

Pictures by Nanette Calder.

Alexander Stirling Calder, the sculptor, finding that his work demands his presence in Los Angeles, has turned his Pasadena studio over to his wife, Nanette Calder. Mrs. Calder is a painter—though, as will be seen later, she narrowly escaped a life-devotion to the plastic art—so she took the studio with a glad heart and immediately picked up her long-neglected palette and brushes.

The sacred duties of wifehood and motherhood have kept Nanette Calder from pursuing her passion for paint for a number of years, but these things still happily here, are now quite so persistent in their demands. This is why she has painted so steadily for

grown, the flesh of whose upturned face is rich and suave, and full of quality. But this artist paints outdoors as well as indoors, taking every phase of nature that appeals to her. Some of her recent marines, painted at Long Beach and Ocean Park, are very charming. One is a grayish panel, done from a height, that reminds one of a symphony by Whistler. Another, a bit of sand and water on the way from Ocean Park to Venice, has much of the quiet charm of a Dutch water color. Somehow, the scene has a quietly foreign air. There are weight and movement in the water of a third canvas, which shows us the pier at Long Beach in the distance.

It is Mrs. Calder's intention to send many of these pictures East very soon, where they will be shown in Philadelphia. In the meantime, they may be seen at her commodious and well-lighted studio, No. 634 South Euclid street, Pasadena. All lovers of what is fresh and spontaneous and honest in art should go to see them.

Miss Annie Laurie Miller and her sister, Miss Winifred, daughters of



"Louise."

Portrait sketch by Nanette Calder.

the last six months, and with such interesting results. Certainly, those of us who saw the first few small canvases from her brush that were hung in the recent Blanchard Hall exhibition, were charmed as well as interested. Here, we felt, we had a new painter among us, and one whose work must be reckoned with.

Undoubtedly, these pictures were painting to the general, and just as interesting results. Certainly, those of us who saw the first few small canvases from her brush that were hung in the recent Blanchard Hall exhibition, were charmed as well as interested. Here, we felt, we had a new painter among us, and one whose work must be reckoned with.

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Theaters—Amusements—Entertainments

ORPHEUM THEATER—SPRING ST., Bet. Second and Third.

ADVANCED VAUDEVILLE

COMMENCING MONDAY EVENING.

A NIGHT WITH THE POETS—THE SUNDAY SOUTH—REHEARSAL—THE ELECTRIC CRICKETS.

MADONNINI'S DAILY EXCEPT MONDAY.

THIS THEATER DOES NOT ADVERTISE IN THE LOS ANGELES TIMES.

GRAND OPERAHOUSE—MAIN ST., Bet. First and Second.

THE FAMILY THEATER.

COMMENCING TODAY'S MATINEE, THE ULTRICH STOCK COMPANY.

"BROADWAY AFTER DARK"

By John Oliver. Featuring the great comic, "Ladies' Night" at the Electric Crickets, and a three-round game contest between KID DALTON and KID WEBSTER.

at every performance.

Matinee Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday, 10 and 12. Evening, 8, 10, 12, 14.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER—

Highest High Class Stock Company in Los Angeles.

MATINEE TODAY: TONIGHT, ALL WEEK, MATINEE SATURDAY.

"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"

A story as sweet as "A Bachelor's Romance." Everybody in the city.

Next Week's Biggest and Best Play, "IN ARKANSAS." By H. D. Cram.

NOTE: This Theater does not advertise in the Evening Express.

FISCHER'S THEATER—FIRST ST., BET. MAIN AND SECOND.

PHONES—SUNDAY, M-944, MONDAY, M-945, TUESDAY, M-946.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, OCT. 7TH. FISCHER'S ALL STAR CAST.

COMEDY CO. in "My Zen"

THIS THEATER DOES NOT ADVERTISE IN THE EXPRESS.

See and you will believe that the Holmes Patent Self-Airing

DISAPPEARING BED

Is the most scientific sleeping arrangement.

Is better than a bed exposed to dust and air in a room.

Is in a ventilated recess by itself with current of fresh air circulated about it.

Does not fold.

No lifting.

A gentle push and it disappears.

Lightens house work.

Is detached and can be moved anywhere.

Has no sham furniture.

Unlike any other patent bed.

Must be seen to be appreciated.

Being installed in fine residences, hotels, apartments and dormitories.

See before making your plans.

American Disappearing Bed Co.

671-681 Pacific Electric Bldg.

Phones—Home F4926, Sunset, Broadway 1409.

TERRILL

338 So. Hill 340

We announce our formal showing of foreign model

gowns, waists, hats and wraps, comprising the latest

Parisian ideas.

French Underwear

French Corsets

Jouvin Gloves-Dent's Gloves

Have just returned from Paris

"THE WOMAN'S SHOP"

DIAMONDS

OF QUALITY

H.B. Crouch

Largest Dental Office

On the Pacific Coast

We have every modern instrument and every scientific

dentistry at moderate prices.

Office open Sundays, 10 a.m. to 12.

Third Floor, Parmelee-Dohrmann Building

444 South Broadway

Some Notable Festivities Incident to Society During the Past Week.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

This season promises to be a merry one for this time of year. There are all sorts of parties, and a number of the most notable of these are being given. The season is opening with a number of parties, and a number of the most notable of these are being given. The season is opening with a number of parties, and a number of the most notable of these are being given.



Miss Edna Best.

Hamilton-Rhodes Nuptials.

Miss Dora Louise Hamilton and Harry L. Rhodes were married Wednesday at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. E. E. Hamilton of Eagle Rock Valley. Only intimate friends and relatives were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. A. Field of Los Angeles. During the ceremony Miss M. Rhodes, brother of the groom, sang "Because." The bride was simply, but prettily attired in a traveling suit of navy blue. She carried Cecile Bruner roses. After the luncheon, the guests attended a matinee.

Eastern Trip.

Dr. and Mrs. Fred Wallingford Rayburn left recently for an extended eastern trip. While away, they will visit New York, Chicago, Washington, Richmond, Pittsburgh, Denver, Salt Lake. Mrs. Rayburn's brother, Capt. G. N. Wolfe, who had been visiting them, sailed on the Korea for Manila.

Afternoon Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Fram will entertain with a reception this afternoon, 2 to 5 o'clock, at their residence, No. 1815 East Twentieth street. The affair will be in honor of their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fram, who were recently married in Chicago.

Bradley's Home.

Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Bradley of No. 320 Wilshire boulevard, returned last week from a five months' tour through England, France, Germany, Ireland, Scotland, Switzerland and other places of interest. While away, Dr. Bradley visited many hospitals and medical schools.

Fuller-Thurmond Wedding.

John Duncan Fuller, a merchant of Caliente, Nev., and Miss Julia A. Thurmond of Carpinteria, were married at the Clarendon, Tuesday evening, Rev. John C. Hay of Hollywood officiating.

Bradley's Entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Knowlton R. Bradley entertained with dinner party Tuesday evening, at their home, No. 527 East Jefferson street. The affair was in honor of the crew of the yacht Venus. The table was decorated with a centerpiece of trophy cups won by the Venus this season. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Blake C. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Farnum, Mr. and Mrs. Earl O. Dunsen, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh P. Bradley, Miss Hilda Olshausen, Miss Marian Desell and Walter Callahan.

Stanton's Home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Stanton have returned after a trip of several months' duration and are at home at No. 160 Whitlitt street. Mrs. Stanton will receive her friends the first and third Fridays.



Miss Edna Best.



Miss Ruth Brown.

Home Wedding.

An interesting wedding took place Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster, No. 1226 South Wall street, when their daughter, Miss Beale, became the bride of Clarence Mosely. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Sterling of the First Baptist Church. The bride looked dainty in a pale blue embroidered silk gown. Miss Lorena Foster attended her sister as maid of honor, and the groom was supported by Harry Lutge. Mr. Mosely is a prominent druggist in East Los Angeles and is also a member of the State Board of Pharmacy. The young couple will tour the northern part of the State, and will be at home to their friends at No. 417 South Workman street after October 15.

House Party.

A house party at Bungalow Inn, Laurel Canon, was given in honor of Frank Buren, who left Tuesday for Washington, D. C., where he will spend the winter as senator-elect. Those who enjoyed the merry time were Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Allen, Miss Zella Saint, Miss Mabelle Dreyback, Miss Florence Speicher, Miss Carrie Warden, Miss Lilla Vance, Miss Maude Speicher, Miss Crawford, Henry Daily, William Knight, Frank Cretcher, Joe Wilson, Will Hunter, Charles Zetz and Robert Brown.

Fashionable Wedding.

Miss Helen Nevins and Walter Comstock were married Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. W. G. Nevins, of No. 700 Garland avenue. The home was artistically decorated by Miss Forman, the prevailing colors being green, white and pink. Miss Nevins was assisted by Miss Inez Ray, and Philip Allen of Montana stood with the groom. Miss Nevins was attired in an elaborate creation of white mesaline, trimmed with Duchesse lace, and her bouquet was a shower of lilies of the valley. The young and popular couple will enjoy an extended trip, and will later make their home in this city, on La Salle avenue.

Announces Engagement.

Mrs. Florence C. Montague of No. 2328 Oxford avenue, announces the engagement of her daughter, Lillian, to Harry S. Osborne. The ceremony will take place in November.

Eager for Society Vaudeville.

The society young folks of Los Angeles are giving up lawn tennis, tennis, and moonlight drives to practice vaudeville stunts, pose for portraits in costume and endure the torment of dressmakers and tailors, who are evolving wonderful creations for the great social event which takes place at the Mason Opera-house November 18, under the auspices of the Assistance League.

In Honor of Mr. Shrader.

A stag dinner was given for E. Roscoe Shrader, Tuesday evening, at the home of his parents in Hollywood. Covers were laid for ten, and the table was artistically decorated in yellow. Toasts and songs made the evening a merry one. Those present were: Archibald, Benjamin W. W. Shrader, Jr., and Ellis Yarnell, A. B. Chittenden, R. M. Boothe, Marvin McKenzie, Dr. Roy Lowman, C. Weston Clark, E. R. Shrader, Sr., and E. Roscoe Shrader. Mr. Shrader has been a guest at the home of his parents for the past two months, after an absence of three years. He left Thursday to resume his work in Wilmington, Del., where he has established his studio for illustration.

Franken-Fanslow Wedding.

Miss Katharine Franken and B. O. Fanslow were married Thursday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 1124 Hobson street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Schaefer, pastor of the Pico Heights Congregational Church, in the presence of fifty guests. The music was in charge of Miss Genevieve Loomis. Mr. and Mrs. Fanslow will make their home in Ocean Park.

Mrs. Morgan Entertains.

Mrs. A. F. Morgan entertained with an interesting function at her home in Morgan Place, Hollywood, Thursday afternoon, in honor of members of the Kensington Club.

Whist Club.

Members of the Kaiser Whist Club held a social meeting, Tuesday evening, at the Kaiser apartments on South Grand avenue. The club will meet every Tuesday evening, and after the card games, dancing will be enjoyed.

Invitations Issued.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Drake of No. 2623 South Hoover street, have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Kathryn P. Seeley, to John Kingsley Macomber, Jr., at 9 o'clock, Thursday evening, October 24, in St. John's Episcopal Church. Following the ceremony a reception will be held at the home of Miss Seeley's parents.

Engagement Announced.

Mrs. K. B. Slaughter of No. 1285 West Thirty-sixth street, announced the approaching wedding of her daughter, Miss Elvira Slaughter, to Charles H. Kysor, son of the late Ezra F. Kysor of Bonnie Brae street. The wedding will take place Thursday afternoon.

"At Home."

As an inaugural of the social festivities of the University of Southern California, the Alpha Rho sorority, Friday evening at the Elbell Clubhouse, eclipsed any function of its kind ever given before by a U.S.C. girls' sorority. Over seven hundred guests, including many of the prominent Methodists of the city, were received. The Elbell Clubhouse, massed in soft ferns and greens, formed an appropriate setting for the brilliant assemblage, and the dainty sorority streamers of green and gold completed the effective decorative scheme, and made the beautiful hall look more cheerful and artistic than ever before. Punch was served to the guests in the picturesque court, which had been artistically arranged for the occasion. Supper was in dainty array in the tearoom, a large bouquet of Golden Glow adorning the center table of the room. The Alpha Rho have set a precedent which may be well followed by the sister sororities of the

Myer Siegel & Co.
251-255 SOUTH BROADWAY
Superb Tailored Styles
In Women's Suits and Costumes

Designed by artists alive to every amendment. Comparable only to the most expensive made-to-order garments.

Long and Short Coat Effects, Tight-Fitting Walking Coat Suits, Semi-Fitting Suits, Costumes.

Tailored with the utmost care as special examples of the Siegel's standard.

Beautiful Panne Cheviot, Elegant English Broadcloth, Voiles, Serges and Newest Parisian Mixtures.

Colors that impart to the fabrics an air of refinement. Heidelberg black, new blue, chestnut brown, mountain invisible grays. Every new style feature shown in coats which are satin and Peau de Cygne lined throughout; skirts are heavily kilted and with folds.

Suits for Misses and Small Women
\$23.50, \$25.00, \$32.50 and \$40.00 Each

Especially designed in styles most becoming for misses and small women of 14, 16 and 18 years, or 32, 34 and 36 sizes.

Surpassing Autumn Display of Infants' Apparel

The styles for the little miss does not change suddenly, but they are apt to keep pace of the time. Frocks, Coats and Bonnets for the little misses shown here are a veritable flower of fashion, reflecting the brightness and brilliancy of the creative genius.

For the new Prince and Princess arrival here is shown everything imaginable, from a shirt to a hamper, or an imported hand-made set, Christening Robes and

Complete Outfits
of 25 Pieces, \$7.50.
35 Pieces, \$10.00 up.
Also sold in separate pieces.

"SIEGEL'S FOR WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S WEAR"

News of Society, Gossip of Men and Women—Weddings, Parties, Dinners

Birth. Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mrs. Henry W. O'Malley, Mrs. M. J. Hunt, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Mrs. Fred A. Walter, Mrs. Scott Helm, Mrs. Walter R. Cline, Mrs. Frances Richards, Mrs. H. H. Morris, Mrs. Rebecca McMillan, Mrs. Virginia Walsh, Miss Agnes Whitaker, Miss Alice Cline, Mrs. Louis F. Votaw, Mrs. Harry Andrews, Mrs. T. C. Clever, Mrs. L. Clark, Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Mrs. E. H. Bagby, Mrs. Winfield Scott, Mrs. H. Blackwood, Mrs. E. H. Bagby, Mrs. M. G. Lobdell, Mrs. Howard E. Huntington, George B. Patton, Frank Griffith, Wesley Clark, Conno Morgan, M. M. Potter, F. E. Fenton, W. G. Kerckhoff, Henry W. O'Malley, M. L. Graft, Burton E. Green, George G. Davis, William E. Graft, Walter F. Trask, Edwin T. Earl, and A. Walton, Joseph F. Sartori, H. B. Alsworth, Sumner P. Hunt, William Longenecker, Jay H. Wiley, Count Jaro von Schmidt.

House Party. A jolly house party given by Miss Edna August at her beautiful home in Hollywood, continuing over Saturday and Sunday. The jinks were purely humorous and some concocted during the occasion will probably take more interesting forms in the future. When Edna August hints at a series of memorable rushing parties—memorable for the number of society acquaintances among the new girls of the college.

Notes and Personalities. Mr. and Mrs. Herman C. Smith have moved from No. 126 West Twenty-first street to No. 124 Hartford avenue. Mrs. Smith's mother and brother, Mrs. Charles E. Day and Arden Day, have returned from Europe. Mrs. Day will be at home the first Friday of each month.

Mrs. Morris Klein and daughter, Mildred, who have passed the summer months at Venice, have returned to their home at No. 354 South Union avenue.

Miss Moira Park, who has been spending the summer vacation at Ocean Park, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith and family have returned from Ocean Park.

Dr. and Mrs. Elmer A. Clark have sold their residence on Van Ness avenue, and are located at Hotel Woodward, No. 421 West Eighth street.

South Gate Card Club will meet next Tuesday afternoon at Masonic Hall, corner of Thirty-third and Main streets.

Miss Gertrude Paine has returned to the city from a vacation spent in Redlands.

Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Bogart of No. 122 Westlake avenue have returned from a two month outing.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Silberg and daughter, Dollie, have just returned from an extended European tour.

While abroad Miss Silberg studied music. They are at present at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Birnbaum, No. 1321 Ingraham street.

Mrs. George J. Birks of No. 1128 West Twenty-first street, is entertaining as house guest, Mrs. John C. Fisher of New York City.

Mrs. Edward S. Easton has returned to her apartments at the Hotel Van Nuys where she will receive the first and second Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Niles, who have been spending the past month in the northern part of the State have returned to their home on Washington street.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Whitcomb of Glendora left recently for a trip through the East. Mrs. Whitcomb and Miss Virginia will remain in Glendora.

Mrs. J. J. Smith with her daughter, Miss Clara Smith, and son, Guy Smith, have taken apartments at The Burlington for the winter. Mrs. Smith and Miss Smith will be at home the first and third Fridays.

Mrs. Frank M. Worthington of No. 1022 Westlake avenue, and daughter, Mrs. Arthur A. Lee, returned from a several weeks' visit with Mr. Worthington in Tucson, Ariz. While away they visited several places of interest in Old Mexico and Texas.

Mrs. D. M. Sutherland has returned from a four months' business trip to Europe.

OUT-OF-TOWN SOCIETY

Pasadena.

An event of interest in the week past was the opening of the Shakespeare Club Saturday, the affair being known as president's day, and being marked by a large reception at which only members were present. The new members of the club were especially the guests of compliment, and the affair proved a happy reunion after the long summer vacation. The rooms of the attractive club home were bright with flowers. Mrs. Lucius Jarvis was in charge of the afternoon and was assisted by Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. W. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. J. C. McCann, and Miss Jeannette Peacock. The various sections, including dramatic, literature, art, music, civics and physical culture will take up their work this month. Mrs. Florence Collins Porter will be the lecturer on current events this year.

Mrs. Elizabeth Grinnell entertained in her barn Wednesday evening for an informal affair in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Bailey of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Bailey is Florence Miriam Bailey, the writer, while Mr. Bailey is noted in his connection with the government survey.

Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Munson of North Raymond entertained Tuesday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Nellie Munson, whose engagement to Leon Moore they announced on this occasion. The rooms were attractively decorated. Games suggesting a bride and her plans were played. About thirty friends were present.

Miss Florence Doolittle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Doolittle of South Los Robles avenue, gave an all-day house party and luncheon Tuesday to a coterie of intimate girl friends and the day was much enjoyed. The morning hours were spent in dainty needlework. The luncheon table was adorned with a low crystal bowl filled with yellow cecropia and maiden hair fern sprays. The guests included Miss Grace Vender, Miss Alice Earle, Miss Helen Sieker, Miss Elizabeth Sargent, and Miss Maliss Lynch.

Spencer Munson, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Munson, and the grandson of Treasurer Munson, celebrated his sixth birthday anniversary with a party Tuesday at the home of his parents. A supper with crimson decorations and candles and his birthday cake were features. The guest favors were red baskets caught with ribbons and filled with bonbons.

Miss Edna Hughes of Worcester was the surprised recipient of a miscellaneous shower Tuesday evening at her

home. The affair was given as an anti-nuptial festivity, as Miss Hughes became the bride of A. W. Lohliker Friday evening at a pretty home wedding.

Mrs. P. J. McNally of Altadena is sponsoring a jolly party of young people who are spending several days in the mountains.

Mrs. Flora Goodall Bland, Miss Bland and Miss Serena Bland, who have spent the past five weeks at Idyllwild, returned Tuesday to their Pasadena home.

The Misses Vera and Doris Rockwell of Pasadena, who have spent the past two weeks as the guests of the Misses Roth at Idyllwild, returned to Pasadena Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ames of Palmdale Drive, who have spent the summer at their summer home at Mackinac, are now in Detroit and are expected home soon.

The women of Altadena met at the home of Mrs. W. A. Scripps in Altadena the past week and voted to form an Altadena Improvement Association.

Hemet. Mrs. W. E. HYER was hostess at a card party Tuesday afternoon. Among the ladies attending were Mrs. Charles Fricker, Mrs. P. N. Myers, Mrs. H. P. Herman, Mrs. Harry Trowbridge, Mrs. H. S. Dukes, Mrs. E. M. Clarke, Mrs. Simpson and Miss Margaret Dukes.

The Current Topics Club held its first meeting of the year Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. H. S. Dukes. There was no regular program, the time being taken up with the discussion of plans for the club work for the winter.

Miss Aida Whitlock opened her home Monday evening to the Pathfinders and Baraca classes of the Methodist Sunday-school. Business sessions were followed by music and a debate, and a candy pull. The meeting was called an evening earlier than usual in compliance to one of the members, Ernest Kimmell, who left the following morning for U.S.C.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Gore entertained at dinner Tuesday evening. Their guests were Mrs. S. Eliza Good-

hus, Mrs. J. C. Belton and Miss Thompson.

About forty members of the League of the Methodist Church surprised Mr. and Mrs. Guy Prior at their home on Acacia avenue Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Prior have just returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hyer are in the city for a few days' visit.

H. S. Dukes left Monday for a trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Clark have returned to Hemet, after spending the last three months with relatives in Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Grover and little daughter of Santa Maria spent Tuesday at Hemet with friends.

Harvey H. Myers has returned from a two weeks' hunting trip at the Hemet reservoir.

Clearmont. IN THE gymnasium Thursday evening the opening reception of the year was given by the P.W. and Y. M.C.A. in honor of the new students. A pleasant evening was spent in get-

ting acquainted. Music and light refreshments were features of the evening's entertainment.

The Women's Union of the Clearmont church held its first meeting Friday. The president, Mrs. M. E. Churchill, delivered an address.

The Home Department of the Clearmont Sunday-school will hold its quarterly reception at the home of Dr. Robert Meyers Tuesday afternoon. Nearly eighty members are now registered.

Miss Clara Clough of Fallbrook was the guest of Mrs. C. E. Durbin over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stinson of Harberville are spending the week end in San Bernardino, where they will meet Mrs. Stinson's parents, who arrived from the East Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stewart of Los Angeles were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Beach at their home on College avenue the past week.

William Ferguson and wife returned Monday evening to Clearmont, after a number of about fifteen busied themselves Tuesday evening by cleaning up

the yard of the Presbyterian church, the pastor, Rev. Leary, was expected to return soon from a week's vacation.

Redlands. MISS NELLIE CASSIDY and Willis Huntington were united in marriage by Rev. Father Sayers at Sacred Heart Church (Catholic) Tuesday evening. Miss Anna Ladd was maid of honor and Eugene Huntington was best man. Following the ceremony a supper was served at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Frank McClellan, West Fern avenue. Later Mr. and Mrs. Huntington left on a two months' wedding trip. On their return they will reside in Redlands.

The ladies of Grace M. E. Church held their first monthly all-day meeting for this season Wednesday in the church. A vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. J. F. Humphreys, the wife of the retiring pastor, for her help to the society during its existence.

The Christian Endeavor Intermediates of the Presbyterian Church to the Thursday afternoon at the home of Charles Nelson. The afternoon was given up to a recital of the

various members of the church, who were expected to return soon from a week's vacation.

Miss Mary Edith Gowan, musical director for the Presbyterian Church, entertained the church choir to the music of the choir at her home Monday evening. An informal musicale was given, contributing to the proceeds of the Rev. Raymond Huston, Rev. Leon Eckles, Roy Kendall and Gowan.

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A.B. Blackstone & Co.
DRY GOODS

We show a complete line of the famous "Hyde-grad" Heatherbloom linings.

Smart Styles for

EACH day adds something startlingly new and novel to this wondrous collection of autumn apparel. Assortments in every branch are larger, fuller than we've ever before attempted to show.

The styles, coming as they do, from makers and designers who are creators of fashion, are perfect marvels of beauty and newness, of good taste and faultless workmanship.

Come tomorrow before the many exclusive novelties are taken.

Tailored Suits of plain or fancy suiting cloths; tweeds, chevots, English and Scotch mixtures, checks, plaids and stripes of every worthy autumn shade. Prince Chap coats 30 to 36 inch lengths; tight fitting coats, blouses, etc., three-quarter lengths and Princess styles abound. A style and color for every taste, a price to accommodate every purse.

Afternoon and Evening Gowns Here, too, are novelties the likes of which we've never shown before. Dressy affairs designed for carriage wear or evening occasions. Rich materials, beautifully trimmed, mirroring fashion at her best. These creations are shown, of course, in exclusive models, but ONE of a style, nor will they be duplicated.

Auto Coats Among the hundreds of coats for traveling and auto driving there is, too, an element of newness one would hardly expect. Dozens of styles that, in material, cut and trimming differ radically from those of bygone days.

Stripes and plaids and mixtures in new loom effects and color combinations; heavy Wale tweeds and plain coating chevots in all seasonable colors.

Six Petticoats \$4 Another ten dozen lot of those splendid petticoat values came Saturday and go on sale tomorrow. Made of nice, soft, good wearing taffeta, cut extra wide and full, finished with deep flounce of narrow ruffles. Black and every wanted shade, light or dark. Choice \$4.00.

Eight Petticoats \$6 Another lot, made of the best chiffon taffeta, made properly, too. Wide flange flounce made up of little narrow ruffles. Black, white and a color to match any street or evening gown. \$6.50, values tomorrow, \$6.00.

Lace Curtains 200 pairs most wanted curtains, including fine ruffled muslin, French and Scotch net and Tambour curtains, worth up to \$2.75 pair, choice \$1.75

100 pairs Arabian net curtains 40 inches wide, 2 1/2 yds. long, suitable for hall, living-room or bungalow parlor. Actual \$3.50, qualities for pair \$2.25

250 pairs high class Arabian curtains 50 in. wide, 3 yds. long; light or dark shades in a broad variety of designs; regular \$6.00, values for pair \$3.95

Art Department Specials Tapestry Pillow slips, with ticking backs and tassel corners, ready for use; handsome oriental designs, splendid 50c value for \$3.50

Bureau Scarfs of ruffled swiss, including center mat for cushion; plain white or floral effects, every wanted color lining, special 50c

Laundry Bags of fine cretonne in floral or conventional designs, strictly new, special at \$1.00

Seasonable Wash Goods Washable fabrics in handsome winter plaids, styles you'll have difficulty in distinguishing from woollens. Every color combination, splendid for school frocks, yard 25c

Cotton Velours, expressly for robes, gowns, house sacques, etc., every new and pretty color and figure, yard 25c

New Waistings materials resembling seersucker, in novelty stripes of a dozen styles, special, yard 25c

Mercerized silk finished gingham in all the better tartan plaids, beautiful colorings, NEW, yard 30c

Attractive Values in Dress Goods By every known method of comparison the values we offer this week in staple and novelty dress woollens easily eclipse any former showing we've ever made—and that's saying a good deal for a concern of the Blackstone type. Let us prove it.

FOR \$1.00 yd. Novelty Suitings: Serges, Albatross, Vellings, Henriettas and Mohairs—Every color, 38 in.

FOR 60c yd. Panama plaids, Chiffon vellings, Henriettas, Serges and Albatross—Every color, 38 in.

FOR 75c yd. Fancy Novelty Suitings, Crepe Egyptian, Storm Serges and Henriettas—Every color, 44 in.

FOR 85c yd. Novelty Plaids, New Mixed Suitings, Sicilianas and Heavy Storm Serges—Every color, 44 in.

East Side of Broadway, between Third and Fourth Streets



We prepare charges on all purchases over \$5.00 to any point within 100 miles of Los Angeles—except c.o.d. transactions

A.B. Blackstone & Co.
DRY GOODS

Autumn Wear

Particularly to those who expect to enjoy the coming season of opera would we speak of our play of Opera Wraps. To it's the most extensive we have ever brought on is putting it mildly. We have been told is the most comprehensive gathering of such finery brought West.

Wraps of Cloth or rich Laces in the new oriental effect—large flowing sleeves and cape styles are foremost among the novelties.

Every soft, pretty evening shade is represented including mulberry, Copenhagen, Nile, pink, light blue, chamolite, ender, gray, cream and white or black. By all means the evening wraps.

Unrivalled Furs The reputation we have gained showing only reliable furs is thoroughly known. We are donably proud of it—and we take good care of it. We Furs for what they ARE not for what they may imitate.

The new winter stock is now being placed on exhibition, finer, better, more complete than ever.

Single pieces and sets in all the newer shapes and styles shown in skins from the most inexpensive to the rarest. Sable, Mink, Ermine, Silver Fox, Broadtail, White, and Sable Fox; Caracul, Persian Lamb, etc. We show a line of handsome Russian Pony Skin Jackets—the latest fad.

First showing tomorrow of a host of new, handsome exclusive waist creations beautifully fashioned of Rich Nets, Chiffon Cloth, and soft Messaline silk; by long the most fascinating affairs of the season.

of plain, plaid, striped and novelty silk; madras mask, veiling and French flannel. Your tailored tume is not complete this season without a tailor waist.

Dress Waists exclusive waist creations beautifully fashioned of Rich Nets, Chiffon Cloth, and soft Messaline silk; by long the most fascinating affairs of the season.

Tailored Waists of plain, plaid, striped and novelty silk; madras mask, veiling and French flannel. Your tailored tume is not complete this season without a tailor waist.

Flowered Hats Specially Priced French Felt and Velvet elaborately trimmed in velvet foliage and ribbon. Big brims and little brims, every late shape and scheme.

Bedding Specials 90c Bed Pillows, full size, special at each 65c. \$1.25 Bed Spreads, hemmed ends, full size, each 95c. \$2.50 White Blankets, 11-4 size, colored borders, pr. \$1.95. Steamer Rugs, plain or plaid, easily worth \$10.00 for \$8.50.

Linen Specials 100 Pattern Cloths 2x2 yds., handsome new designs, full bleached pure Irish linen, regular \$3.50 grade for \$2.75

100 Pattern Cloths 2x2 1/2 yards, broad range of new designs, full bleached Irish linen, regular \$4.50 grade for \$3.50

100 Pattern Cloths 2x3 yards, fine, heavy pure Irish linen, \$5.00 grade, per dozen \$4.25

Napkins to match any of the above cloths, 20x20 inches, regular \$3.25 grade now, per doz. \$2.75

Full dinner size napkins to match the above cloths, 24x24-inch, \$5.00 grade, per dozen \$4.25

21x21-inch napkins, pure linen, full bleached, splendid \$2.50 value, per dozen \$1.90

2000 yards all linen bleached crash toweling, a crash you'll say is a bargain at 12 1/2c, tomorrow yard, 9c

Huck Towels, 19x38 in., best Irish flax, extra fine and heavy, each \$2.00

Bath towels, 20x44 in., unbleached, matchless for value \$2.50

Worthy Silks Besides a most noteworthy collection of imported novelty dress silks in exclusive designs, we show this complete lines in: IMPERIAL TAFFETAS, the silk KNOW will wear—a silk we guarantee without limit. Every new shade, light, dark, black or white yard.

POPLIN LUMINEAUX is another favorite dress silk this season is also shown in every thinkable black or white, 24 in. wide, yard \$3.00.

Attractive Values in Dress Goods By every known method of comparison the values we offer this week in staple and novelty dress woollens easily eclipse any former showing we've ever made—and that's saying a good deal for a concern of the Blackstone type. Let us prove it.

IF YOU LIVE OUT OF TOWN—ORDER BY MAIL

Bullock's

Broadway at Seventh

EITHER PHONE EXCHANGE 1800

42x38 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pillow Cases—For Monday 10c

Just a limited number, no more than 6 to a customer. Fourth floor.

Full Size Bedspreads... \$1.35
\$1.75 value. Pearl hem, shrunk finish. Limit 2.

81x90 Sheets 67c
80c Values at...
Heavy; slightly soiled. Limit 4.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED SAME DAY AS RECEIVED.

Bullock's

Broadway at Seventh

EITHER PHONE EXCHANGE 1800

Bullock's is Blazing a Merchandising Trail

Thanksgiving Next Month

The Holidays

—Are coming.
—Now is the time to begin active preparations.
—Early shopping is always best. Gifts to be made, distant friends to be remembered.
—It's good to have a big new store like Bullock's ready to help you—filled to overflowing with THE NEW, NEW, NEW.

New Linens Good Linens

Buy them at Bullock's—anticipate Thanksgiving wants now. 4th floor.

All- linen Cloths at \$1.50
3 yards wide; spot, tully and Calico designs.

All- linen \$1.50 Damask \$1.25
With 12-18 on the present market; best of its kind and quality.

70c Table Damask at 45c
Limit 1 cloth. No phone orders.

12c Bath Towels at 6c
Limit 4. No phone orders.

Take lunch in our Seventh Floor Restaurant Monday.

Men's New Felt Hats at \$2.50

Equal to most \$3.00 hats. Crisp—new. Every good Fall shape and shade. Pay \$2.50, save 50c at Bullock's—Third floor.

Bullock's Fall Suits For Men \$12.50

Arouse enthusiasm—perfect fitting—snappy styles—with the tailoring and care usually put on suits that cost half as much again. They are suits that are going to make and keep a reputation for Bullock's—\$12.50. Do you pay \$15 and \$17.50 and \$35 suits—all late colors and styles.

for your suits? See these Monday—as unusual \$20, \$25 and \$35 suits—all late colors and styles.

The Best Boys' Suits in the City at \$5.00

Each suit with two pairs of pants; sizes 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 17 years. Suits made to look well and wear better.

Boys' \$1.00 Knee Pants 75c
Size 4 to 17. Reinforced and sewed extra strongly. A credit on the Roof Garden.

Boys' 50c Shirts 35c
Strongly made soft shirts for boys of 12 to 14. Delightful Reliance.

Alexandre Gloves

Perfect fitting styles, in new fall shades; the favored glove of fashion. At Bullock's.

2-CLASP OVERSEAM, \$1.25.
2-CLASP OVERSEAM, \$1.75.
2-BUTTON ALEXANDRE'S at \$4.50.

Gloves that are a comfort to wear, and wear again. Expert fitters; for Monday.

Special 16-Button 95c
\$1.50 Silk Gloves
In black only. They have double tipped fingers and are remarkable values. One day only, 95c.

Children's Nursery—Second Floor.

Irish Linen Handkerchiefs

Are imported direct by Bullock's.

A great new lot just here, contracted for months ago, to sell way below current market figures.

Handkerchiefs 12c
25c Value
A lot of beautifully and scalloped edge, Swiss embroidered handkerchiefs, manufacturers' clean-up of all short lines. May be enough for all day. Grouped at 12c. Section D. Monday.

Other Cut Glass Specials

\$5.50 Bowl \$4.00
9 in. size, beautiful shape and cutting.

Sugar and Creamer \$6.00
Finely cut—popular squat shape.

\$3.00 Plate \$2.50
Whirlwind pattern—and a great gathering other novelties. Basement.

A "different" kind of a store.

The sole aim of this business is to provide you with a better place to trade. Better merchandise, better values, better service.

Absolute satisfaction must mark the close of every transaction, before it is closed. Broadest exchange and refund privileges are included in our guarantee, for your protection.

Bullock's is blazing a merchandising trail. Improvement is the order of each day. Begin shopping on Broadway at Seventh, Monday.

Exclusive Ideas In New Suits

Practical—Becoming. The very latest modes from the Fashion centers of the East to the Fashion center of Los Angeles.

Every authoritative idea finds expression here first.

Tight-fitting, and semi-fitting broadcloth and worsted suits—new—new—new—see them Monday, \$30 and \$60. Striped and plain Serge Suits in Blue, Black and Brown, \$25.00 and \$30.00.

NEW LONG COATS of Kersey and Broadcloth, strictly tailored, different, \$17.50 and \$20.00.

NEW SKIRTS, whose greater worth depends on supremely perfect tailoring and graceful lines.

Are you watching the Fashion windows? They tell important news.

Celebrated Couturiers, Ruth Roland—Sung Radicals—Mulle Section—Fourth Floor.

Handsome New Undermuslins Illustrating Five Styles

Look at the picture—it shows, exactly, 5 garments—taken directly from stock. Beautiful garments—representative of scores of others—than which none in the world are made of better materials, more carefully, or perfectly trimmed.



Ladies Home Journal Quarterly Style Book No. 26, including No. Pattern.

\$4 to \$5 1-3 Off Hand Bags

Just for Monday—Magnificent Alligator, black seal grain and Scotch effects in hand bags. All new, all good, all sterling values at \$4.00 and \$5.00. Just for a Monday stir; 1-3 off. Section C.

Hairdressing A Specialty—Fourth Floor.

Lace Stocks 15c Monday at

A great variety with or without Jabot effects. Dainty conceits at 15c.

Chiffon 25c Veils at

Some plain, others pointed designs. Swell hat drapes.

In Enamelware Basement

48c Berlin Kettles 35c
8 quart—granite.

10c Milk Pans 5c
1 quart size—granite.

13c Milk Pans 8c
3 quart size—granite.

9c Pie Pans 5c

12c Sauce Pans 10c
Handled—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint.

8c Cooking Spoons 5c
Graniteware.

35c Coffee Pots 24c
3 quart size.

29c Berlin Kettles 22c
3 quart size.

10c Drinking Cups 8c
Graniteware.

40c Rice Boilers 34c
Double—great value.

35c Chambers 24c

5c Tumblers 3c Each



Celebrated Couturiers, Ruth Roland—Sung Radicals—Mulle Section—Fourth Floor.

Exquisite Creations in Millinery

—that have not been shown before will increase the attractiveness of the second floor salons Monday.

Street and dress models; in the most favored late shades. Croons, prunes, Taupa, Atlantis blue and the leather shades of brown, \$10.00 to \$15.00.

While the wonderful beauty of Paris and New York's models, to \$150 will hold great interest for many.

WILLOW PLUMES—hand tied, bewitching shades, in solid colors, two-toned and chinchilla novelty dyed plumes; a rare display. \$11.50 to \$15.00.

OTHER PLUMES—with heavy heads: \$5, \$7.50 and \$10.00.

"Wear Ivy Corsets," says Fashion.

New Dress Goods Rich Weaves

A 50-inch broadcloth at \$1.00 is particularly inviting; 12 shades and black.

50-in. cheviot serge at 90c, in black, navy, brown.

38-in. plaid serge and flannels at 50c yard, bright colorings.

44 to 50-inch fancy Panama at \$1.25 yard is one of the city's finest values.

Rainproof Coverts are now in demand and plentifully here at \$1.50 to \$2.25.

Plaid Broadcloth \$1.15
58 inches wide—
A special for Monday, regular \$1.50 value, in all new colorings.

Children Should Have Their Eyes Examined—Fifth Floor.



Four of the Swell Evening Slippers

—That are helping to make Bullock's shoe store for women the most inviting and helpful in Los Angeles.

—No store is showing such a variety of late modes in good shoes—no store is as careful in regard to perfect fitting.

—Evening slippers (illustrated above) to \$6.00.

SMART STREET OXFORDS, \$3.00—Have patent coil vamp, dull calf quarter and patent back stay; very exceptional \$3.00 shoes.

COLORFUL OVERGARTERS, \$1.25—In shades to match the gowns; with pearl buttons.

30c Writing Paper at 15c

60 sheets fine paper; 60 envelopes to match; the great offering of the day. Monday, 15c. Don't miss sharing it. Section D.

35c Box Paper 25c

Berkshire laid, Eton Hurlbut's famous paper, white, blue and gray.

15c Lined Tablets at 8c

U. S. Post Office—Second Floor.

5c School Tablets at 3c

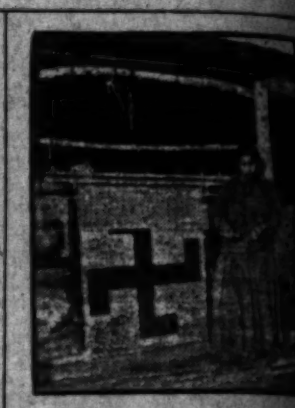
U. S. Post Office—Second Floor.

Men's 50c Underwear 35c

Heavy ribbed; eora. All sizes; right weight for now. Monday only, 35c.

Pitcher and Six Tumblers—Cut Glass \$9.00

Regularly \$11.50



Special Display and Sale

Real Navajo Rugs

Direct from the Indians who made them. They come to Bullock's, with a man who will tell you all about them. How they are made entirely by hand, with wonderful ingenuity and artistic skill.

Beautiful, bold, contrasting emblematic patterns in colors and richly soft toned grays, that grow more valuable through age.

A display everyone should see. An opportunity to buy Navajo rugs way below usual prices. 4th floor.

Black Taffeta 90c \$1.75 Value

Yard wide. Fine rich silk. \$2.25 Black Taffeta at \$1.75
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards wide. Note that and buy Monday. Section A.



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(Continued From Fifth Page.)

Tuesday Musical Club was held with Miss Anna Platt as guest. Sixteenth of music was illustrated by voice solos by Misses Gail B. Patterson, Wyatt, Hildebrand, and the other members of the club. The club gave a reception to the friends of the club at the club house, where their candidates initiated into High School.

Barbara. There will be a fashionable party next Monday at high noon at the residence of Mrs. M. A. P. No. 1700 De la Vina street, where the young girls of the club will be initiated into High School.

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549-551 SOUTH BROADWAY

at the society advertise to be given at the Mason next month, under the auspices of the Assistance League.

to again a guest in the home of Mrs. Benjamin H. Nichols.

Miss Edith Booth of Los Angeles is the guest of the sister, Mrs. C. J. Newcomb of Glendale avenue.

Mrs. C. B. Guenthart of Brand Boulevard has been entertaining Miss Helene Germany and Miss Shirley Chase of Los Angeles.

Frank G. Taylor and Charlie M. Lund, members of the local L. O. F., are spending the week in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Mabel Patterson is a guest of Miss Ruth Alden Byram in Venice.

San Pedro.

MES. RICHARD QUINN AND M. Sullivan have returned from a two weeks' outing at Folow's Camp, near Azusa.

Mrs. M. P. Goodrich and children have returned from an extended visit in the East.

Mrs. N. T. McClannnon has returned from a visit with friends and relatives in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Luke Kelly has returned from an outing at Murrieta Hot Springs.

Mrs. Elizabeth Garski left on Thursday for a visit to relatives in Hamburg, Germany, and will sail on the steamer Blucher from New York, on October 15.

Rev. James Blackledge, of the Methodist Church, has been assigned to Prospect Park, and with his family will leave for his new charge on Monday.

Dr. John Keagy left on Saturday for Kansas City, Mo., to be absent a month.

Mrs. H. D. Clark of Covina visited friends here on Thursday.

Redondo.

VERY pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bastis on Wednesday evening when Edward J. Bastis and Miss Ida Witmer were united in marriage.

The ceremony was profusely decorated for the occasion, white and pink being the color scheme with a background of greenery.

Mrs. Mary Ashby acted as bridesmaid and H. Emermich was best man. Rev. Harold K. Vann of the Redondo Methodist Episcopal Church officiated.

The bride's dress was of white silk trimmed with lace and she carried a bouquet of roses. The wedding presents were many. Those present were Mrs. and Misses Fred Bastis, C. Bastis, A. M. Connell, J. M. Silvers, D. Hogben, W. O. West; Mrs. W. A. Wise, Miss Sadie Lewis, Minnie Bastis, Clara Ashby; Messrs. J. A. Wise, A. M. Myers, Henry Emermich, Fred Jewell, J. A. Harrington, Howard Bennett.

Mr. and Mrs. Bastis will be at home to their many friends after October 15.

A. S. Dickson, who recently sold his pharmacy here, left for St. Louis on Monday.

Mrs. J. E. Kindig, who has been the guest of friends and relatives at Azusa and vicinity for the past week, returned to Redondo today.

A number of friends of Miss Luc Wechojo visited that popular young

15c
vests and long sleeves
12 1-2c
day. Made for you

\$2.00 Watches at \$4.95

SWISS GOLD FILLED WATCHES, FITTED WITH
precise movement, hand engraved or plain case guar-
anteed for ten years regular
\$4.95

LADIES' AND MEN'S ELGIN AND
Waltham watches, hand engraved or
plain gold filled open or hunting case,
guaranteed for 20 years, plain or fancy
case, regular price \$13.00, special at
\$9.95.

FRENCH ENAMELED WATCHES
in delicate shades of blue, green and
red, inlaid with gold, fitted with high-
grade movement, fully guaranteed,
also a number of sterling silver or
gold-plated watches, \$4.50 value, special
at \$3.95.

Central DEPARTMENT Store

609 to 619 S. BROADWAY LOS ANGELES

"Your Money's Worth Or Your Money Back"

FIRST GREAT AUTUMN SALE

Mark Monday on your shopping calendar as the opening day of a sale that will pass into history as the greatest event of its kind that was ever recorded. Expect to see new fall goods sold as new merchandise was never sold before. Prepare for the greatest, grandest bargains that were ever offered in Los Angeles—the most amazing values that you ever knew. Tomorrow morning we inaugurate our First Great Autumn Sale. It is the culmination of months of careful planning—the realization of a cherished

hope to give to the people of Southern California one bona fide bargain event that will prove for all time that the Central is in the front rank of progressive stores. We are strengthening our hold on public favor at the expense of a season's profits, but when the final reckoning is made we will have added thousands of names to our list of customers—doubled and trebled the number of our friends—made still more loyal those who are our loyal patrons now. And we count that worth the cost.

Women's Suits and Garments at a Fraction

25 suits are all the maker had. He sold them at a great loss—we will sell them for just what we paid. They are made in the newest Prince Chap styles with fitted back, of splendid quality wool suitings in fancy stripes. Coats are silk or satin lined, skirts are plaited. Their real value is \$25.00, but for our first **\$10.00** autumn sale, they'll be sold—and quickly sold—at \$10.00 each.

At \$17.50; Worth to \$45.00

All our white lingerie party dresses, princess styles and two piece suits, beautiful materials, richly trimmed, a number of handsome and exclusive designs that were made to sell at from \$35.00 to \$45.00, unrestricted choice from the complete collection Monday at \$17.50.

At \$19.00; Worth to \$65.00

20 fancy Eton suits in light gray, tan and fancy voiles, very finest materials, made with drop skirt to match and all silk lined; the maker leads the world in the production of women's artistic costumes, these sell regularly at \$35.00, \$39.00, \$45.00 and \$65.00; choice \$19.00.

Exceptional Values In Newest Suits

The values are probably a half better than you'll find in any other store—the prices are a fourth lower than we have a right to ask. Newest styles in tailored autumn suits, fashionable materials in invisible stripes, checks and plain cloths, Prince Chap or tight fitting models—\$15.00 to \$95.00.

HANDSOME SILK COATS, MADE FROM
quality, desirable, serviceable black taffeta,
all around, large applique collar, selling
regularly at \$15.00, priced for
this sale at a figure that would
not cover the cost of material
alone, choice \$7.50.

THE LAWN WRAPPERS, NEAT STYLES
made of white materials, made with yoke and deep
sleeve trimmings and finished, regular price
\$1.50, choice \$1.50.

REAR COTTON HOUSE
dresses, quality materials, well
trimmed, regular \$1.50,
choice \$1.50.

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UNRESTRICTED CHOICE FROM OUR ENTIRE
stock of white lawn, lingerie, and taffeta jumper
waists that were shown before the arrival of the
new line, selling regularly at \$6.00,
\$1.50, \$1.75, \$1.90, \$2.50, \$3.50,
\$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.50 and up to \$20.00,
exactly half price.

WOMEN'S \$1.50 FLANNELETTE NIGHT GOWNS,
pretty stripes or plain colors, sale price \$1.50.
WOMEN'S \$1.50 FANCY LAWN KIMONOS, LONG
or short styles, made plain or trimmed with band
of mercerized satin, sale price \$1.50.

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Unmatchable Silk and Dress Goods Values

Positively amazing values in desirable autumn silks and suitings—the most sensational price reductions ever made by any store anywhere at this time of year. Dress goods worth to \$1.50 are to be sold at 32¢—silks worth to \$1.25 are to be sold for 38¢. Almost unbelievable, but this is our first autumn sale and we mean to establish a new record for values.

3000 yards of plain and fancy silks, including staple taf-
fetas in nearly every wanted shade, handsome novelties
for waists, linings and trimmings, 27-inch white Jap-
anese silk; also 375 yards of 24-inch black foulard, black
surrah, black peau de mouton and levantine, qualities
that sell regularly for 75¢, 85¢, \$1 and \$1.25,
unquestionably the greatest silk values ever
offered in this city; sale price, a yard 38¢.

\$3.00 Broadcloths \$1.89

Fine chifon broadcloths, fashion's favor-
ite fall fabric, a direct importation pur-
chased to sell at \$3.00, all the new
autumn shades, including browns, puce,
hunter green, navy, wine, cardinal etc.,
sale price, yard \$1.89.

\$1.25 Broadcloths 86¢

Real broadcloths, 52 inches wide, in
black, wine, prunes, myrtle, navy, brown,
gray, tan, cadet, etc., a splendid quality
cloth that sells everywhere at \$1.25 a
yard and that has never been offered at
anything like this price, special at 86¢.

\$1.75 Silk Voiles 89¢

Pure sewing silk marquisette voiles, 42
inches wide, black, white and beautiful
shades of brown, tan, reseda, navy and
gray, a fabric favored by fashionable
women for handsome costumes, regular
retail price \$1.75, sale price, a yard, 89¢.

Great Autumn Sale of Linen and Cotton Goods

GOOD QUALITY BROWN
canton flannel, soft and
heavy, not more than 10
yards to a customer, regu-
lar price \$5, sale price,
yard, 4c

GOOD QUALITY TURKEY RED TABLE
linen, fast color, 60 inches wide, choice
patterns, perfect goods, that sell regu-
larly for 35¢ a yard, reduced to half
for this great
autumn sale, a yard, 17c

REMNANTS OF EXCELLENT
quality bleached cambric, 2 to 3
yard lengths, only a limited
quantity, regular 10¢ goods, on
sale Monday as long
as they last, 4c

SHORT LENGTHS OF THIS SEASON'S
most desirable materials for linings and
petticoats, famous Spun Glass and New
Silk, in 2 to 3 yard pieces, regular, es-
tablished price 20¢
everywhere, a yard, 7c

SHORT LENGTHS OF SPLENDID
quality mercerized satens, beautiful silk
finishes, preferred by many people to silk
for petticoats and linings, all colors,
28 inches wide,
best 20¢ grade,
sale price, yard, 12c

Best Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases a Fourth Under Price

50¢ Best Hemmed Pequot Sheets, 72x90, each 73¢.

50¢ Best Hemmed Pequot Sheets, 81x90, each 73¢.

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GREAT \$1.00 SALE

SHOWING IT'S WONDERFUL PURCHASING POWER AT THE BROADWAY

BOTH PHONES EXCHANGE 337

The Broadway Department Store

Broadway, Cor. 4th., Los Angeles Arthur Letts

The Dollar Is the Standard Measure of Money Measure Its Power at the Broadway Monday

With the steady advance in all commodities in the past few years, the purchasing power of a dollar has grown less.

We intend to demonstrate Monday that in spite of these conditions the purchasing power grows here. That your dollars can be put to best advantage, in fact you can save by spending at the Broadway.

Every dollar that you spend here Monday will buy from \$1.25 to \$3.00 worth of merchandise.

It's one of the greatest lists of dependable bargains that we have been able to print in many a day. Goods that are most in demand, the every-day necessities, priced in a way to make this the busiest store in Los Angeles Monday.

Women's Union Suits Regular Price \$1

Two For \$1.00
Women's cream white knit union suits, opening buttons at \$1.50 each for a big special Monday, 2 for a dollar. They're good weight for Fall wear, knee length. There'll be a big crowd after these. Come early.

\$1.50 Union Suits \$1

Women's cream white knit union suits, opening buttons at \$1.50 each for a big special Monday, 2 for a dollar. They're good weight for Fall wear, knee length. There'll be a big crowd after these. Come early.

25c Underwear \$1

Women's jersey ribbed underwear, a big leader with us at \$1.50 each for a big special Monday, 2 for a dollar. They're good weight for Fall wear, knee length. There'll be a big crowd after these. Come early.

50c Stockings \$1

Women's lace knit stockings, all-over black lace and lace foot in the white, these are imported, full fashioned, applied heel and toe. This is a great value for Monday, 2 pair for \$1.00. Aisle 5.

Women's 50c Underwear 3 Garments for \$1.00

Women's Fall underwear, best 50c garment, white jersey, ribbed vest and pants, vest high neck and long sleeves, pants lace trimmed at knee. Only four garments to a customer. Aisle 4, Monday.

What \$1 Will Buy In the Linen Section

Here are some of the values in the face of the advancing market.
\$1.25 TABLE DAMASK, 1 YARD. Fine satin table damask, 2 yards wide, all linen; choice patterns. Third floor Monday, \$1.00.
2 YARDS TABLE DAMASK \$1.00. 75 inches wide; good weight; satin finish; assorted patterns; regular price 70c yard; Monday, 2 yards \$1.00.
\$1.25 LUNCH CLOTHS \$1.00. Hem-stitched lunch cloths; size 48x48 inches; fine satin damask; pretty patterns. \$1.25 kind Monday, \$1.00.
HEMSTITCHED TABLE CLOTHS \$1.00. 4-4 size; good heavy weight; all linen; assorted patterns. \$1.25 value.
\$1.25 HEMMED BED SPREADS \$1.00. Double bed size; Marseille patterns. Monday, \$1.00 each.

Toilet Articles \$1

Below we list well-known toilet articles. Choose any three of them for \$1.00 Monday.
4711 TOILET WATER, WILLIAMS' TOILET WATER, PINKETTS' LAVENDER WATER, 50c PERFUMES, ALL ODORS, HYGIENIC FACIAL CREAM, MALVINA COMPLEXION CREAM, 4711 LA BARONNESE COLD CREAM, SEMPRE PINKETTS' CREAM, 40c DANDERINE, 40c LISTERINE, 40c MILK OF MAGNESIA, 40c SWAMP ROOT, 40c GLYCO THYMOLINE, 40c SYRUP FIGS, 40c EAU DE QUININE, 40c BAY RUM, 40c CAPILLARY, 40c HILL'S OLIVE OIL, 40c CUTICURA OINTMENT, 40c MALTED MILK, 40c 4711 SOAP, 3 BOXES, 50c RUBBER GLOVES, 50c BATH BRUSH, detachable handle, 35c RUBBER SPONGES. Any three of the above for \$1.00. Aisle 5, Monday.

Tinted Pillow Tops Regular 50c Ones 29c

A lot of especially tinted pillow tops, made of finest quality art denim, any number of designs. We'll give you an embroidery lesson free with each one of them. See Monday. Aisle 5.

2000 Pairs Fancy Slippers \$1.00 Worth \$2 and \$3.50



All the Favorite Styles

One of the greatest shoe offerings we have ever been able to tell you of; 2000 pairs of bright new evening slippers right out of their original boxes, ready for a great demonstration sale Monday, \$1.00.

It's a ridiculous price, it shows in every sense of the word the buying power of a \$1.00 at the Broadway Monday.

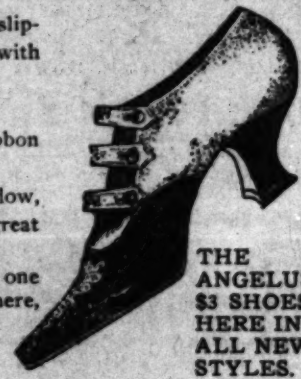
They're all new, fancy dress or evening slippers made from the finest patent kid, some with fancy jet and steel beaded pumps.

Made with high Louis or spike heels.

Then there are plain vici kid in bar and ribbon tie styles, suedes and fancy colors.

See the great display of them in the window, then come here Monday and share in this great saving.

Every size in the lot, all are perfect, not a one that you could buy for less than \$2.00 anywhere, the most of them \$3.00 and \$3.50 values. No C. O. D. or mail orders. None to dealers. Be here early with the crowd. Aisle 8.



THE ANGELUS \$3 SHOES HERE IN ALL NEW STYLES.

Long or Short Box Coats \$1.00 Regular Price \$3.00

Loose Fitting Styles

Here's a remarkable value for Monday. Women's long or short loose fitting box coat, light weight, made of light or dark gray checked material, collar trimmed with velvet and braid, coats trimmed with silk soutache, these are actually worth \$3.00 on sale Monday as long as they last \$1.00 each.

\$2.50 White Waists \$1.00

Embroidery and Lace Trimmed

A splendid collection of fancy white lawn shirt waists, all trimmed with full front of embroidery and lace, others with bands of old English embroidery. Every one of them worth \$2.50 and every one of them is marked that now. Monday pay \$1.00, 2nd floor.

\$1.50 Petticoats \$1.00

Black Saten

Black saten petticoats, deep flaring flounce with long pleats and tucks, regular marked price \$1.50, for Monday \$1.00.



What \$1.00 Will Buy In Silks and Dress Goods

36 in. Taffeta Silk, \$1.25 \$1.50 Qualities, Black and Colors \$1.00

36 in. Pongee, Regular \$1.50 Quality, Brown, Gray and Green \$1.00

\$1.00 will be a magic price in silks and dress goods Monday.

Staple weaves worth from \$1.25 to \$1.50, some even \$1.75, will be marked as a great demonstration value at \$1.00 yard.

\$1.50 and \$1.75 Suitings, Imported Novelties, 44 to 54 inches Wide \$1.00

Plain Colored Goods \$1.25 and \$1.48 Value \$1.00 Granite and Armure Weaves

\$1.25 27-inch Black Taffeta.....
\$1.50 36-inch Black Surah Silk.....
\$1.50 36-inch Black Peau de Soie.....
\$1.50 36-inch Black and Colored Crepe de Chine.....
\$1.50 36-inch Ivory Messaline.....
\$1.50 36-inch Ivory Messaline.....
\$1.50 36-inch Ivory Messaline.....

Cream Dress Goods \$1.00 Values Up to \$1.50 38 to 54 inches wide.
Poplinette, silk batiste, crepe de Paris, French voile, checked serges, silk finished mohair, French serge panama, values up to \$1.50, Monday \$1.00 yard.

56-inch \$1.50 Black Panama.....
56-inch \$1.48 Fancy Mohair.....
\$1.48 Crepe de Paris.....
\$1.50 Silk and Wool Batiste.....
\$1.25 Black Voile.....
\$1.25 Priestly's Black Goods.....
\$1.48 Checked Voile.....

Phenomenal \$1 Values in Rugs, Curtains, Bedding \$1.50, \$2.00 and Even \$3.00 Values Included

Your dollars will go a great way in the purchasing of rugs, drapery and bedding Monday. Read this remarkable list and come early to share in the saving.

\$1.50 KURDISTAN RUG \$1.00 SIZE 27x60. These are beautiful, fringed ends, oriental patterns and colorings; size 27x60; on sale Monday, third floor, \$1.00 each.

\$2.50 MATTING RUGS \$1.00 Size 4x7 Jap matting rugs, for bedrooms and bathrooms, woven all in one piece, a Monday only price.

\$2.50 Tapestry Portieres \$1.00 Oriental stripes, lattice work, fringe across top. \$2.50 value for \$1.50 Monday, 2nd floor.

\$1.50 MADRAS CURTAINS \$1.00. They're 46 inches wide and 8 yards long; cross stripes.

\$1.50 LACE CURTAINS \$1.00. Plain centers and floral designs; large variety to choose from.

\$2.00 TABLE COVERS \$1.00. 2 yards square; fringe all round; closely woven.

\$2.00 DOOR PANELS \$1.00. Arabian color; on best net; fit most any door.

\$1.50 FIBRE MATTING RUGS \$1.00 SIZE 30x60. Past colored matting rug, moth proof, heavy and durable, best for bedroom; regular price \$1.55. Monday's price, third floor, \$1.00 each.

\$1.50 INLAID LINOLEUM \$1.00. The best quality linoleum in tile patterns, looks like inlaid floor; colors can't wear off. It wears a lifetime. \$1.50 quality at \$1.00 square yard Monday.

\$2.50 ROPE \$1.00 For doors 5 feet wide and 7 feet high, choose from red, green and combination. \$2.50 kind at \$1.00.

\$1.50 SCREENS \$1.00. Solid oak frames, filled with best of silk-line, three fold.

\$1.50 BEDDING \$1.00. Four splendid values in blankets, pillows, comforters. Everyone of them worth \$1.50. Monday's price \$1 each.

\$1.50 COTTON BLANKET, 11-4 SIZE, in white, tan or grey.

\$1.50 COMFORTS \$1.00. Covered with best of silk-line; good size.

\$1.50 FEATHER PILLOWS \$1.00. Covered with fancy art ticking, well filled.

\$1.50 ROSE BLANKETS \$1.00. For smoking jackets or bath robes. New designs; \$1.00 each Monday.

\$1.50 SALAD SET; decorated china.

\$1.50 CHOCOLATE POTS.

\$1.50 CRACKER JARS.

\$1.50 TO 32 HAND PAINTED vases, spoons, trays and hair receivers.

\$1.50 LARGE IMPORTED VASES.

FANCY ART JARDINIERS; large size.

\$2.00 CREX GRASS RUGS SIZE 36 FT. \$1.00. For porches or cottages, best rug we know of; choose from green, red or blue; fringed ends, \$2 kind at \$1.00.

\$1.75 BATH RUGS \$1.00. SIZE 36x36. Heavy bath rugs, absorbent, washable, choose from blue and white, green and white, red and white; \$1.00 Monday.

Travelers' Samples Fine Body Brussels \$1.00 3 1/2 yards fine body brussels and Axminster carpet; bound ends; material that would sell by the yard at \$1.50 to \$2; that would mean \$1.50 to \$2.00 value that we offer here at \$1.00 each Monday.

18 Lbs. Sugar \$1.00 Fine Granulated This is an item to hold the other grocery values, showing the purchasing value of \$1.00.

56 LBS. POTATOES \$1.00 CATSUP \$1.00.

3 CANS FRENCH PEAS \$1.00 BOTTLES "MY WIFE'S" DRESSING \$1.00.

4 LARGE CANS MINCED CLAM \$1.00 12 CANS CHICKEN CORN \$1.00.

6 CANS CRESCENT SAUSAGE \$1.00 4 CANS FIGS.

6 CANS FRENCH SARDINES \$1.00 5 LARGE PACKAGES GOLD \$1.00.

5 LARGE PKGS. LIGHT WASHING POWDER \$1.00 32 BARS HAPPY DAY SOAP \$1.00.

Limit 32 to customer. 3 QT. JARS PURE WATER \$1.00 MONEY \$1.00.

7 LBS. PITTED PLUMS \$1.00.

Buy Pictures Worth \$1.50 to \$2.25. Several styles pictures, 15x15 Pharaoh Horse, and landscape pictures, all tell worth from \$1.50 to \$2.25. This sale Monday, third floor.

Val. Laces 3c Yd. Worth 5c to 10c. A good assortment of val. laces in edges and insertion, pretty patterns, good firm weave, strong meshes that sell in the regular way from 5c to 10c yard. For a big Monday special, 3c yd.

Travelers' Samples of Linens At 33 1/2 Per Cent. Off Fortune favored us; we secured the best line of one of New York's largest and most successful linen importers. This means the lines of their traveling salesmen, consisting of Pattern Cloths, plain and hemstitched, napkins and tray cloths, scarfs, doilies, centerpieces, in fact, a complete line, secured at just 33 1/2 per cent. off the regular price. We are going to pass them on to you at a like reduction. They'll be on sale Monday third floor, bargain center. Come early for best selection.

2 Sheets \$1.00 9-4 Size

These are made of good quality sheeting, 3/4 yards long, 9-4 inch wide. This is a wonderfully low price, result of one dozen to a customer. Monday, two for \$1.00.

14 Pillow Cases \$1.00 Size 42x36

Full finished pillow cases, one 14 inch hem at top, the material, this case would cost much more at retail. No phone or mail orders. Delivered. Not more than 15 to one customer.

AFC Gingham 11 Yards \$1.00

Monday we will give you the opportunity to buy 11 yards of the celebrated AFC gingham, styles are in the very latest, crisp, clean, and well made. Limit \$1.00 worth to each customer, 2nd floor.

12c Percale 12 Yards \$1.00

Good quality percale in white, with small figures, polka dots and stripes, colors and black; a \$2.50 value; \$1.00 Monday, \$1.00.

Plain Twill Outing, 12 Yards of 12 1-2 Kind \$1.00

From 9 to 10 A. M. This is a fine soft heavy twill outing, plain, light blue, red, cream and especially desirable for night gown, pajama and shirt. No phone or mail orders. Last Monday, from 9 to 11 yards for \$1.00.

Hand Bags Worth \$1.00 \$1.48 and \$1.75

Best selling numbers in women's hand bags and envelope purses at \$1.48 and \$1.75; made from walrus and grain leathers. The hand with two and three compartments. Choose from black, brown, tan, blue and green. Just a limited number, long as they last Monday, aisle 4, each.

New Brooches Worth \$1.48 and \$1.75

Woman's fine gold filled brooches, oval and round designs, some with assorted jewels; \$1.48 and \$1.75 value, aisle 4, Monday, \$1.00 each.

Alarm Clocks, Regular \$1.49 Kind \$1.00

Splendid alarm clock, with plated case; large bell on back; thoroughly guaranteed time keeper; regular price \$1.49; Monday, \$1.00 each.

18 Lbs. Sugar \$1.00 Fine Granulated

This is an item to hold the other grocery values, showing the purchasing value of \$1.00.

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of Merchandise Store" Opening

Lamburger's

SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE

business filling up with merchandise, representing purchases of \$500,000, we had expected to move by October 1, and our buyers, on their eastern trip, had been to select enough merchandise to fill a big store like our new store to get in there this fall. Our buying facilities enabled us to "pick up" and will be sold at our present location where we have done business for years in Los Angeles, and your opportunity for effecting great savings is assured you that you will receive even more—and never lose sight of the fact that WHAT you read, but the CONFIDENCE you have in what is said in these pages—and there are thousands of other bargains which we

and Dress Goods

Saving of a Half

of our "new store"—all of which must be sacrificed now. Our loss is your gain. Anticipating the great event we purchased most liberally of expensive goods for several seasons to come and will save enough on the material to

Panama Cloth 50c

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$1.00

Shades navy, green, brown, tan, gray, wine, cardinal, mode and

Crepe de Paris 50c

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$1.00

Light weight cling material in street and evening shades, also black; one

Silk and Wool Plaids 79c

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$1.25

These 25 and 45-inch high-class plaids in extreme color combinations; the plaids

Wool Plaid Suiting 98c

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$2.00

With a small lot of 10 pieces, but every pattern exclusive; serge weaves for fancy

French Broadcloth \$1.00

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$2.00

50 inches wide; choice French weaves; street and evening colors

New Feather Boas \$7.50

BOUGHT TO SELL FROM \$12.50 TO \$15.00

Ostrich, ostrich or maribou; or combinations of ostrich or maribou

Handkerchiefs 35c

BOUGHT TO SELL TO \$1.00

Sheer linen, Swiss or cambric; many hand embroidered, others scalloped

Men's Patent Gilt Shoes \$3.50

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$5.00

Full dress shoes; lace style; patent gilt with dull tops, hand

Figured Silk Chiffon, Yard 25c

BOUGHT TO SELL AT 50c

Dress silk chiffon for evening and party wear; pink, green, blue, tan, gray, lavender,

Silk Plaid Zephyrs 22½c

BOUGHT TO SELL AT 35c

A wonderful variety of the soft, silky zephyr gingham; handsome colored Scotch plaids,

Wilton Rugs Each 69c

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$1.25

These rugs are proper kind to cover up old spots.

Wilton Rugs \$4.69

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$8.50

These rugs are proper kind to cover up old spots.

Wilton Rugs \$27.50

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"New Store" Sale Women's Garments

Specially Featuring Show Gowns Nearly One-Half Off

Very naturally our biggest department, and the one of most interest to women, in our new store will be the one devoted to women's wearables. Orders were given so many months in advance that it was impossible for us to stop the manufacture on a number of very high-grade gowns and dresses which we wanted for the opening and were not even finished in time for our recent autumn opening in this store; so now we must force their sale and cut the prices to a very low margin of profit taking; in some cases, no profit at all. It would be useless to describe each suit in detail, as most of them are exclusive (one of a kind,) so we can give you an idea of their worth only through their sale price.

Imp'ted Apricot B'dcloth Gowns \$125

BOUGHT TO SELL AT THE "NEW STORE" SALE OPENING FOR \$200.

Imported Spangled Gowns \$125.00

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$200.00

Novelty Chiffon Gowns \$75.00

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$125.00

Fancy Tailored Suits at \$25

BOUGHT TO SELL FROM \$50.00 TO \$75.00

About 25 garments made in novelty short coat style for evening or street wear; shades of blue and champagne; also white.

New Tailored Suits at \$20

BOUGHT TO BE SOLD FOR \$35.00

50 suits of plain and fancy broadcloth in Prince Chap and fitted coat styles; all colors.

Black Silk Dress Skirts \$7.50

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$15.00

A big lot of 100 skirts; fine quality silk; will give satisfactory service; newest pleated models.

Satin Rubber Auto Coats \$12.50

BOUGHT TO SELL UP TO \$39.00

We have grouped the entire lot of these handsome rain or driving coats; colors blue, gray, red and green.

52-in. Long Cloth Coat \$20

BOUGHT TO SELL UP TO \$50.00

Of very fine broadcloth with excellent satin lining; colors champagne and gray; finished with strappings and silk trimming.

50-in. All Wool Coats \$10

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$20.00

Of all wool cloth in gray, tan and brown mixtures, taffeta lined to waists; trimmed with strappings and buttons.

75.00 CREPE DE CHINE GOWNS AT \$45.00

75.00 BLACK LACE GOWNS AT \$45.00

85.00 SILK LINED VOILE DRESSES \$49.00

100.00 BROWN NET GOWN \$39.00

100.00 BLACK SPANGLED GOWN \$39.00

95.00 MESSALINE SILK GOWNS \$35.00

\$35.00 TO \$45.00 NET DRESSES \$19.00

50-Inch All Wool Coats \$7.95

Bought to Sell for \$15.00

Excellent styles; fine quality; grays and browns mixtures; satin lined to waists; trimmed with velvet strappings and buttons.

All-Silk Shirt Waists \$2.98

BOUGHT TO SELL FROM \$5.00 TO \$8.50

Big lot of 200 waists, messaline and taffeta silks; every wanted street and evening shade; also black; all sizes.

Fine Silk Petticoats \$7.95

BOUGHT TO SELL TO \$20.00

Not a one in the lot worth less than \$12.50, many up to \$20.00, but all at the one price; every wanted color and black; made with fine, deep flare flounce finished with silk dust ruffle.

Short Silk Kimonos \$1.98

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$5.00

Just 20 of these pretty garments of figured Japanese silk finished with facing on edges to contrast; a very exceptional bargain.

Girls' Serge Dresses \$5.00

BOUGHT TO SELL UP TO \$20.00

Big assortment of Buster Brown and Peter Thompson styles in all wool serge; white, blue and brown only; sizes 6 to 14 years; values \$10.00 to \$20.00.

Infants' Bedford Cord Coats \$2.50

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$4.00 AND \$5.00

Very fine quality long or short styles, finished with cape; trimmed with silk; very desirable offering for baby.



Silk Umbrellas \$3.95

BOUGHT TO SELL FROM \$5 TO \$8

26 and 28-inch umbrellas for men and women, of taffeta, gloria and twilled; sterling and pearl, gold and pearl, gold plated, gun-metal and natural wood handles; all well known makes; and the handles alone are worth more than the sale price.

"New Store" Shoe Sale

Don't Miss These Big Bargains

Thousands of pairs too many now that we cannot get in the new store this fall; the popular priced grades will sell readily in regular stocks, but the \$5.00 lines we will have to lose profits on to reduce quickly.

"Foster" Patent Gilt Boot \$3.50

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$5.00

Lace style, dull mat kid top; fast color eyelets; plain toe; close edge welt, sewed, oak-tanned soles; Colonial heel; advance style for tailor-made effects; this one number only.

Men's Patent Gilt Shoes \$3.50

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$5.00

Full dress shoes; lace style; patent gilt with dull tops, hand-welt, oak-tanned single soles and military heels; the new-out modified swing lasts.

Women's Low Footwear \$2.00

BOUGHT TO SELL FROM \$3.00 TO \$4.00

Sailor and court ties, Oxfords, Gibson ties and pumps; vic kid, patent kid; some with black vamps and colored uppers; all styles heels and all sizes in the lot.

Dugan & Hudson Misses' Shoe \$1.85

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$3.50

Patent gilt, dress shoe in button style; dull kangaroo top; welt sewed, medium weight soles; low heels; sizes 1½ to 2.



"New Store" Sale Gloves

20 and 24-inch Kid Gloves \$2.59

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$4.00

Real French kid; selected stock; elbow length; the well known Maurice brand that sell at \$4.00 the world over; black, white, street colors and opera shades; three clasps at wrist; three rows narrow embroidery stitching on back; every pair fitted.

16-button Silk Gloves \$1.25

BOUGHT TO SELL FROM \$1.75 TO \$2.50

Elbow length; plain black or white; or white embroidered with black or black embroidered with white; or white with colored embroidered backs; to clasps at wrist; double tipped fingers; best quality silk.



"New Store" Sale Hosiery

Pure Thread Silk Hose 98c

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$2.00 AND \$2.50

Plain black or black with linen feet; double tipped, high spliced heels and toes, extra double soles; absolutely fast black and pure thread silk.

Children's Fine Hosiery 12½c

BOUGHT TO SELL AT 25c

French or corduroy ribbed; also lace hose; black only; in the lot are small sizes of the famous Buster Brown brand hose; all have double knees, soles, heels and toes; long elastic legs.

Hand Embroidered Hose 39c

BOUGHT TO SELL AT 75c

Plain black gauge with ankles embroidered by hand in rose bud patterns only; have high spliced heels and toes, double soles; pure "Hermesdorf" dyed and are a fine quality Hiale yarn.



"New Store" Sale Wash Goods

Finest Weaves, Prices Much Reduced

High-grade merchandise which we had intended to sell in the "new store" now priced at a saving of a third to a half.

Figured Silk Chiffon, Yard 25c

BOUGHT TO SELL AT 50c

Dress silk chiffon for evening and party wear; pink, green, blue, tan, gray, lavender, cream and white grounds with small jacquard silk figures, in self colors.

Silk Plaid Zephyrs 22½c

BOUGHT TO SELL AT 35c

A wonderful variety of the soft, silky zephyr gingham; handsome colored Scotch plaids, also the black and white patterns; even and broken checks; also plaids in color combinations.

New Kimono Flannels 12½c

BOUGHT TO SELL AT 15c

Superb quality German fleece flannel; pink, blue, tan, gray and green grounds with colored and tinted patterns in all the new designs; soft and seamy; of medium weight.

"Venus" Crepe Suiting 15c

BOUGHT TO SELL AT 25c

A 36-inch material; the popular electric blue shade only; a half wool dress fabric, similar to Danish cloth, but with a crepe finish, launders perfectly.

Silk Organdie Mulls 19c

BOUGHT TO SELL AT 25c

Another dainty filmy fabric for dressy occasions; white grounds with colored stripes, dots, circles and figures; 27 inches wide; very soft and sheer.

"New Store" Sale of Toys

WE WILL SELL TO WHOLESALE BUYERS.

As our new toy department will be seven times the size of our present one our buyer bought accordingly, and we have thousands of dollars more toys than we can expect to get rid of in the course of regular trade so will sell any toys at wholesale, at prices below New York import cost, and the freight from New York to Pacific Coast. You will get the advantage of not only low prices but of exclusive holiday novelties.

The following specials at retail for Monday only; no phone or mail orders filled.

Ball Jointed Doll at \$1.49

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$2.50

21-inch size; finest quality, full ball jointed; highest grade bisque head; moving eyes; long eye lashes; sewed long curly wig; good shoes and stockings and chemise; choice of light or dark hair.

Jointed Kid Body Doll \$2.49

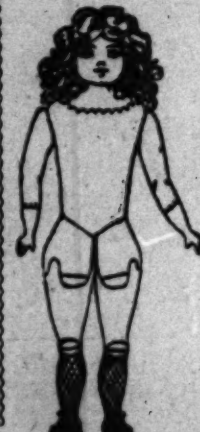
BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$4.50

Finest quality imported doll with bisque head; moving eyes; long eye lashes; sewed long curly parted wig; good shoes and stockings; light or dark hair. This doll is 28 inches tall.

Mechanical Trains \$1.69

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$3.50

Best imported train; consists of locomotive with working pistons, separate tender, one passenger coach and one freight car with track; the train finely enameled and operated by strong clockwork.



"New Store" Sale Hammered Brass

Finest of the Imported Goods

These lots represent a portion of the purchase by our local buyer on his late European trip and have just been received for the new store; they are the very latest Parisian novelties; every piece hammered by hand and much underpriced for this big sale only.

\$1.50 Brass Wall Plaques at 98c.

\$2.50 Brass Wall Plaques at \$1.49.

\$4.00 Brass Wall Plaques at \$2.49.

\$3.50 Brass Tall Tankards at \$2.49.

\$9.00 Brass Vases, 17 inches high at \$5.95.

\$15.00 Brass Coal Buckets at \$10.00.

\$4.00 Brass Tobacco Jar at \$2.95.

\$3.25 Brass Fern Pot at \$1.95.

\$16.00 Brass Umbrella Jar at \$12.50.

\$17.50 Pedestal, 20 inches high, at \$12.50.

\$30.00 Brass Pedestal, 31 inches high, at \$19.00.

\$35.00 Brass Fire Screen at \$13.50.

\$5.00 Brass Jardinieres at \$2.49.

\$25.00 Brass Wood Boxes at \$13.50.

\$35.00 Brass Wood Boxes at \$18.00.

Danderine

Grew Miss Carroll's Hair
AND WE CAN
PROVE IT!

BEAUTIFUL HAIR

—AT—

Small Cost



WITHIN the last decade great and rapid strides have been made in Materia Medica. Many diseases that were considered incurable fifteen years ago are now cured in a few days, and in many cases prevented altogether. The scientists of late years have been searching for the cause, the foundation, the reason and the starting point of disease, fully realizing that the actual and true cause must be ascertained before a remedy can be created.

Hair trouble, like many other diseases, have been wrongly diagnosed and altogether misunderstood. The hair itself is not the thing to be treated, for the reason that it is simply a product of the scalp, and wholly dependent upon its action. The scalp is the very soil in which the hair is produced, nurtured and grown, and it alone should receive the attention if results are to be expected. It would do no earthly good to treat the stem of a plant with a view of making it grow and become more beautiful—the soil in which the plant grows must be attended to. Therefore, the scalp in which the hair grows must receive the attention if you are to expect it to grow and become more beautiful.

Loss of hair is caused by the scalp drying up, or losing its supply of moisture or nutriment, and when baldness occurs the scalp has simply lost all of its nourishment, leaving nothing for the hair to feed upon (a plant or even a tree would die under similar conditions.)

The natural and logical thing to do in either case, is to feed and replenish the soil or scalp as the case may be, and your crop will grow and multiply as nature intended it should.

Dr. Knowlton's DANDERINE has a most curious effect upon the hair glands and tissues of the scalp. It is the only remedy for the hair ever discovered that is identical with the natural hair foods or liquids of the scalp.

It feeds and nourishes the hair and does all the work originally carried on by the natural nutrients or life-giving juices generated by the scalp itself. It penetrates the pores of the scalp quickly and the hair soon shows the effects of its wonderfully exhilarating and life-producing qualities.

One twenty-five cent bottle is enough to convince you of its great worth as a hair growing and hair beautifying remedy—try it and see for yourself. Now on sale at every Drug and Toilet store in the land.

Three Sizes

25c—50c—\$1.00

Free

To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free notice to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and 10 cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.



MISS J. CARROLL, 2307 Irving Ave., Chicago

MISS CARROLL SAYS: "My hair would not reach to my waist when I began using Danderine and it is now more than four feet long."

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.
(BY A TIMES REVIEWER.)

Novel of Power.
HELPMATE, by May Sinclair.
The Grivins, by Henry Holt.
There are many conscientious and diligent people in the world who use the so-called "pictures" of life as a sort of "pictures" and who are not interested in the actual and true cause of disease, but who are interested in the "pictures" of life. The book is a study of the human mind, and it is a study of the human mind. The book is a study of the human mind, and it is a study of the human mind. The book is a study of the human mind, and it is a study of the human mind.

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FRESH LITERATURE.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

(BY A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.)

THE HOUSE OF THE VAMPIRE. By George Sylvester Viereck. Boston and New York: The Atlantic Monthly Company, 1907. (Price \$1.50.)

There are many considerations and influences in the world which have been taken into account by the author of this little book. It is a story of a vampire, and the vampire is a very real thing. It is a story of a vampire, and the vampire is a very real thing. It is a story of a vampire, and the vampire is a very real thing.

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LITERARY Gossip.

A CRUSOE LIFE FOR AUTHORESS.

SHE LIVES ON TONGA ISLAND TO OBTAIN MATERIAL.

South Sea Paradise for English Writers—Helen Mathers Declares Literary Fame Not Worth Price Paid for It—Duke of Argyll to Write His Memoirs.

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.
LONDON, Sept. 18.—Miss Beatrice Grimshaw, who attracted a good deal of attention by her lively stories of the doings of a South Sea island princess called Vaiti, went back to her beloved South Sea recently to get more literary material. According to a letter just received by a friend in London, Miss Grimshaw has been spending a month in the metropolis of Yavan Island, and somewhere round Tonga, but has now retired to an abandoned house on an island off Tonga, which has no other human inhabitant whatever. She says:

"I have been making a serious study of canoeing, and am getting on pretty well, so I shall be able to get over to the mainland when I want to. Swimming is restricted because of sharks. The common and the hammer-head shark both frequent the waters. I used to bathe in at Ofa (Yavan), so I never went in without a few native girls, who splash and shriek enough to frighten away a whale. Last night I sighted something queer near a patch of coral; swam in shore, got a canoe and paddled out to look—and behold, a sturgeon six feet long, navy blue, with large white eyes, and a whiplash tail. I look forward to it very much. It will be a new experience."

"You can picture me when this reaches you, living a Crusoe life on an island of an acre or two, with no companions but the coconut trees and the land crabs. I look forward to it very much. It will be a new experience."

Should Miss Grimshaw tarry long among the Tonga Islands she will have a literary companion to help her enjoy being lonesome. That veteran author and explorer, Oliver Reardon, who has traveled 20,000 miles in the last twelve years, intends taking up his permanent residence there. He is on the eve of another journey to India to execute a special commission for an elaborate work on the native prince.

"When I have finished that," he says, "I shall settle down on one of the Tonga Islands, where the natives are of remarkable beauty, and I shall live a Stevenson."

Is literary fame worth the price that is paid for it? The answer of Helen Mathers to that query is most emphatically in the negative.

"Looking back," she says, "I can only regret I did not take the crucial turning point in my life that led on to ease and wealth, and away from fame. For once you have succeeded, pen and ink become the genius that seizes and ever after holds you its slave. There is much drudgery, much self-denial, even some heart-break involved in the profession of literature; it takes too much of a man's life, and he must be able to write as fast as he can, and in my case, it takes you too much out of the sunshine, and it is not one I should ever recommend to any man or woman. Fame is a lantern of

the Popular Science Monthly for October contains the following articles: "A Trip Around Iceland," by L. P. Gratacap; "The Sacrifice of the Byes of School Children," by Prof. Walter D. Scott; "Notes on the Development of Telephone Service," by Fred DeLand; "Linné and the Love for Nature," by Edward K. Ross; "Early Man in the United States for a National Observatory," by Charles Oscar Paulin; "Address of the President to the Engineering Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science," by Prof. Sylvanus P. Thompson; "What Prussia is an Amateur Aeronaut," by Alan Hawley; gives the reader an idea of what it is like to spend a night above the clouds. Two timely articles on football are "Changes and Prospects of the New Football," by Walter Camp, America's greatest football authority, and "Outlook for 1907's Football Season," by Edward R. Bushnell.

The Circle for October has a list of contributors consisting of Edward Everett Hale, Hamlin Garland, Elbert Hubbard, Anne Warner, William MacLeod Rains, William Hamilton Osborne, Lyman Beecher Stowe, Dan Beard, Henry George, Jr., and other notable names. The list is headed by the name of Morris as he seemed to me. Other articles of importance are "The Silver Lining of the Immigration Cloud," by Lyman Beecher Stowe, and "The Rise of the Japanese Woman," by Henry George, Jr. William MacLeod Rains tells us about "The Great Housekeepers," which picture parts of a mammoth hotel which the public rarely sees. Marion Harlan contributes a valuable paper on "The Etiquette of Church Weddings," which is supplemented by "Decorating Churches for Weddings," by W. G. Fitz-Gerald, illustrated from photographs.

A Royal Author.
Oscar, King of Sweden, whose golden wedding was celebrated recently, in spite of age and illness devotes the hours between 8 and 10 o'clock in the morning to his own country, but of other countries of Europe. What he calls "the most blue" stab of his life—the Norwegian occasion—will no doubt be freely treated, and it will be seen how much he considers himself responsible for the division of his kingdom.

which the bright side is turned outward to the world, but the dark side to ourselves, and while others play, the one who perhaps contributes to their play works in loneliness and often in disharmony. I regard being happy and famous as incompatible."

It is not at all likely that any literary aspirant will be moved by this to seek the lowly vale of contentment and obscurity rather than the dizzy heights of popularity. I doubt if shining literary lights generally would increase Miss Mathers's opinion that fame and happiness are incompatible. Marie Corelli appears to have solved satisfactorily the problem of how to be both famous and happy. So has Conan Doyle, and several others who might be mentioned. But Helen Mathers does not seem to be particularly happy. But that is not because of her success. He does not try to dodge any fame that comes his way.

Miss Mathers's pessimistic reflections on fame are contained in an article describing her first success, which, of course, was "Comin' Thro' the Rye." It made a big hit, and there is still a steady demand for it. She is a pilgrim who is willing to take his chances of getting his happiness knocked out by fame will and the story distinctly encouraging, for it shows that one may write a book which scores a great success, though the author thinks it poor stuff at the time.

"Comin' Thro' the Rye" is really the story of her own family, and particularly of her own father. She began writing it when she was a young girl, and at 17 started a revised version of it, but setting scant encouragement from her relations, laid the work aside. It was the impoverishment of the family through her father's rash speculations which led to her taking the work in hand again. She showed some of the manuscript to George Bentley, a publisher. He told her to go ahead with it and finish it in time for that season. It was then April, and, retiring to a little house in Ramsgate, she set to work writing with feverish energy night and day. "But," she says, "I got a terrible shock-back by happen to read 'Far From the Madding Crowd.' It produced so great an impression on me that I felt it impossible to go on writing my rubbish, and for more than a fortnight, though every hour was mine, I felt it impossible to touch a pen. This necessitated still closer application later on, as the book was published on the following June 19, and so great was the strain that when I fell asleep I used distinctly to hear a voice saying to me, 'Don't stop up. I wrote the last part with pain in my head so intense that I could hardly see the paper, and after the book was written I was entirely unable to sleep.'"

When she finally sent the manuscript to Mr. Bentley he was so profoundly discouraged with the work that he wrote him it fell so far short of what he had hoped to make that but for her promise to him she would have burned it. And yet Thomas Hardy, a poor opinion of her own literary powers, once told her that wherever he went he was sure of finding two books, "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and "The Rye."

CHARLES OGDEN.

New Book

"One of the People"

CAPT. B. B. PORTER
For Sale by
C

Hamburger's

SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE

Big \$500,000.00 Bought for the

"New Store" Sale Men's Clothing: Furnishings

We Can Dress You at Half the Price Your Tailor Would Charge



In the new store we will have the finest men's clothing department west of Chicago and the merchandise for this fall opening was purchased accordingly; but, of course along with our other merchandises, now must be sacrificed during this big sale and you will get the benefit. Every man needs an evening suit and our special offering of Tuxedo suits below will meet every requirement and save you half.

Men's Full Tuxedo Suits \$17.50

Bought to Sell at \$30.00

Choice of any Tuxedo or full dress suit in stock; very latest models trimmed with best of materials many of them full satin or silk lined; coats cut moderately long, backs form fitting, collars hand shrunk, have high rise fitting close to neck, best of tailoring on both suits and pants; sizes range 33 to 46 bust measure.

Men's Fancy Vests \$1.69

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$3.00.

Woolen, mercerized and wash fancy vests; every wanted color and pattern; materials the best foreign and domestic vestings; made single or double breasted; 2, 4 or 5 buttons; finished with matched pearl buttons; sizes 33 to 46.

Men's Golf Shirts \$1.00

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$1.75.

Products of the leading eastern manufacturers; the materials imported and domestic percales, madras, chevrons and others; black and white or fancy colors; pleated, tucked or plain bosoms, many in coat styles; attached or detached cuffs, full cushioned neck bands; sizes 14 to 18.

Silk Plaited Hose 50c

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$1.00.

Full fashioned weaves; silk plaited; in silver, blue tan, brown, gray and other high coloring; have high spliced heels, full seamless; sizes 9 to 11½.

Wool Bath Robes \$2.98

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$5.00.

French jacquard and German blanket robes all the wanted solid colors, also fancy flannel and mixed designs cut very full and roomy, floor length, have heavy wool cord at neck and waist; sizes 34 to 50.

Men's Wool Underwear 75c

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$1.00.

Super weight, brown or natural gray shades; shirts have bound edges, necks full cut; drawers double gusseted; have linen stays and tapes; sizes 34 to 40; drawers 30 to 42.

All Worsted Underwear \$1.19

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$2.00.

Medium weight garments pure worsted, Cooper finished, spring needle ribbed; shirts with French necks; drawers double gusseted; come in yagser, silver blue, pink, white and electric blue; sizes 30 to 46.

All Silk Neckwear \$1

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$2.00.

Handsome, self-colored and fancy mixed designs; light or dark shades of the wanted evening ties; English squares, full shaped only.

Men's Dress Gloves \$1

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$2.00.

Such well known makes as Fowner's Dempster Place, Adlers' and others; of specially selected skins in kid, Cape kid, unfinished kids and Mocha, all wanted shades, also black and white, sizes 6¾ to 7¾.

Men's Auto Gloves at \$1

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$1.50.

Excellent wearing leather, black with broad, deep gauntlet; have outside French seams; backs finished with three rows cable stitching; sizes 7¾ to 11.

Fancy Bronze Electrolieres \$17.50

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$35.00.

French bronze electrolieres direct from Paris, each fitted with two 16-candle-power lights and stand 24 inches high. The figures are handsomely modeled and represent "Le Melodie," "La Pruse," "La Beante," "Industrie," "La Fargeron," "Le Lever de Jour," "La Rose," and "Marguerite." The most exclusive line ever shown in Los Angeles.

Haviland Dinner Sets \$21.95

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$35.00.

100-piece Haviland & Co., best quality; Limoge china dinner sets; all handles gold stippled; choice of two floral decorations.

"New Store" Sale Curtains

Hand Made Curtains at Pair \$2.95

BOUGHT TO SELL UP TO \$10.

Hundreds of pairs of hand-made bobinet curtains in dozens of styles; real chun lace edges; some with battenburg corner designs and battenburg braid trimmings; others with heavy English lace and insertions set in; all the finest French weaves; the lot includes some Bonne Femme and Grand Duchess curtains. On special sale Monday only.



"New Store" Sale Undermuslins

The most dainty garments shown anywhere.



Undermuslins are good the year around in California and would be good property for us to keep, but we are overstocked because of our arrangements made for opening the "new store," therefore you can save from a third to a half during this sale.

Undermuslins at \$1.00

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$2.00.

All styles of garments; best workmanship and dainty trimmings of lace, embroidery and insertion.

Undermuslins at \$2.00

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$4.00.

Combination suits, chemise, gowns, drawers and corset covers, all handsomely trimmed.

Lingerie at \$3.00

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$5.95.

Most exceptional values; of soft finished material; every garment elaborately trimmed with lace, embroidery, insertion and ribbons.

Lingerie at \$4.00

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$7.50.

Include gowns, chemise, combination suits, corset covers and drawers of the finest materials, the most elaborate styles and elegant trimmings.

Spangled Net Robes \$8.98

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$20.

Black, white, blue, cream and maize net robes spangled in elaborate scroll or floral designs; semi-made skirts; extra wide circular effects for evening wear or dinner gown.

SPANGLED ROBES AT \$17.50

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$35.

Black or two-toned effects; black with steel, black with white, black with rose, green and blue; circular sounce skirts; scroll and floral figures.

HAND MADE LACE COATS \$5.98

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$10, \$12.50, \$15.

Hand-made lace coats of Princess, Battenberg or Bruges lace; directoire, military or bolero; for street or evening wear.



"New Store" Sale Blankets

WINTER COMING—TIME TO BUY NOW

One glance of the stock of blankets we have would convince you that we have sufficient quantity to furnish all Los Angeles.

WHITE WOOL MIXED BLANKETS, PR. \$2.99

11-4 size; bought to sell at \$4.00.

WHITE WOOL BLANKETS, PAIR \$4.00

11-4 size; bought to sell at \$6.00.

SILVER GRAY BLANKETS, PAIR \$4.50

11-4 size; bought to sell at \$6.50.

FLEECE COTTON BLANKETS, PAIR 58c

White, tan or gray; bought to sell at 85c.

LARGE COTTON BLANKETS, PAIR \$1.50

White, tan or gray; bought to sell at \$2.00.

12x4 COTTON BLANKET, PAIR \$2.00

Closely woven; bought to sell at \$2.75.

Closely woven; bought to sell at \$2.75.



"New Store" Sale Boy's Clothing

Parents will find this an opportune sale for supplying the juvenile element with full outfit of winter wearables at prices that will mean a great saving.

Boys' Cravenettes \$5

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$7.50.

Wool cloth thoroughly cravenatted by the Priestly method. They are absolutely waterproof; gray mixtures only; quarter satin lined; sizes 8 to 16 years.

Boys' Double Breasted Suits \$5

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$7.50 AND \$8.50.

All wool chevrons, tweeds, velours and cassimeres, in mixtures of gray, brown and tan; also plain blue serge suits; choice of plain or knick pants; sizes 8 to 17 years.

Boys' Wool Underwear 50c

BOUGHT TO SELL AT 75c.

All wool garments, Jersey ribbed; shirts finished with knitted necks and cuffs; drawers have suspender straps; reinforced seams.

Children's Bear-Skin "Tams" \$1

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$1.75.

The popular tam-o-shanter for little boys and girls; of commercial bear skin in gray, red, brown and white; all sizes.

Boys' Top Coats \$3.98

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$5.00.

All wool chevrons in checks and stripes; gray and tan shades; velvet collars and silk emblem on sleeves; lined with Italian cloth; sizes 3 to 16 years.

"New Store" Sale Linens

Goods Bought to Sell at a Third to a Half More

Linens are staple articles as wheat, prices seldom fluctuate; we purchased thousands of dollars' worth of linens for our opening sale at the "new store," and being overstocked, the merchandises will be sold at prices averaging a third to a half less.

Hemstitched Art Linens 79c

BOUGHT TO SELL FOR \$1.00.

Assortment of stand covers, 28x36, and dresser scarfs, 18x54 inches; full bleached Irish linen, elaborately embroidered; finished with hemstitching; all new perfect goods.

Double Damask Linen Sets \$16.00

BOUGHT TO SELL AT \$25.00.

Bleached satin double damask; sizes of cloths 24x24, 24x36, 24x48, 24x60, 24x72, 24x84, 24x96, 24x108, 24x120, 24x132, 24x144, 24x156, 24x168, 24x180, 24x192, 24x204, 24x216, 24x228, 24x240, 24x252, 24x264, 24x276, 24x288, 24x300, 24x312, 24x324, 24x336, 24x348, 24x360, 24x372, 24x384, 24x396, 24x408, 24x420, 24x432, 24x444, 24x456, 24x468, 24x480, 24x492, 24x504, 24x516, 24x528, 24x540, 24x552, 24x564, 24x576, 24x588, 24x600, 24x612, 24x624, 24x636, 24x648, 24x660, 24x672, 24x684, 24x696, 24x708, 24x720, 24x732, 24x744, 24x756, 24x768, 24x780, 24x792, 24x804, 24x816, 24x828, 24x840, 24x852, 24x864, 24x876, 24x888, 24x900, 24x912, 24x924, 24x936, 24x948, 24x960, 24x972, 24x984, 24x996, 24x1008, 24x1020, 24x1032, 24x1044, 24x1056, 24x1068, 24x1080, 24x1092, 24x1104, 24x1116, 24x1128, 24x1140, 24x1152, 24x1164, 24x1176, 24x1188, 24x1200, 24x1212, 24x1224, 24x1236, 24x1248, 24x1260, 24x1272, 24x1284, 24x1296, 24x1308, 24x1320, 24x1332, 24x1344, 24x1356, 24x1368, 24x1380, 24x1392, 24x1404, 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WAIT TIL I TELL YOU!
HOW I GOT AWAY FROM
THOSE GIANTS. LET'S GO
SOMEWHERE AND SIT
DOWN SO I CAN TELL
IT ALL TO YOU. IT'S A
LONG STORY AND

LOOK! LOOK!
FLIP! WHERE
YOU KNOCKED
OVER THE
BUILDINGS!
THEY'RE ON

DID I DO THAT?
UM! I DIDN'T MEAN
TO. I BELIEVE I DID
RUN AGAINST AND TIP
OVER A FEW OF THEM.
WE'LL HAVE TO PUT
THAT FIRE OUT!

OH! IT'S SPREAD-
ING, TOO! WE
MUST DO SOME
THING, QUICK,
OR IT'LL ALL
GO UP!

GET BUST
AND THROW
WATER ON IT!
SPLASH WA-
TER ON IT!!!

I SHOULD
SAY WE DO
HAVE TO
SPLASH WA-
TER ON IT AND
QUICK, TOO!

OUCH! OOPH!
WOW! WHAT
IS THIS SHIN-
ING ME, OH!
OUCH!

GOO AWK
GOOM MA!
GOOM MA
GOW! OW
GEE

WELL! WE'VE
PUT IT OUT.
ANYHOW! I'M
GLAD, TOO, SO
WE WILL

RUN! RUN! RUN!
THE WHOLE WAY
IS AFTER
US! DON'T LOOK
AROUND, BUT
SKIP OUT!

GIMMEL
IGGLE IF
SOGGLE
OPP SOG!

FLIP! YOU'RE
THE CAUSE
OF THIS! WHY
DIDN'T YOU
BE CAREFUL!

IS THAT YOU, NEMO,
FROWLING AROUND
IN YOUR SLEEP? GO
BACK TO BED THIS
VERY MINUTE, BOY!

EEH!
OH!

THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS.



1.—Oh, look at this Canoofoondland; it's fun to see him float; it's lots of fun to have a dog whose body's like a boat.



2.—It's also fun to go on shore and call—"Here, pups here, pups!" And see the little Salmongrels with wagging tails come up.



3.—But, my, it isn't any fun when you are walking 'round To see a big Spanielephant come at you with a bound.



4.—It's then your brave Canoofoondland comes rushing to your help, And sends the old Spanielephant cawoodling like a whale.



5.—And if you are a Tiny Tad you'll run all day and night, "I think I hear the bark of trees," you'll mention in your fright.



6.—Next morning when you find you're on a road you do not know Perhaps you'll meet a Pointurtle who'll tell you where to go.

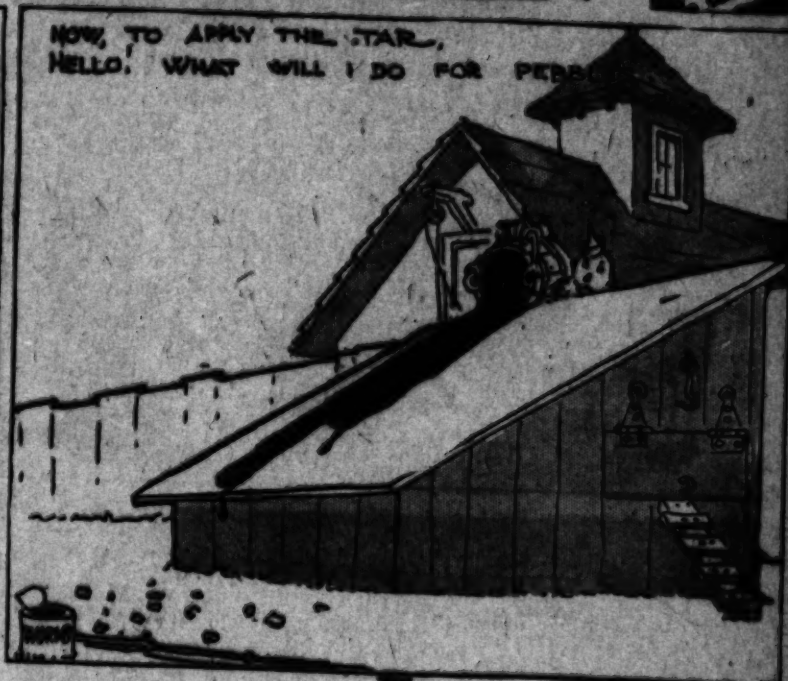
MONKEY SHINES OF MARSELEEN



COMING TO THINK OF IT, BUSINESS COMES BEFORE PLEASURE, THE MEN HOUSE MUST BE COVERED.



BEFORE THERE IS ANY FISHING DONE.



NOW, TO APPLY THE STAR, HELLO, WHAT WILL I DO FOR PERS.



OH, I HAVE IT, CHICKENS LIKE WORMS TOO, HERE, CHICK—A—CHICK—CHICK—CHICK.



THEY MIGHT JUST AS WELL PUT THE PEBBLES ON.



I'VE DONE MY SHARE.

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THIS IS MORE THAN I EXPECTED



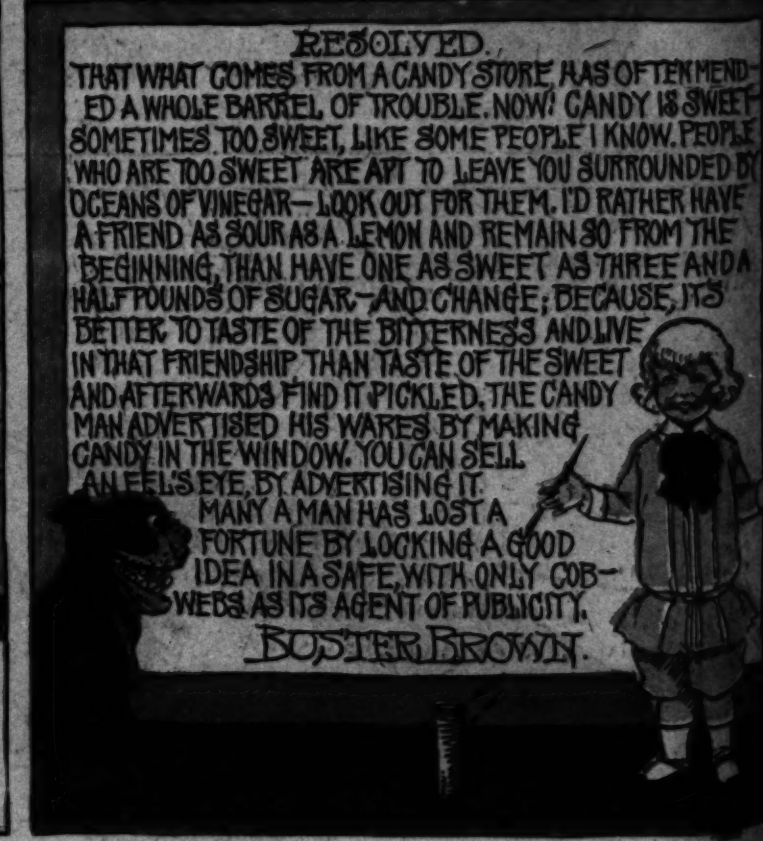
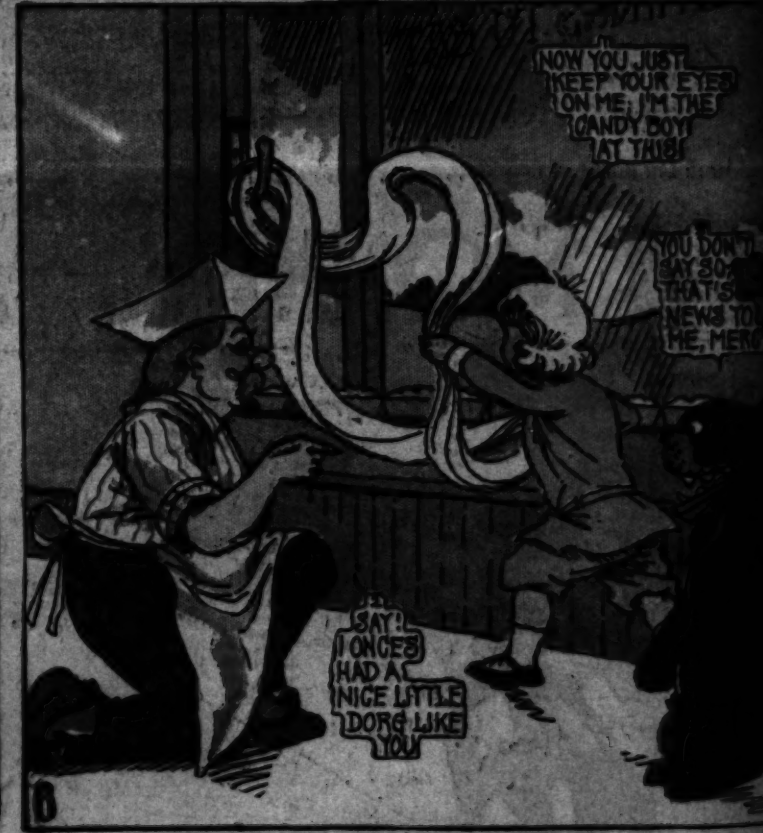
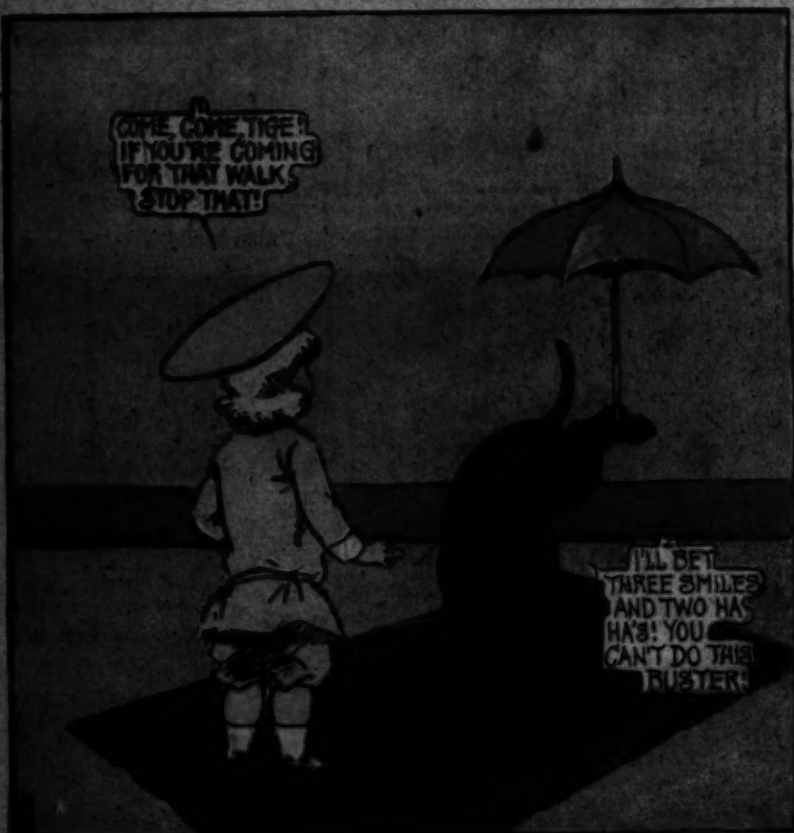
SOME PEOPLE LIKE CANDY AND SO DO I; I LIKE IT BETTER THAN OYSTERS, PIE, IN A CANDY WINDOW IT LOOKS VERY NICE, BUT WHAT'S THE USE IF YOU HAVEN'T THE PRICE?

BUSTER BROWN

HOW, IF YOU KNOW A VERY NICE GIRL WHO IS VERY KIND AND TRUE, JUST DON'T FORGET A BOX OF CANDY WILL MAKE HER THINK MORE OF YOU.

CAN ANYBODY GUESS WHAT HAPPENED MY PAL TIGER?





Full, Continuous Regular

hideous outlines.

For the last few hairdressing have been wearing the hair off the head covering.

The 'huge pompadour' of terror and desolation, heralded by the 'huge roll' it was hair, or to depend upon roll, over which the pompadour was brushed.

Following the pompadour was heralded by the poor, dear hair, was smoking hot irons, but mighty twists that frayed away.

To remedy this hairdressing, forecasts wearing the hair off the head.

As the old-style ranged kinkily, and to nose, so the new kind of soft waves, which are from the forehead.

The hats of today build that, when they from the face, one must false hair emporium between the hat and the face.

The new braided style for a woman's hair.

Such a woman boosts up her own hair, hides its shameful 'candy' with one of these braids.

When she dismounts, she looks as if she were a family in a braid.

The front hair in the braid relegated to that the undulations with pride and beauty.

Or, the hair may be, pulled away from waves, and the braid is gone.

While there is a wave of false hair, the favor.

If the hair must be better to vent of brains that can be rep.

Smart Hair Dressing for Winter Affairs



Belle, Continue



OR women in the old days to have thick, beautiful hair was a matter of course; the curling iron had not yet been discovered, and French hairdressers remained in their own dear part of the world.

See the old-fashioned photographs. They will show you a demure lambequin effect draped over either ear as the proper style of hairdressing.

While the dignified and severe coiffure was anything but becoming or beautiful, it was not destructive to one's topknot—and that, no doubt, compensated somewhat for its

unbecoming outlines.

For the last few years the styles of hairdressing have been of the kind that would prove ruinous to the huskiest hirsute head covering.

The huge pompadour started the process of terror and destruction. To acquire the huge roll it was necessary to rat the hair to depend upon an immense false pompadour which the pompadour was draped and draped.

Following the pompadour, the Marcel wave was heralded far and near. One's poor, dear hair was subjected not only to smoking hot irons, but also to strenuous and mighty twists that fairly wrested its life away.

To remedy this evil, the new style of hairdressing forecasts a general style of wearing the hair off the forehead.

As the old-style pompadour was arranged kinkily, and loved to fall over one's nose, so the new kind is arranged in great, soft waves, which are brushed lightly away from the forehead.

The hats of today are of such peculiar build that, when they are worn far away from the face, one must have a full-fledged false hair emporium to fill up the spaces between the hat and the face.

The new braided coiffure is a good style for a woman with little hair or no hair.

Such a woman buys her braid. She makes up her own struggling locks, and hides its shameful scantiness by covering it with one of these braids.

When she dismantles her coiffure she looks as if she were semi-scalped, but her immediate family is ready to forgive a lot.

The front hair may be marcelled, and the braid relegated a little to the rear, so that the undulations may frame the face with grace and beauty.

Or, the hair may be parted in the center, pulled away from the face in big, loose waves, and the braid occupy its usual position.

While there is much said against the use of false hair, there is still much in its favor.

If the hair must be ratted or frousted, it is better to vent one's spite on factory hair than to be replaced than to ruffle up



The First Empire Effect will be worn



Graceful and Curly



Quaint and Pretty



The New Pompadour

All of which changes are productive of better looks and healthier hair growth, since the heavy switches keep the scalp without ventilation and always unduly and unnaturally heated.

No one wants a stinging little braid



Second Empire Coiffure

perched up on their head. It must be thick and swelling and fat, and give a sort of halo to the head.

To be sure, this braid will crush down the pompadour, but as a crepe—which is a lot of hair hung to a ribbon like clothes on a line—supports it and prevents a flattened appearance.

This crepe is frousted cruelly, all mussed up the wrong way, in fact, so there will be plenty of it.

The natural hair covers the unnatural frouse, and then the unnatural braid or curls or puffs are put on top, like a roof.

To make it clearer: After the lady with the fashionable coiffure combs her hair out, she parts it from ear to ear. One half she brings in front over her face. The other half is hanging down her back, just like a girl in the song.

She then plunges her hands far back into the dresser drawers where she hides the false hair from her husband, and brings forth the crepe.

This, being properly tousled and mistreated, is placed on the forward bow of her womanly mind. At this stage she looks like a Borneo belle. With both hands she gathers up the straggly mass and pins the ends on the crown of her head.

Behold a pompadour of such magnificence!

A comb or two and a few hairpins assist in this process of art and deceit.

Of the remainder of her hair, which is hanging down her back, she forms two braids, falling to right and left. These she crosses behind and places them in the form of a crown on the chignon she has previously made.

The factory braid has a great advantage over the home-grown article.

It can unite itself any place one wishes, on the side or on the top of the head, while the natural braid makes an ugly place in the back of the head when it starts on its travels.

Few women nowadays are blessed with hair of perfectly even color. In nearly every topknot there is a variety of hues.

If one's hair is both blonde and brown, the proper caper is to have it bleached lighter, or have it colored darker.

Both of these processes are likely to prove unsatisfactory. Certainly there is no manner of home treatment that would be safe and sane.

The best thing one afflicted with a variegated topknot can do is to go to a first-class beauty shop and have a careful examination.

The conscientious individual will probably advise to cease meddling with the hair, to keep the growth healthy by shampooing it carefully every fortnight with melted castile soap or eggs, and to dress it in the prettiest, most becoming way possible, and leave the dyeing alone.

An invisible hair net can be worn, and will keep the scolding locks from flying about.

As healthy hair is always more or less oily, a good remedy to use where there is an excess of oil is to dip a cloth in diluted alcohol and cleanse the strands.

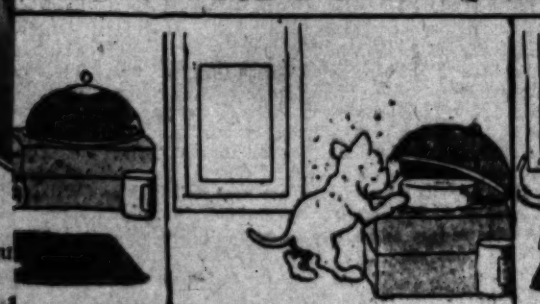
When the hair becomes brittle and harsh, however, it is really in a very unhealthy state.

Healthy hair is glossy and smooth. Olive oil is often advised for this ill, but it is so unpleasant to use, causing the hair to become so oily and flat, that it is really not desirable as a steady diet for one's hair.

A brilliantine, such as that which is used by Marcel wavers, and applied to the scalp and hair, is very much better.

little distance, bushes, stiff and immovable. Then there came a little animal, who, perhaps, further on, re-imagining here was a meal for him.

IES FORSOOK REX



the precious, priceless tresses that nature made for you.

The old-time switch, with which most every woman used to be armed, nowadays finds no home for itself outside of

'100,000,000 FIRE COMPANY USES AUTO OUTFIT

Fight Flames at Rapid Pace Like they Overcome Business Obstacles

PARTICULARLY in the case of the Radnor fire company, it may be expected that they should enlist the aid of the automobile in their campaign against the flames. Even that is not modern life may seem to be a little out of the ordinary when the Radnor fire company is called upon to fight a fire in the city of Philadelphia.

While the Radnor fire company is not a fire company of Philadelphia, it is the only one of its kind in the world. It is a fire company of the city of Philadelphia, and it is the only one of its kind in the world.

They are not a fire company of the city of Philadelphia, but they are a fire company of the city of Philadelphia.

The first automobile fire company in America was organized from its members, yet it maintains a palatial fire house, gives its services free to farmers for miles around, and accepts the same hardships and perils as the paid city fire department.

Isn't this a pretty laudable use for surplus wealth—a rather worthy sad for millionaires?

FEW other sections in America contain more millionaires to the acre than the string of commuter towns along the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, west of Philadelphia.

Everything about these settlements wears an air of elaborateness which reflects wealth. Exclusiveness also characterizes them. They are typical of the aristocratic suburbs of most eastern cities. But all aristocratic suburbs do not maintain fire companies, composed of millionaires, who hasten to threatening conflagrations in auto outfits.

Wayne is about the best supplied with millionaires of any town on the outskirts of Philadelphia. It also combines rural simplicity with urban grandeur.

Millions and cents, in this city suburb, are on terms of most wholesome intimacy. Palace mansions across the street to cottage. Leather boots tramp side by side with patent pumps. It is the ideal mean.

TRUE DEMOCRACY SHOWN

Attributable to this wonderful democracy is the fact that millionaires are willing to get out and fight fires for their poorer brethren.

Something like fifty of the Wayne folk, it is calculated, are millionaires; a half dozen of them are in the "multi" class. About 200 are fairly rich. The rest of the population are just well-to-do, or less.

Wayne's auto fire company is composed of 100 men, almost all wealthy.

Why do they don oilskins and match their strength with the Fire King?

Like other places where many wealthy folk abide, Wayne is the repository for many rare works of art, antiques, things which money could not replace if they should be lost. Insurance protection is not sufficient for these people. They want the things that they have spent years in Europe, Asia and Egypt collecting, not their money equivalent.

In this fact is the motive for the Radnor Fire Company—the name by which this aggregation of millionaire firemen is known.

In the days when there had been but a hose company of the village, fire had destroyed many priceless works at Wayne. In the later days when there was established a thoroughly equipped fire company with horses and engines and hose carts, devastation by fire was less. But even better protection was desired.

FIRST OF ITS KIND

So the millionaires and a few of the near-millionaires of the village got together and organized the auto fire company.

This was the first fire company in America to adopt automobile apparatus.

They call it the Radnor Fire Company because Wayne is in Radnor township. Fourteen square miles is the regular area in which service is maintained, but, as a matter of fact, the fire fighters go beyond that. "Wherever we can be useful," is their motto.

In a seven-mile trip over poor roads, up steep hills, horses become tired. Often a burning

building was in ruins before reached by the former fire company.

Now, it is contended that a single auto takes the place of four horses.

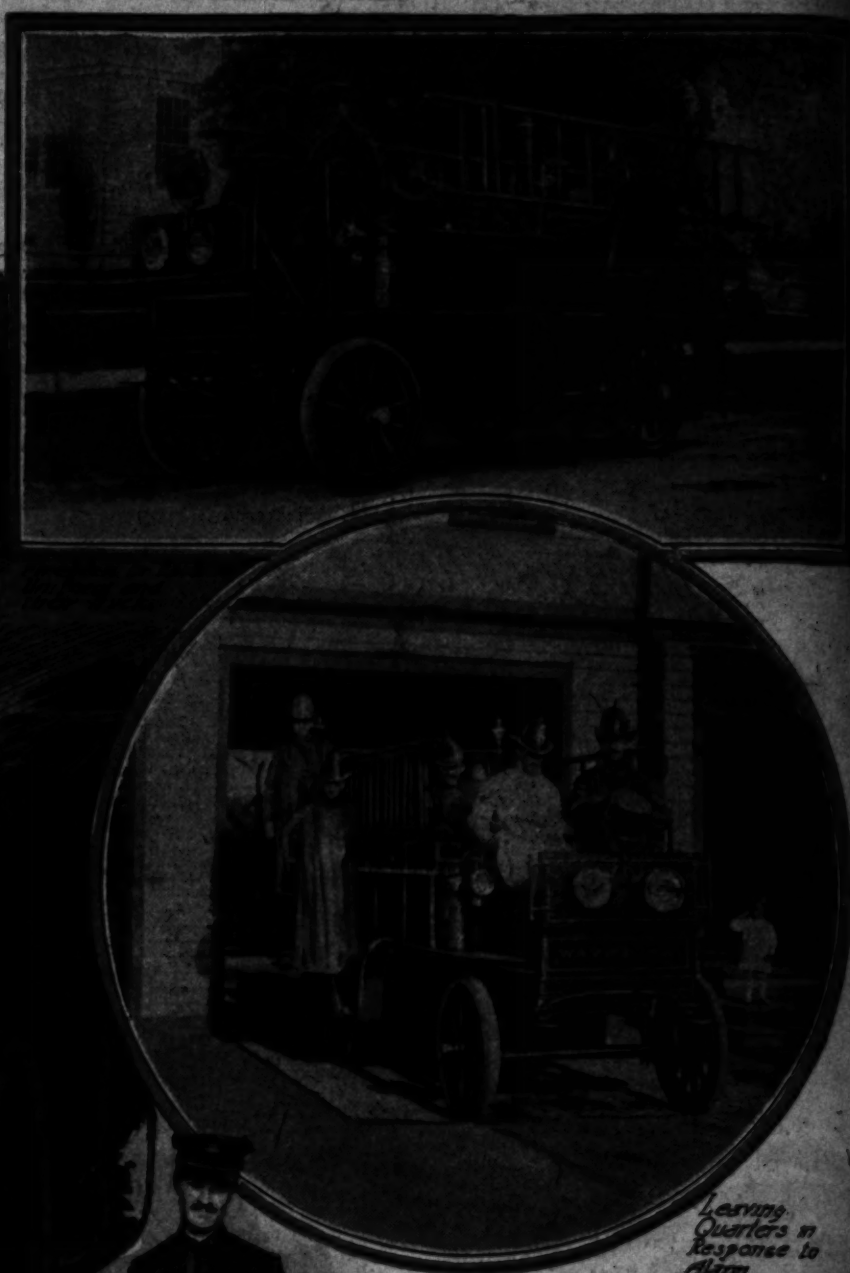
Just to demonstrate the possibilities in auto service, one day on a test the millionaires left the fire house with a four-ton auto fire truck and went six miles, to Devon, in not much more than that many minutes.

One night an alarm came in from Radnor, four miles away. In seven minutes the fire was

being extinguished.

Another night the Sorrel Horse Inn, two and a half miles from Wayne, was on fire. Although the roads were hilly, the auto fire company had played a stream on the fire, extinguished it and returned to the fire house, all in twenty-five minutes.

From this it may be surmised that when millionaires go to fighting fire they put into the work the same energy and vim that characterize them in a business way.



Leaving
Quarters in
Response to
Alarm

tary and assistant chief—gets no salary. Neither does any of the other nineteen who do active fire service. Three of the active members are close to the millionaire class.

Thirty of the members are known to be millionaires, and without doubt several others are.

When these men organized their company, the first thing they did was to build a palatial fire house at Wayne. Upstairs they covered the floor with an expensive rug, placed a beaten brass cuspidor at every mahogany chair, decorated the walls with expensive pictures, and gave to the whole the air of a fine drawing-room, not a fire-house lobby.

Then they appointed a committee to go about the country to all the automobile factories and order the best outfit they could find. While waiting to have the autos made to order from their own plans, they used horses to carry their apparatus to fires.

Expense was positively no object. The committee visited fifteen states before finding just what was wanted.

PREPARED OWN PLANS

Most of the manufacturers with whom they talked declared the idea impracticable, but they did not give up. It was necessary for the company to prepare its own plans in order to get just what it wanted; but such a little thing as hiring a prominent engineer at great expense could not deter these millionaires.

From the financial backing of the company the active members have standing orders to get the best fire-fighting apparatus procurable, thus insuring the honor of having the most aristocratic fire company in the world.

It has been remarked that a desire to save costly works of art was the main reason for establishing the auto fire company.

There was another reason. It dates back to the early history of southeastern Pennsylvania, when the fire company was the most exclusive club of the first citizens—forebears of the present financial leaders.

So these descendants of the early patriots have simply returned to the old ways—they have made their fire company one of the most honorable organizations of the wealthy country where it is located.

At the convention of fire chiefs at Washington, D. C., in October, Chief Wilkins, of the Radnor Company, will explain the merits of auto fire fighting.

A description of the hose cart and chemical wagon, which was made according to the company's plans, gives an idea of the requirements in equipment.

It is 20 to 24 horsepower; has a double-cylinder opposed engine, with a double chain drive; solid rubber tires and is capable of making 20 to 25 miles an hour under ordinary circumstances.

Alarms are sent in by telephone or by couriers on horseback.

RIGHT READY TO START

Hardly does the telephone bell cease to ring before the firemen are on the auto ready to start.

There is no harnessing of horses, no maning of any sort of mechanism. The door is flung open, the gong begins to sound, and like a shot the auto plunges into the street.

Then comes a wild trip through the streets. Every one about Wayne has become educated to the new system, and when that gong is heard there is a general scramble to get out of the way.

Yet it is said to be less dangerous than the engine drawn by horses, for the reason that it can be stopped almost instantly and steered accurately.

No accident has attended any of its trips.

A curious thing occurred one night not long ago. There was a banquet at the engine house, and all the members were present in evening dress.

They were seated at table, chatting, eating and drinking, surrounded by the same luxuries that might be seen at a swell dinner in the home of any of them.

For the time being, the rigors and unpleasantness of fire fighting had been forgotten.

Suddenly an alarm was sounded. In a twinkling, swallowtail coats and boiled shirts were off, the firemen were into oilskins and going down the sliding pole to the automobile. And the fire was soon reached and promptly put out.

In fact, not a single fire within a radius of seven miles has gained headway since the organization of the auto fire company, although alarms are sounded at the rate of about two a week.

In addition to the combined hose truck and chemical wagon, which was the first part of the outfit received, the company has just had built an auto engine with which it is proposed to pump water out of streams and wells in the vicinity of farmhouses in case of fire. Also, it has ordered a small automobile for the chief, and a larger one for members who arrive late for service.

BEST SERVICE IN COUNTRY

Thus will the residents of a rural section benefit by a more advanced form of fire service than can be claimed by any metropolitan city in America.

To determine just how many millionaires are represented in the Radnor Fire Company would be difficult. Only a few weeks ago the company held a banquet in its rooms at Wayne, at which most of the members were present. Some one took the trouble to go about, and, with his knowledge of Bradstreet, determine how much money the company in aggregate was worth.

The total was \$100,000,000. Most of the members are engaged in business in Philadelphia; others are interested in local projects.

The president, W. W. Hearne, is president of an electric company and other enterprises. The treasurer, F. W. Treat, is president of a bank and a storage company.

One of the directors, Reginald Hart, is general agent of an insurance company. Another, W. L. Erben, is a yarn manufacturer. Other directors are William T. Wright, Nathan P. Pechin, Frank Smith and Philip W. Miller, all wealthy.

The vice president, E. S. Maguire, is a man of considerable means, and the chief, Charles M. Wilkins, is undoubtedly the richest chief of a fire company in America.

Even the man who remains on duty day and night as acting chief—Charles E. Clark, sec-

Twenty-sixth Year

PER ANNUM, \$9.

THE WEATHER

BRIEF REPORT.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles vicinity: Fair; light west wind. San Francisco and vicinity: Light west wind.

Sunrise, 5:52; sunset, 5:20; sets early in evening.

YESTERDAY—Maximum temperature, 74 deg.; minimum, 55 deg.

6 a. m., northwest; velocity, 2 to 4 p. m., west; velocity, 3 to 5 p. m., west; velocity, 3 to 5 p. m., west.

At 2 a. m. the temperature was 54 deg.

(The complete weather report including comparative temperature will be found on page 4.)

POINTS OF THE NEW

IN TODAY'S ISSUE OF

The Ocean

TENTH YEAR.

PER ANNUM, \$2.50.

Los Angeles

POINTS OF THE NEWS
IN TODAY'S ISSUE OF

lars in Celebrating on Way
to the Pacific.

The pilot who guided the
Executive's craft knows every
sand bar in the big stream, and
it is said that he took precau-
tions on the trip down to Mem-

to Enforce Extraordi-
nary Measures.
Staff of Inspectors Along the

Illustrated Weekly Magazine.

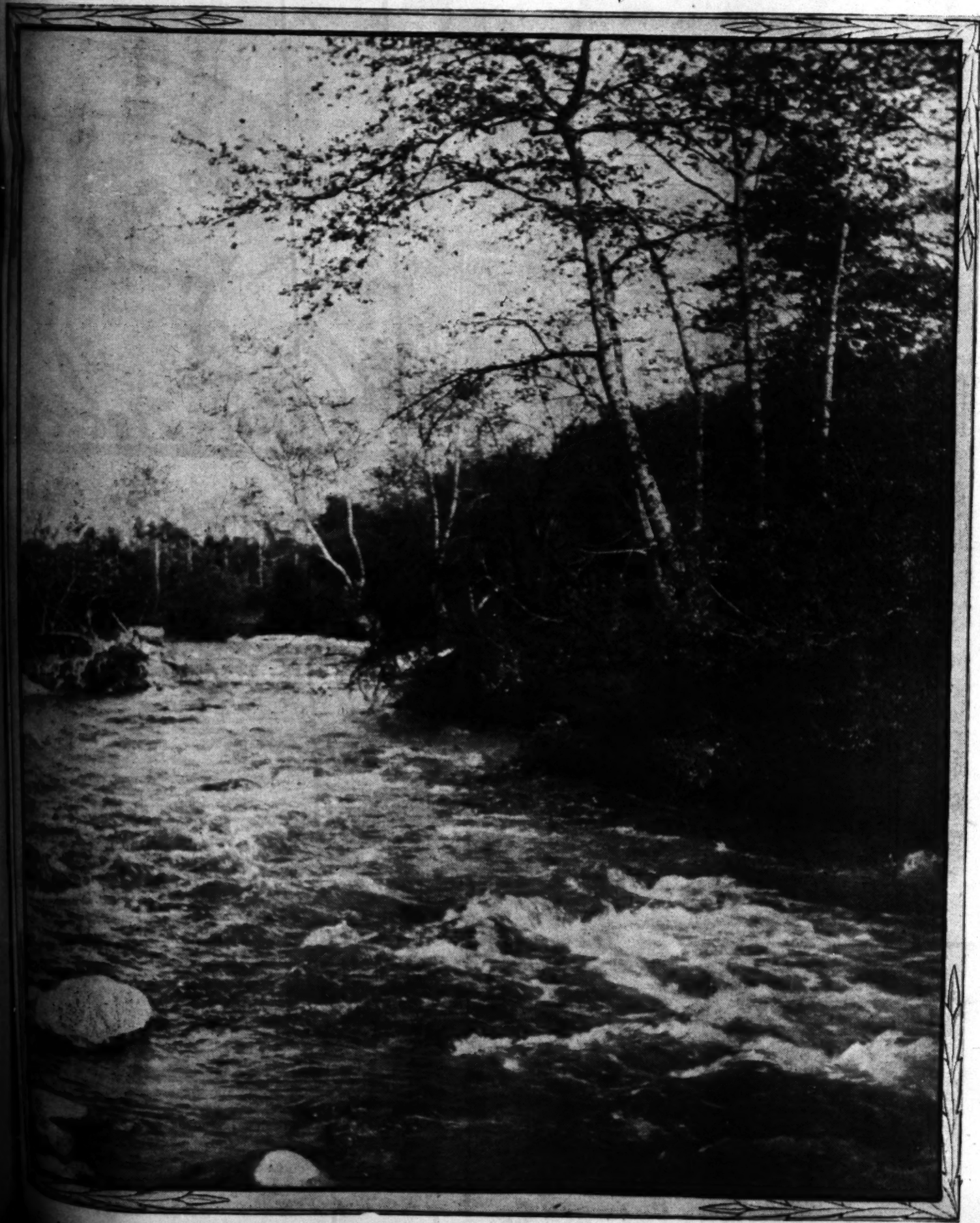
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THE BELL-CRESCENT—rings loud and clear.

It sounds the unequalled goodness of the famous Kahn-Beck crackers and sweet goods.

This attractive seal represents the greatest triumph in cracker manufacture.

Just as a test—buy a box of "Reception Crisps." We'll abide by your judgment.

Bell-Crescent products are made in a factory as clean and sweet as an ideal home kitchen.

Kahn-Beck

**Cant hurt
him**

**It's shortened
with SUETENE**

— the wholesome shortening made of materials which add real nutrition to pastry and make it a beneficial food, easy to digest.



Suetene

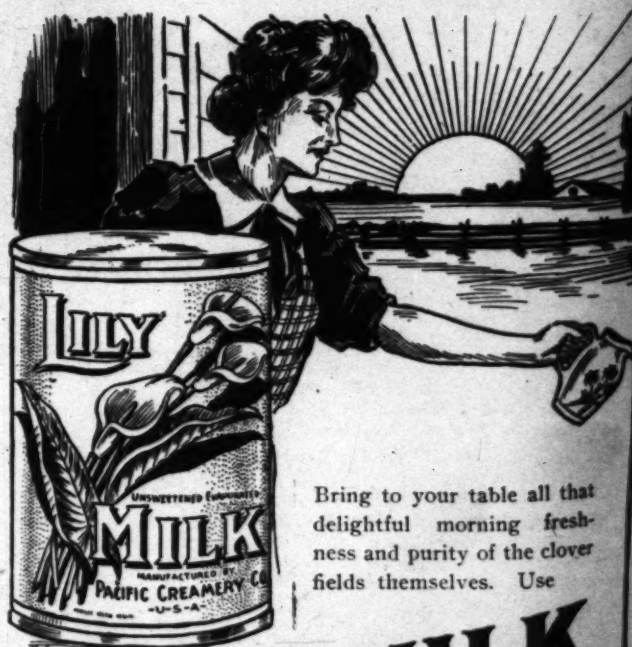
—nature's shortening—contains no hog fat. Simply pure, refined, health-giving cotton-seed oil and clean, selected beef suet—white, crisp and wholesome.

It's lard that hurts your stomach—discard it—use **SUETENE**, the only healthful and economical shortening.

Never in bulk—smallest pail contains three full pounds.



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—that delicious good old - fashioned Jersey milk, rich in its thick, luscious cream—in its new and sanitary form. Lily Milk is the modern way—the only dependable milk man. Richer than ordinary milk—tastes better—is cheaper and a hundred times more convenient. No bottle washing—no waste—no bother. Adds deliciousness to everything you cook. Try it today. Discard dairy milk—even the best of it has the unavoidable drawback of doubtful cleanliness and purity. Use Lily Milk. For sale by all first-class grocers.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

OUR ILLUSTRATION
A MAGAZINE OF THE

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 1892
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Los Angeles Sunday

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Living in California. By J. W. J ...
The Body. By Harry Brook.

"I DON'T KNOW ANY MINISTER"
THE headline is quoted from an application with Artist Earle's "affinity" woman discussed with brassy hair, with Earle which led to the marriage, the discarded wife and aban- doned, while the artist and the "affinity" other so openly that it is a matter of decency to put the pair in print. The slanner, speaking of things at Mo- re, says:
"The village knew all about our plann- ing together—Mr. Earle and myself— howed in a friendly way and then I until some ruffian spoke of me as other ruffians and roughs started the sympathy of the best people in the city and men like that. Minister how any ministers there."
A good many things are said in this criticism with regard to ministers. I think is merited by a minister here and his usefulness to society will not be succe- ssful as they stand and by word a "affinity" business, which is merely a euphemistic way of saying gross uncleanness of life. The minister attempts to find an excuse for his grace in the lusts of the flesh.
This Kuttner woman, we are gravely told, is of "medium height, with a figure that which look through glasses, straight as a string, she converses. Her chestnut hair is many years old and has the manner of a traveled woman of good society. The "affinity" is always an easy manner. A shameless

OUR ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

California in tone and color, Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, the slopes, the valleys and the plains.

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"DON'T KNOW ANY MINISTERS."

Mr. Earle is quoted from an interview for publication with Artist Earle's "affinity." The young man discussed with brazen frankness her relationship with Earle which led to the breaking up of the marriage, the discarded wife and abandoned child going to live with the artist and the "affinity" associated to the marriage as openly that it is a matter of astonishment the editors of New York were not invoked in behalf of common decency to put the pair in prison. The Kuttner woman, speaking of things at Monroe, the home of the artist, says:

"The village knew all about our plans. They saw us together—Mr. Earle and myself, I mean. They knew it in a friendly way and there was no hint of anything until some ruffian spoke of tar and feathers. We were the sympathy of the best people in town [sic]—physicians and men like that. Ministers—well, I don't know any ministers there."

A good many things are said in the way of adverse criticism with regard to ministers. Doubtless some of them are in society will not be successfully questioned. This "affinity" business, which is when seen in the light of a euphemistic way of speaking about the uncleanliness of life. The whole "cult" is an attempt to find an excuse for unrestrained indulgence in the lusts of the flesh.

For women, we are gravely told by the press, that they are tall, with a figure that might be called a "prettily intoned voice, big blue eyes and long through glasses straight at any one with a serene expression. Her chestnut hair is worn in a bun around her face. She looks to be a well-educated woman of good society."

The "affinity" is always an attractive person in the matter of physical development, a shameless woman can

smash both tables of the Decalogue so that no two letters remain together and still "look straight at any one" through glasses or without them, whether the eyes be blue or black.

"She tells us that her relations with the artist were understood 'by the best people' in Monroe and created no hostility toward them. The interviewer tells us that she has the manner of a person of 'good society.' Only the ministers failed to greet her and her paramour as they drove about the village streets, and only 'ruffians' and 'roughs' raised any word of protest.

Thank God that the ministers did not press their attentions on this modern-day Delilah, or confer their benediction on this unrepentant Magdalen. Thank God, too, that the "best people" in most towns do not openly condone violations of the marriage vows, the driving away from under the family roof of the wife and children, and open association of the recreant husband with the "affinity" who "looks straight at" the world out of blue eyes through glasses, with the brazen effrontery of the outcasts of the slums whom men's lusts have dragged down to degradation and to whom the "best people" manifest such unmistakable "hostility."

It would be interesting to learn more about the "ruffians" and "roughs" who suggested a coat of tar and feathers while the "best people" were bowing so courteously to these violators of the laws of God and man. "Ruffians and roughs" are generally very complacent in the presence of persons of the type of Earle and Miss Kuttner. There is usually a general feeling of "affinity" between the ruffians and the debauchees of society. All things seem to stand on their heads, so to speak, in Monroe, excepting the ministers. They seem to cling to old-fashioned ideas of morality and to refuse to be misled by the substitution of a euphemistic expression, "affinity," to condone rank uncleanness of life and the deliberate violation of the most solemn contract a man can make in life. Let us discard misleading euphemisms and call "affinities" by the name they have worn since the days of the earliest Delilahs whose lusts entangled men of like passions with themselves.

PRACTICAL ETHICS.
EARNING ONE'S WAY.

"YES," reminiscently observed a prosperous merchant, "it was a hard and dusty road to travel as I look back upon the long distance which I had to traverse before arriving at my present position in life. It was a rough road at times, and there were moments when I thought I should never reach the turning. But, here I am after all, hale and hearty at the end of my journey, with many once unattainable things within my reach, and others in my hand; but I tell you it is not that which counts. The reason why I am so proud and happy to be here is that I have earned the right to be where I am!

"I am gratified that the honor and respect of the community which I enjoy is not so much for what I have done as for the way I have done it! Mark you, I have never begged that could be procured by labor, and I have never borrowed what at the time I could either afford to buy or do without. In short, my friends, I have earned, earned, earned every item I possess, as I worked myself up on every step of the way."

And the glow of self-satisfaction that illumined the man's face as he spoke was good to see. Here was a splendid instance proving that results alone were not to be exalted over the methods by which they were obtained. Here was a man, now the envied proprietor of a magnificent business establishment, one yielding a magnificent income that would easily enable him to live in a state of idle luxury. Yet here he was right in the midst of things, still at work out of sheer love of labor, with a genial warmth of disposition, a generous heart as well as an open hand, and a kind, stimulating word of help and encouragement for all who appealed to him as worthy of the assisting little shaping shift that he could give to their course.

But what sort of individuals are they who could make the "proper appeal" to such a man? They are those, no doubt, who are anxious to "get ahead" in the world, those who want to leave the slogging, wearying, strength-testing road of stone and dust for the smooth, asphalted boulevards of life. Yes, but by what process do they expect to arrive on the broad, beautiful, select and unobstructed highway? Do they expect to be lifted bodily, without self-exertion, without self-discipline, without self-reflection or self-direction, from one plane to another? And again, do they expect to beg or borrow the vehicle to take them to the "land of promise," to the place of preference, to the seat of eminence—or do they intend to earn the wherewithal by which they may eventually be conveyed thither?

If the last be the tenor of their thought, the hope of their heart and the object of their ambition; if all they ask is a fair opportunity to increase their capacity of earning whatever their desires are centered upon, then, indeed, they are entitled to a hearing; and they will receive the words of sympathetic assurance and the timely helping hand that will facilitate progress without enervating the progressors. But the test of worthiness must ever be not the mere wish to rise, or to become successful, but the manifest tendency to take time and trouble to pass through stages of training and to submit

to the necessary training by which to earn or to achieve success.

The desire of all to be accounted worthy of success in any line, should be to gain the coveted prize honestly, and never to flinch the hard earnings of another, whether in the nature of intellectual coin, credit, or actual currency. For in so far as we evade the struggle for self-elevation through judicious self-preparation, so, too, we must be content to forego the final triumph that belongs to those, who, through personal effort, have attained to their heart's purpose, and who may rightfully rejoice in the consciousness that they have neither wrongfully taken nor guiltily received what they claim as their own, but that they have either earned the right of possession, or only possess the bounties or the benefits which they have morally and legally earned.

There would be but little cause for complaint of the widespread malady of greed and graft in every field of human endeavor, aye, even in social and industrial, as in political organizations, if people were willing to earn their right or title to the place or power which they arrogate to themselves by intimidation, by duplicity and cunning or by sheer force of temerity. In this wise, rich attachments are gratuitously formed whereby sagacious grafters finely flourish without the prerequisites of merit, efficiency or desert, drawing their stay and sustenance moral, intellectual or material from sources which they have been shrewd enough to discover as valuable mediums to supply them with the private comforts and public prominence which they crave, but to earn which they have neither the ability nor the taste.

Hence, let no one, however humble his or her station in life, even for a moment regard with jealous eyes the callow ones in the large assortment of the non-earning, or grafting brood. For at best their airy perch is full of nettles; they cannot boast a self-built, weather-proof nest, but only a temporary "roost" from which the wily intruders may, at any moment, be "shooed" by the light of detection. Woe to those who have either begged, borrowed, stolen, or obtained by ousting others from their legitimate place their thus-viewed unenviable position, for some day the callous-conscience will be called to answer, and then when an account is asked of them—"Why are you here? How came you to be seated thus? By what right or authority do you hold away?"—then the wind of pretense and base assumption that has so swiftly borne them upward will as suddenly bring them down to their proper level; the level from which they may only hope to rise by honestly earning the fruits of promotion and progress on every step of the way.

BERTHA HIRSCH BARUCH

IT IS SAID:

There are women masons in Vienna.
In South Africa baboons kill sheep.
The English do not much like tomatoes.
A good pack of hounds is worth \$15,000.
London averages but eighteen murders a year.
Paris eats 90,000 pounds of snails a day.
The raccoon washes its food before eating it.
St. Joseph, Mo., is the healthiest town in the world.
Cannibals do not like civilized flesh—it is too salty.
The thumb is stronger than all the other fingers together.

The thin, on an average, live seven years longer than the fat.

Alphonse Daudet smoked old clay pipes that had been bequeathed to him by Gustave Flaubert, the great author of "Madame Bovary."

BUCK FEVER.

In the delirium of buck fever he mistook a colt for a deer.

And the colt, mortally stricken, sank down upon the straw of the barnyard, looking with glazed eyes upon the multitude of sympathetic creatures that gathered gently about it.

"Have you no last message for any one?" they inquired.

Thereupon the moribund animal reared its head proudly.

"Tell my sire," it said, in a loud, firm voice, "that I died game."

One long, shuddering sigh, and all was over.

DOG-LIKE.

As usual, he complained that the buckwheat cakes were heavy, the coffee weak, the bacon burnt, and so forth.

His wife, in the end, looked up calmly from her letters.

"Don't growl so over your breakfast," she said, smiling. "Nobody is going to take it away from you."

THE AUTOMOBILE FACE.

"He has the worst case of automobile face I ever saw."

"Has he, really?"

"You bet he has. Yesterday he wanted to borrow my new 60-horse power limousine for a month's tour of Northern California."

MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT.

"Where are you going, my bonny man,

With your water and chalk and your bright tin can?"

Oh, he winked his eye and he shook his head—

"I'm going a-milking, sir," he said.

THE PROSE OF IT.

Wife (from the bed:) What are you doing there with my false teeth?

Husband (at the bureau:) Just cutting the end of my cigar, dear.

HE KNEW.

With a dreamy sigh the young bachelor quoted: "Tis better to have loved and lost—"

America in Egypt. By Frank G. Carpenter.

TRADE IN THE NILE VALLEY.

UNCLE SAM'S PART AND POSSIBLE PART IN IT.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CAIRO (Egypt).—Uncle Sam ought to flood the Valley of the Nile with American drummers. Business here is on the boom and trade is advancing at telegraphic speed. The Egyptians are making money and are buying more foreign goods than ever before. For ages they have been so ground down by taxation that the skins of their stomachs have flapped against their backbones. Today they are fat, and the said skins are stretched like drumheads. They are eating foreign food, buying foreign clothing and spending money on foreign knickknacks. The British government, which now rules them, has cut down the taxes and is giving them a square deal. Its banks are crowding the native Shylocks to the wall. Its new dams are furnishing perennial irrigation to a large part of the valley and the country has become financially stable. The Egypt of today is a new land, and for the first time its people are taking the position nature intended them to take in the markets of the world. The nations of Europe are awake to the situation, and are pushing after trade in every possible way. They are establishing banks, and are organizing syndicates and exploitation companies to exploit the Egyptians and get a share of their money.

Egypt as a National Customer.
Uncle Sam should study Egypt as a national customer, and should have his men on the ground to introduce his goods. Indeed, it is difficult to know this country and people without coming to see them. Since the beginning of history the Nile Valley has been considered the garden spot of the globe. Its soil is as black as jet, as rich as guano, and the floods of the river annually coat it with a fertilizer as sustaining as the bone dust sold

the Egyptian hotels come from Americans, and we ought to get our share of the trade in return.

What Uncle Sam Should Do.
It would seem that Uncle Sam ought to wake up and put his men on the ground. He ought to establish a more extensive consular service, ought to build a legation building at Cairo, and urge some of his financial nephews to open a bank or so here, with branches in New York and in other American ports. He should send out a commission to study this trade, and should establish exposition warehouses in Alexandria and Cairo, filled with the goods we make so well, but which the Egyptians are now buying from England and other countries of Europe.



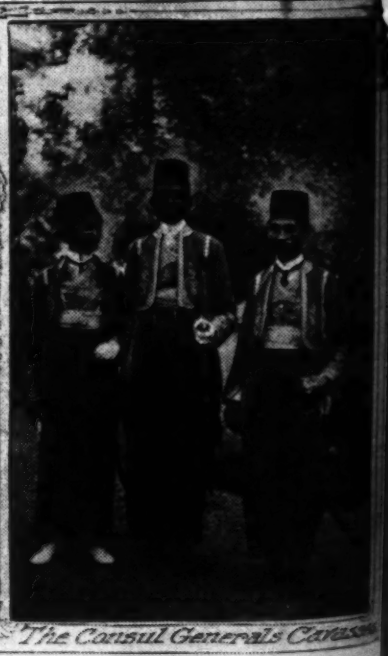
Consul General Iddings, Mr. Carpenter at left.



American Cottons.



A Sakiyeh.



The Consul General's Cavass.

by the American meat trust. Such parts of it as can be perennially irrigated will grow two or three crops per annum, year in and year out, and many regions will produce 500 pounds of cotton per acre. Other parts are equally rich as to sugar, and every little farm pays a big interest on the money and work spent upon it. As it is now, the land is supporting more people to the acre than any other on earth. Belgium, that hotbed of industry, with its mines of iron and coal and its myriad factories, has only about 600 people per square mile; and China, the leviathan of Asia, has less than 250. Little Egypt is supporting almost 1000 per square mile; and the bulk of them are crowded down near the Mediterranean, and are nowhere more than three hours by rail from the seaports. They are so situated that they can be easily reached by water, and, with a direct steamship line from the United States, they can be flooded with American goods at the lowest freight cost. The North German Lloyd is now sending goods from New York to Egypt in eighteen days, and these goods are transhipped at Marseilles. By direct steamers the time might be cut down to two weeks.

But first let me tell you what the trade of Egypt amounts to. We are spending much in pushing our trade with China, and for a generation or more our papers have been full of the Chinese possibilities. As it now the foreign trade of Egypt is more than one-third as large as that of all China. It is over \$200,000,000 a year, and of this \$100,000,000 is brought in from abroad. As to the exports, we take all and more than our share. But of the imports we get hardly a smell. In other words, we buy of Egypt from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000 a year, and sell her less than one-tenth that amount. We do not sell her 1 per cent. of all that she buys and we take from 7 to 10 per cent. of all that she sells.

Moreover, our tourists annually go up the Nile by the thousands and they leave in Egypt every winter as

As it is now, our Consul-General to Cairo is acting as our diplomatic agent as well. The duties should be divided, and a man who will do nothing else but push American trade should be added to the legation force. As this country nominally belongs to Turkey, we cannot send a minister plenipotentiary to it, but our Consul-General is given practically the same powers as an Ambassador has elsewhere, and this part of his work is enough for one man to handle.

Our Diplomatic Agent at Cairo.
Our present diplomatic agent at Cairo, who bears the title of Consul-General, is Lewis M. Iddings, who was formerly one of the editors of the New York Times, and later on served as first secretary to our embassy at Rome. He is by training and experience more a diplomat than a consular officer, although he understands the United States well and has had journalistic training before he took up diplomacy. As diplomatic agent he is the guardian of the rights of all Americans who come to Egypt. None of them can be arrested without his consent, and any such arrest must be made by one of his own policemen, who are known as the consular cavasses. These cavasses attend the Consul-General on all state occasions, and act as lieutenants about his front door. They are Turks or Egyptians. Each wears a fez cap, a gorgeous uniform embroidered with gold braid and a great sword at his side. These men are subject to Consul-General Iddings, and they have the right to enforce his commands.

What Egypt Sells.
In order to understand this trade, one should know what Egypt sells. The Nile Valley is almost altogether agricultural. Egypt has 12,000,000 people, and two-thirds of all those over ten years of age are engaged in farming. The great money crops are cotton and sugar, and just now cotton forms nine-tenths of the exports.

There is so much money in cotton that those who raise it do as our planters do when cotton is high. They put all their land into that crop, and buy their meat and corn out of the proceeds. The Egyptian cotton sells for much more than ours. It is of a peculiar staple, and is so valuable for mixing with other cottons that we often buy from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000 worth of it ourselves. In 1906 the crop sold for \$90,000,000, and the bulk of it went to England. As it is now, Russia is annually taking \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000 worth, France \$5,000,000, Germany \$6,000,000, and Germany about the same amount of Egyptian cotton. The cotton seed is also sold, most of it going to Great Britain and France.

Indeed, cotton is fast crowding out sugar, and the sugar sales are not as large now as they have been in the past. They amount to about \$2,000,000 per annum. Of late Egypt has begun to raise vegetables for Europe. The fast boats which go from Alexandria to Italy carry green stuff, and especially onions, of which the Nile Valley is now exporting several million dollars worth per annum. Some of these are sent to England, and others to Austria and Germany. The onions are packed in bags of a hundredweight each.

As to tobacco, Egypt is both an exporter and importer. Egyptian cigarettes are sold all over the world, but Egypt does not raise the tobacco of which they are made. The cultivation of tobacco has been forbidden by law since 1890, and all the tobacco used is imported from Turkey, Greece and Bosnia. About four-fifths of it comes from Turkey. The total imports amount to about \$3,000,000 a year, and it might pay our tobacco trust to see if our best Virginia weed could not displace that of Turkey.

Hen Eggs by Millions.
Secretary Wilson should investigate the chicken industry of Egypt. These people have been famous producers since the time of the Pyramids, and the hen is still an important part of their life. It brings in hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.

There is so much money in cotton that those who raise it do as our planters do when cotton is high. They put all their land into that crop, and buy their meat and corn out of the proceeds. The Egyptian cotton sells for much more than ours. It is of a peculiar staple, and is so valuable for mixing with other cottons that we often buy from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000 worth of it ourselves. In 1906 the crop sold for \$90,000,000, and the bulk of it went to England. As it is now, Russia is annually taking \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000 worth, France \$5,000,000, Germany \$6,000,000, and Germany about the same amount of Egyptian cotton. The cotton seed is also sold, most of it going to Great Britain and France.

During the past twelve months enough eggs have been shipped across the Mediterranean to England and other parts of Europe to have given one to every man, woman and child in the United States. The amount was in the neighborhood of 100,000,000, and the most of them went to Great Britain.

The Egyptians have an excellent climate for fowling, and they had incubating establishments long before artificial egg-hatching was known to the rest of the world. There is a hatchery near the Pyramids where the farmers trade fresh eggs for young chicks at one egg per chick, and there is another, farther down the Nile Valley, which produces 500,000 little chickens every season. It is estimated that the oven crop of chickens amounts to 30,000,000 or 40,000,000 per annum, the number of little fowls being sold by the oven owners and the baby chicks are about able to walk.

The most of our incubators are of metal, and are kept warm by coal-oil lamps. These incubators are one-story buildings made of sun-dried bricks, and contain ovens which are fired during the hatching season. The eggs are laid upon cut straw in racks in the oven, and the firing is so carefully done that the temperature is kept just right from week to week. The heat is not gauged by the thermometer, but by the judgment and experience of the man who runs the establishment. A fire is started eight or ten days before the eggs are put in, and from that time on it is not allowed to go out until the hatching season is over. The eggs are turned four times a day while hatching. Such incubators are cheaply built, and they are so arranged that it costs almost nothing to run them. The eggs will hatch 200,000 chickens a year can be hatched for less than \$50, and an experienced man can be hired to run the machine, tend the fires, turn the eggs and sell the chickens for about \$1.50 per day.

What Egypt Buys.
Egypt buys almost everything she needs. Her imports amount to more than \$200,000,000 a year, and a large part of this is a specialty in the United States. Most of the cereals, vegetables and fruits worth \$3,000,000 come from the United States. Most of the machinery worth \$4,000,000 comes from the United States. Just about \$400,000 comes from France and Italy, and \$4,000,000 worth from Germany. That, notwithstanding we are the world and have Indian corn, a large part of the food of the world.

The day of the pump and the Nile Valley, but, so far, machinery is imported from the United States. The owners are now using steam engines run by syndicates, means, and there are men who own and run the engines and pumps and hire farmers in much the same way as are used in the United States. The American windmills, almost the whole pumping of the Nile Valley with such regularity, be relied upon to do efficient work.

At present the most of the work is done by man power or by animals. The shadoof, a simple device, is lifted by the shadoof. This is a support. From one end of a long pole, which is pivoted on a support, a man pulls the bucket and by the help of the weight of the bucket empties it into a canal. It takes a long time, but it can be done in ten days lift enough to give one acre a good watering. It could be done much cheaper.

The Sakiyeh.
Another rude irrigation machine is the sakiyeh, which is a wheel turned by hand. It consists of a series of buckets attached to a long pole, which is pivoted on a support. A man pulls the bucket and by the help of the weight of the bucket empties it into a canal. It takes a long time, but it can be done in ten days lift enough to give one acre a good watering. It could be done much cheaper.

American Farming Machinery.
There should be an opening for American farming machinery. Egypt is raising the very same crops that we produce, and our machinery ought to sell there. Great Britain supplies the machinery, and after that comes the United States. We should sell our thrashing machines, and light, portable, and heavy, and they should be in demand. Just now they are dug over by hand, and we should sell them.

The demand for farm machinery was almost twice as much sold in the last year as during the year before. The general prosperity leads to an increase in the demand for machinery. There is now a craze among the Egyptian farmers to buy a fresh watch every year. They want a cheap watch, and they are buying them from the Swiss and Germans. They are not getting any better, and they are not getting any cheaper. They are not getting any better, and they are not getting any cheaper. They are not getting any better, and they are not getting any cheaper.

Our American cotton factors ought to be in Egypt. The 12,000,000 inhabitants of Egypt are entirely in cotton, and we are the only country in the world that produces cotton. Our cottons are considered far better than those of any other country. This country took \$30,000,000 worth of cotton in 1906, and most of the balance of the amount of \$1,000,000, and Germany took \$17,000,000, and that notwithstanding we have mentioned was raised in our country. We ought to sell Egypt a large quantity of cotton, and we ought to have a share in the thing that line has to be imported. (Copyright, 1907, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

[October 6, 1907]

What Egypt Buys.

Egypt buys almost everything under the sun. Her imports amount to more than \$100,000,000 every year, and a large part of this money is spent for goods which are a specialty in the United States. She buys \$13,000,000 worth of cereals, vegetables and flour, and, of this, almost \$2,000,000 worth come from Great Britain, \$3,500,000 worth from France and Algiers, \$1,000,000 worth from Italy, and \$4,000,000 worth from Turkey. Of the whole just about \$400,000 comes from the United States, and that, notwithstanding we produce the best flour in the world and have Indian corn better than that which forms a large part of the food of the Nile Valley.

The day of the pump and the windmill has reached the Nile Valley, but, so far, the most of the pumping machinery is imported from Europe. All the large land owners are now using steam pumps. There are many smaller ones run by syndicates which are irrigated by this means, and there are men who are buying portable engines and pumps and hiring them out to the smaller farmers in much the same way that thrashing machines are used in the United States and Canada. Quite a number of American windmills are already installed, and almost the whole pumping of the Nile Valley might be done by the wind. The breezes from the desert are as strong as those from the sea, and they sweep across the Nile Valley with such regularity that wind pumps could be relied upon to do efficient work.

At present the most of the water raised in Egypt is by man power or by animals. Millions of gallons are lifted by the shadoof. This is a long pole balanced on a support. From one end of the pole hangs a bucket, and from the other a heavy weight of clay or stone, about equal to the weight of the bucket when it is full of water. A man pulls the bucket down into the water, and by the help of the weight on the other end, raises it, empties it into a canal higher up. He does this about long for 10 or 15 cents, and it is estimated that about ten days lift enough water to irrigate an acre of cotton. At this rate it costs from \$1 to \$1.50 to give one acre a good watering, and there is no doubt it could be done much cheaper by pumps.

The Sakieh.

Another rude irrigation machine found throughout the Nile Valley from Alexandria to Khartoum is the sakieh, which is moved by blindfolded bullocks, buffaloes, donkeys and camels. It consists of a vertical wheel with a string of buckets attached to its rim. As the wheel turns round in the water the buckets dip and fill, and as it comes up they discharge their contents into a canal. This vertical wheel is moved by one set horizontal, the latter running in cogs, the latter being turned by some kind of burden. There is usually a boy, girl or old man, who sits on the shaft and drives the beast round. These sakiehs screech terribly, and their noise almost drowns the ear drums of the tourists who come near them. I remember a remark that Justice Brown of our Supreme Court made while we were stopping together at the hotel at Assuan, which is just opposite the Elephant Island, with one of these sakiehs in plain sight and hearing. It was that he should like to give an appointment to Egypt, and that large enough, to enable the people to oil every sakieh up and down the Nile Valley. I doubt, however, whether the felahs would be so off. If they had it, for they say that the blindfolded cattle will not turn the wheel when the noise comes.

American Farming Machinery.

There should be an opening here for American farming machinery. Egypt is raising wheat, cotton and corn, and the very same crops that we produce in large quantities, and our machinery ought to sell well. It is not pushed, however, and almost all the farm tools come from Great Britain. Germany and the United States, as usual, are in the race. We should sell these people plows and reaping machines, and light, well-made hoes and mattocks should be in demand. Just now most of the valley is dug over by hand, and wheat, barley and corn are sown with flails.

The demand for farm machinery is increasing. There are almost twice as much sold during the first six months of last year as during a similar period of 1905, and the general prosperity leads to the belief that this business will go on.

There is now a craze among the peasants of Egypt to own watches. They want a cheap article, and in many cases buy a fresh watch every year. As a result the Swiss and Germans have been flooding the country with cheap watches, put up in fancy German silver, nickel and gold-plated cases, and are selling them at \$2 and upwards. They are not equal to our timepieces, which sell at \$2. Some of these watches are advertised as of American make, and they sell the quicker on that account. I doubt not that a good American watch would sell well and displace the poor stuff now sent in by the Swiss.

Our American cotton factors ought to study this market. The 12,000,000 inhabitants of the Nile Valley dress almost entirely in cotton, and we are making goods in our mills which could be easily sold here at a profit.

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A Western Tenderfoot.

THE EAST AS SEEN BY A NATIVE SON OF CALIFORNIA.

From a Special Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, September, 1907.—It was "contributor" or Kipling or somebody who said something about the East and the West, and that they could not get together, except by mixing up the people. Well, I am from the West, and everyone seems to know it. Seems funny, too. If I keep still about it, people look at me with mild curiosity, and if I tell it, they regard me with indifferent pity. "From the West?" they say, just as if it were from Timbuctoo or Patagonia.

These easterners are a provincial lot. Most of them have been "all about these parts" for as much as forty miles. They have heard of Sacramento and Los Angeles, but they have also heard of Mars and the moon, and they may all be in the same place so far as they know or care.

Then they have heard of San Francisco! More's the pity! The smoke of her torment, and the stench of her turmoil are wafted across the continent. They ask if all California is as bad as San Francisco!

A "Thou and Thou" Aristocracy.

These folks are sufficient unto themselves. There is a restful absence of Boston beans and culture and things like that, but the blue blood of staid conservatism here is just as good and costs less. These Quakers are a solid, steady sort of folk, who wear an air of comfortable prosperity and, like others, are mixed in the making. They are a thrifty lot, and as they never give anything away, they usually prosper. Sometimes they give the stranger a start. I went into a real estate office the other day, and the proprietor said: "Will thee have a seat?" Of course! why not? But it somehow upset my ideas of the real estate business, though I don't know why. Perhaps because I am from the West. The home folks went to a Friends funeral the other day, and said it was not half bad. There was some silence, which is a good thing at funerals, and what was said was worth saying, which is different from some funerals I have known. And really, the old ladies with their serene faces beneath their Quaker caps are a sight to make one think of better things. They are enough better than the highly-tighty sort that we have at Santa Monica in the summer.

Change of Scandal.

A variety in bad odors is sometimes a relief. Over here the S. P. is no longer a word to conjure with. What do you think? Lots of people here have never heard of it! There are people here that never heard of Schmitz or Reuf!

But they have troubles of their own, just the same. They have railroad depots here bigger than the old Arcade, and the crossings are not on street grade, either. They have a City Hall higher than the Courthouse dome, and they have spent thirty years and \$20,000,000 building it, and a lot of men who are now living on their summer estates, or in Europe. They have the new 2-cents-a-mile railroad fare law, and it is raising the very—Fourth of July. The railroads are raising the commuters fares to 2 cents a mile, and there is something doing. Nobody knows yet how it will turn out.

Cheap Living?

Some of my Los Angeles friends tried to cheer me by telling how cheaply we could live in Philadelphia. Now a man hates to give away his friends, even at a wedding, but the fact is that prices are higher here than in Los Angeles. If there is any cheap place anywhere left on the face of the earth, the inhabitants thereof are quietly keeping the fact to themselves, for fear of overcrowding. Ten years ago there may have been something in it, but now the prices are higher than the skyscrapers. Any sort of an unfurnished house rents for \$35 per month. The cost of provisions and clothes and all necessities rises like sweet incense in the noses of whoever it is that profits by the deal, but down below here it is every fellow for himself, with the usual fate awaiting the hindmost.

Conventions.

They do big convention stunts here. The big Elks meeting was a rouser, and Philadelphia did herself proud. The eastern convention goes are much like those of the West, a combination of politicians, good fellows, saloon-keepers and clergymen. It does seem too bad, though, that they spend all this money and none of it goes to spreading information about the real country south of Tehachapi. When the convention ball is over, these visitors have only seen Philadelphia after all. I have sent in a suggestion that in the future they go to Los Angeles and see something worth looking at. I met a man from Pasadena the other day. He looked world-weary, and said that he had given up these folks as a bad lot.

Explosive Weather.

I used to think that Mark Twain's skit on New England weather was intended for a piece of humor, and could never see why a man from the East could not laugh at the joke. But my eyes have been opened. There is no joke about it, and there is nothing to laugh at. It's all so, and some of it a good deal more so.

In June it was cold. I did not spend a comfortable hour out of bed, for six weeks. It was cold and raw and chilly, and damp and drizzly, and foggy and misty and murky, and we had sleet and rain and frost and hail and fog. Then with rearrangements and repetitions the programme was repeated on the continuous-performance plan, with changes every day.

And would you believe it? With all of this nobody

built a fire, but sat and shivered and lit the lamps. I lost patience, and gently inquired what would be the effect of a little artificial warmth, such as we use in California. They said that they had let the fire go out for the season. Now what do you suppose they meant by that?

And that is not all. In July, summer came one morning early, and it was worse than the other. Say! Los Angeles is a summer resort! You folks that haven't traveled don't know anything about it! It gets so hot here that people actually drop down and die and have to be buried, and nothing like that ever happened in California. When it gets hot here, a steamy, sweltering, stifling hot that just takes the tuck out of you, and you don't know whether you will ever get another breath or not. It's easy to see why people go and die rather than live through any more of it.

But cheer up—the worst is yet to come! And I hate to tell you what that worst is. In spite of my high calling, I have heard a good deal of strong language in my day and generation, but here there is so much of it that it gathers in small blue clouds and in a few days the sky becomes overcast, and then the trouble begins. When that stuff goes off, I tell you it shakes the very earth and lightens the whole heavens with a lurid reminder of what awaits the people who are responsible for the whole thing. It's awful! The women scream and faint and the dogs hide under the bed. They say that in winter it is not so bad, which I suppose is due to the fact that they have revivals here in winter and get religion until warm weather comes again. Now they may talk all they please about the East being better than the West! I never knew it to get as bad as this, even in the old wide-open days in Bakersfield before they ran away with the slot machines.

The Real Old Timer.

I am finding out where the magazine writers get their stuff. They get it back here where it grows. This is the lair and roost and rendezvous of the original moss-back. You see him by the roadside, on the train, and in his favorite haunt, the country corner store. I thought he was made up, and never really happened, but he did, and does, and is right here in Pennsylvania. He looks just like his pictures. He says "naow" and "csoow" and "haow" just like the books, and he is dressed for the part just like the pictures.

And the cross-roads store! It would seem like walking right into the colored calendar picture if you could go with me out to Jonesville crossing and walk in and see the original in all of its primitive simplicity. Really it is worth seeing.

Then they have the genuine country church here. Many of them have little graveyards attached conveniently, all of them are substantial stone buildings, most of them are surrounded with green grass and covered with climbing ivy, and a few of them date back before the revolution. I found one, the old "Brandywine Baptist Meeting-house," that was founded in 1718.

The Children.

I used to read Edward Bok's editorials about signboards and things, and wonder what he was talking about. I don't wonder any more. You ought to see, or rather you may hope never to see such defacement of the visage of Mother Nature as they have perpetrated in this country. Hundreds of miles of railroad lined on each side with rows of hideous glaring signboards. Nor is this the worst! The barns, and houses even, through the country are covered with scandalous "ads." of all sorts of things. As if people did not know enough to buy pills without eternally having the thing thrust under their noses. A fitting punishment would be that the advertisers should be condemned to take in increasing doses throughout the future the same pills that they are so insistently offering to other people. But the consequences could be no worse than the nausea resulting in this present world.

I don't know what's the matter with the children here, but they don't look like the kind we have in California. They have a peaked, bleached-out, pinched, hot-house appearance that suggests too much living in the house. Some of them are entirely too clean and some are entirely too dirty. There is dirt, and dirt, you know. Why, I can remember when old Mother Earth felt good to my bare feet and lovingly stuck to my grimy fingers and affectionately nestled about my various features. That sort of dirt makes kids grow, but the dirt that comes out of the furnace and off the garbage and lingers about the cesspool is another matter, and the Board of Health says that it is bad for the children. I would like to show these folks some good, robust, brown, chunky youngsters such as you find growing along the sidewalks in Los Angeles. Probably they would hustle them in out of the sunshine to save their complexions, and probably they would have them looking just like the children here in a year's time. Anyhow, I am glad I grew out of doors.

A Beautiful Country.

To be honest, one must admit that this country is fair to see. Its rolling fields, its sloping pastures, its flowered meadows, its grassy hillsides, its open woodlands, its groves of magnificent maples and chestnuts and walnuts and beech and oak, its solid farmhouses, its great barns, and its well-kept farms, all combine to make a land that is good to look upon.

GEORGE A. MILLER.

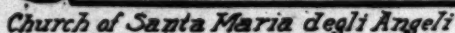
THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Little Johnny's father is a physician and his mother is a Christian Scientist. Recently the little boy was threatened with appendicitis. His sister, going into the room where Johnny was in bed, found a very indignant little boy, who made this complaint:

"Father and mother won't let me talk slang, but when I told mother how sick I was, she said 'Forget it,' and when I told father he said 'Cut it out.'"—[Judge.]

By a Special Contributor.

As the art galleries of Perugia are of course very rich in early Umbrian art, students have a fine opportunity to learn in a discriminating manner the characteristics of the Umbrian school and to follow its development at the



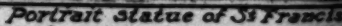
Our hotel, Subasio, almost adjoined the very important buildings, the wonderful church, really two (the Upper and Lower churches,) one built above the other and entered at different levels, and the monastery of San Francisco. It was approximately clean, the food

St. Francis is supposed to have been supported in his



"Commanda, Signorina," from the porter at his peephole in the door.

We entered a courtyard, and the porter handed us to a servant who took us to the refectory and then to the cloisters. The latter run round three sides of the building and end in a raised platform whence we seen enchanting views of the Umbrian Valley and Apennines. The brothers were there reading, looked severely at our intrusion, but seeing our pleasure in the old building and the views from the



Oratory of San Bernardino

After various skirmishes with beggars, the Chinese themselves at the door of the church, the Chinese which had been built out of the paternalism of France. The portal forms an entrance to the chapel to protect it from the weather, and to see the very same old gateway through which he so often passed. His bedroom, where he had wonderful visions, also is turned into a chapel.

about a long look at us, the porter handed us over to the refectory and then to the round three sides of the platform whence can be seen the Umbrian Valley and the views from the...



Statue of St. Francis

of coal hole cut in the rock, where his father shut him up on such occasions as difference of opinion arose in the whole giving away of what pertained to his...

By Nick Recommended.

It seemed quite a pilgrimage to ourselves when we went forth one warm morning to see the church Degil, and it must be confessed we were much ruffled by the persistent whines in the rear, of "Soldo, soldo, soldo." It really seemed a favorable opportunity to make use of a charm suggested by our professor...

And so we sought asylum within the portals of St. Angelo, and forgot the pests without. Here we are in a place of legend; we visit first of all the little church, the portunculo erected by St. Francis and the monks over the ruined shrine of the Virgin, then in the heart of a forest. The doors of this tiny church are made of a cathedral; "miracle," says our host, showing that the saint knew that crowds would come to the shrine in future ages. Then he took us to a garden where the angels gave the saint a white robe and bidden him build an oratory over it. Here by the garden where he rolled in agony, for, to mortify the flesh, he rolled nude on some thorns, and was pierced by the thorns. Then by a bush whose leaves were turned into rose trees without blood. This little garden within the church has not been cultivated for six centuries, and is so wicked enough to think it had a right to...

Statue.

This is a life-size figure of St. Francis, declared to be the work of Della Robbia, in terra cotta, supposed to be taken from a cast made by the saint's followers after the death of the saint.

The face of the face seem drawn by nature's hand of rather than by the fanciful touch of an artist; the expression is wonderfully refined, delicate and sensitive, and seemed to us a central interest to the many poured into our ears by the Frate. And as we listened about the aisles the boom of the organ made a building reverberate, and music, grandly fugue, accompanied by deep sweet voices, made a sublime melody by the "acts" of St. Francis.

With the peace of the church to enter upon war to the drivers who all wanted us to take their money, and beggars demanding our spare cash. But we had come, and afoot we intended to return, and beggars notwithstanding. And we accomplished the feat.

It is not perhaps known to all of us that the new saint in the form of Santa Chiara, who, inspired by the spirit of St. Francis, abandoned her parents, and founded the order of the Clarissines, originally named Chiara. She was scarcely more than a child when she decided on her future life. Many legends are told of her personality, and her remains are still in the church named after her, Santa Chiara.

The church without the walls we were shown a remarkable carved figure of Christ. The two sides are different; the one depicts a dying, the other a resurrected Christ. Legend gives it that the artist, having completed the one side, had to leave off work for the day, and when he returned found that an angel had finished the carving for him, not as a dying, but a dead...

to the Carcere.

For legend and charm, let the tourist not forget the Carcere. This is the hermitage some three miles from Assisi, where St. Francis and his companions retired to rest and contemplation, living in caves and in the rocky gorge. We started on the walk about the Carcere, for our obliging padrone suggested that it was "molto caldo" (very warm), and we could not walk there. Every step is uphill and around the Carcere, the views repaid us for the exertion, though the sun was even late in the afternoon. The convent was cutting grass on the slopes, using the scythe...

we peeped into the Carcere, we said, and, looking over the hill streets, we caught the foreign post of Assisi seemed to be so fast had we returned, legend and ridiculous, only impressive in our single-minded, intense so far as his lights, has borne impress on the visit Assisi in the saint, the special object of the portunculo, the church, the Chiese, at hand, all in fact the roof of the Carcere, the 16th century.

With beggars, we found the church, the Chiese, the entrance to one of the weather, and so on, through which St. Francis had commanded it to be a chapel, and...

of us whispered that she would like to know where the sluice gate is. Chapel Built by St. Francis. First we saw the tiny chapel built even to the stone foundations by St. Francis and his companions six centuries ago, then descending a narrow stone stairway found the cell where he had slept in a kind of stone coffin with a log for a pillow. At one side is a tiny oratorio in which the crucifix is kept which he carried everywhere with him. On one occasion he carried it to Rome, but next morning when he rose it was gone. He feared it had been stolen, but when he returned to the Carcere it was in its usual place.

Outside the cell is a stone with five holes in it, made by the Diavolo, who came to tempt St. Francis, but driven off thus signed his place of exit. From the chapel a zigzag path leads to the gorge, where the caverns, water-worn holes, in which the hermits lived at various times, may be seen. When the little convent was built the caves were deserted as permanent places of residence, though often resorted to by lovers of solitude.

Chapel Built by St. Francis.

A pretty little group was taking a picnic meal on the edge of the gorge—a youth and two small girls. The monk called the boy, said we were English and strangers, and asked if he would wait for us and take us under his protection back to town. He bowed his willingness gracefully, and we plodded up the gorge after the monk, who had another cavern to show us and a long Diavolo story to tell. To us, already surfeited with walking and caverns, this seemed a little superfluous, so we suggested that the hour was late, and the sun had set; we must return. Reluctantly the monk permitted us to neglect the other dens of saints, telling us the wondrous legends as he allowed us to return to the convent yard. We begged a drink of water. The chubby one let down a bucket and brought up sparkling, delicious water from untold depths while the monk told us his order was forbidden by St. Francis to touch wine (we thought the prohibition had been extended to the use of water externally), and so the saint had commanded water to flow here, and the spring had come into being. But the tumbler handed us could not be cleansed of a winey flavor, and we believed, held water for the first time in its career. The chubby one looked amiably interested as I strove to cleanse the tumbler. Then we tipped the monk handsomely, which was a generous act on our part, for he dropped tallow all over our gowns in lighting us down the dark stairs to the cell, and we gave the chubby one 10 centimes (2 cents) for himself. Both beamed with joy, and we started forth with the youth and two little girls.

The youth was charming; he told us his history in sparkling, delightful Italian. He was studying in the technical college, Rome, under a distinguished English professor, Welby, pronounced by him "Ooelby." Also he had spent some time in Florence once, and had seen the gracious Queen of England. He showed us the palace where the children lived, but when they were safely within the gates insisted, as it was getting dusk, on seeing us home. Then, to show his acquaintance with English customs, shook hands with us with a flourish ere he waved his hat in farewell.

In the Hill Cities.

We spent a long, beautiful day among the hill cities beyond Assisi, where rare treasures of art are to be found in the churches. Spello is a walled town on the top of a hill. Foligno, however, is in the plain, and Monte Palco a walled town again on a mountain top, so remote that few travelers care to visit it. But it was here that we found so many and varied interests. Not only has it a pinacoteca (art gallery) worth study, and an old church with valuable pictures, but we came upon a still older church under restoration which was revealing its riches at every moment. Whitewash, much admired at one period by the uneducated eye, was in process of disintegration at the hands of careful workmen, and walls covered with pictures of the Giotto school and Gozzoli, in their setting of gold background, were coming gradually to view. Also, in working at the foundations of the same church, they discovered that it was built over a campo santo, from which the workmen were retrieving coffins and bones. The odor was unwholesome and mouldy; it behooved us to depart.

A little tired of churches we took a walk outside the walls, the only way of seeing the views, and entering by another door, found the inn where the driver had taken the horses. The door was closed; our knocking met no response. It was the hour when the Italian takes siesta. "Only dogs and English people," say they, "go into the sun at midday." Presently our driver crawled sleepily out of the stables and pounded vigorously at the door. Soon a cheerful, pretty young woman appeared and invited us to enter the darkened room. What beauty to be wasted on the desert air of Monte Palco, what rich coloring, what superb beauty, what a smile, revealing teeth white as milk! We refreshed ourselves with coffee without milk (the goats were out at pasture) and lemonade, for which we paid 50 centimes, or 10 cents.

On further calculation we discovered that as modern prices have not mounted Monte Palco, one could live there royally on 50 cents a day. After this long day's outing, we went up to art, tried to forget the joys of woodlands and sunshine, and concentrate such brains as were left after the assimilation of so many legends, on the frescoes in the churches. There was so much to learn that I wonder we are not still at Assisi, breaking our necks in the study of ceiling frescoes, and our backs with sitting on wooden benches incidentally placed here and there for the worshippers.

NOT THAT KIND.

Boy: Is this a trust shop, mister?

Clerk: Yes. What do you want?

Boy: Pop wants to know if you'll trust him with two plugs of black navy and a paper of mild smokin' till pay day.

ADA M. TROTTER.

JAP A SPY FOR RUSSIA.

A TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY, HE WAS HACKED TO DEATH.

[New York Sun.] During the recent Japanese troubles on the Pacific Coast various persons thought they discovered Japanese spies taking measurements and making notes about the coast defenses thereabouts. The Japanese War Office may have a more or less perfect system for gathering information about the defenses of other countries, but it is a safe guess that it never before had to investigate the operations of one of Japan's own people in spying on Japan's own forts in the interests of a foreign power. The Tokio Asahi prints an interesting story of this unique treason of a Japanese.

Seiji Mayeda, a former instructor in the Oriental Languages School of Vladivostok and a naturalized Russian citizen, dropped into Tokio about two months ago after a continued absence of more than ten years. He was highly educated and passed among the gentlemen of the better class in the Tokio political clubs as a personable man of refinement. Because he spoke Russian fluently and had lived many years in Siberia it was not considered a matter of suspicion that Mayeda spent a great deal of his time with Russian Military Attachés of the legation.

About the same time that Mayeda came to Tokio another man from Siberia, Kuzuki Imamura, came down from the Japanese fisheries at Nikolavsk in the primorsk Province, where he had been working since the war. He went to his home in the slums of the city and nobody knew that he ever met Mayeda, the gentleman, or that he knew anything about Mayeda's movements.

On August 9 a Japanese coolie of the low class visited the office of the Tokio Asahi and desired a word with the news editor. When the coolie had that functionary carefully secluded in an inner room he told him that if a reporter from the Asahi would follow Mayeda, the gentleman and clubman, on the train to the Yokosuka naval station that night he would learn that the Russianized Japanese was a traitor and that he was preparing reports of the defenses at Yokosuka for the Russian Government.

Maruo, the coolie, told the Asahi editor that Mayeda had gained his confidence by hiring him as a servant and that the day before Mayeda had asked him to take a night trip to Yokosuka, promising that for the work he would do there would be large rewards. Maruo had suspected his master of being in league with the Russians because of his constant association with the legation staff officers, and this Yokosuka trip convinced him, he said of the treacherous designs of the man.

Japanese newspapers are not slow at scenting news even though the reporters wear clogs and are happy on a salary that an American newspaper would not think of offering to an office boy. The Asahi immediately assigned a man to follow Mayeda and then notified the central office of the police.

That night when Mayeda and the coolie went to Shimabashi station to take the train for Yokosuka an Asahi reporter and a detective followed. Mayeda thought to throw possible pursuers off the track by taking a Shimonoeki train and changing at a junction beyond Yokohama, but the reporter and the detectives were not fooled.

When Mayeda stopped overnight at an inn near Yokosuka the sleuths on his trail camped there also. The Asahi's account says they were suitably disguised, but this probably means that the two pursuers muffled their faces with their kimono sleeves, as the art of disguise is primitive in Japan.

The suspect and his informing servant spent the night in riotous drinking. The reporter and the detective crawled into a nearby room to hear what Mayeda might say through the thin paper shoji. He said enough to convict him.

The next morning when the spy happened to catch sight of his two trailers he decided that it was getting warm for him and tried to double on his tracks, going for a time to the Yoshiwara on the outskirts of a neighboring town, then trying to make a quick loop back in the neighborhood of the forts. All the time the faithful reporter and the detective, faces presumably still muffled, followed like shadows.

Mayeda evidently grew suspicious, for he gave up the trip through the fortification zone on the following night and returned to Tokio. There it was that his career of treason came to a sudden end before the intervention of the police.

Kuzuki Imamura, the coolie who had known Mayeda in Siberia and who had come down from the fisheries to live in the slums of Tokio, had got an intimation through some channel that the police believed that he and Mayeda were in the same plot. On the same day that Mayeda returned after the fruitless Yokosuka trip Imamura went to Mayeda's home and stabbed him a dozen times in the neck and body with a short sword.

Even when Mayeda tried to escape down the street the coolie followed, hacking at him with the sword. Mayeda finally dropped from exhaustion and soon died. Imamura gave himself up, saying that he had done his country a good service in killing a spy of the Russians.

The police subsequently searched Mayeda's papers and found confirmation of their suspicions—that he was trading in military secrets. They also found evidence enough to convince them that the patriot Imamura was in the plot with the gentleman Mayeda. So Imamura will get the punishment that Mayeda escaped.

AN IRISH TWISTER.

Patsy: Begorra, ol couldn't pay me three dollars folne and ol had to go to jail for six days.

Mike: An' how much did yez spend to get drunk?

Patsy: Oh, 'bout three dollars.

Mike: Three dollars? Yez fool, if yez had not spent yez three dollars for drink yez'd had yer three dollars to pay yez folne wid.—[Harper's Weekly.]

Army's Discontent.

INSUFFICIENT MEN TO KEEP UP THE AUTHORIZED STRENGTH.

By a Special Contributor.

THAT necessary evil of ours—the army—has run short of men.

A jeremiad to this effect has just been uttered by the War Department, whose powers that be will now put their heads together over ways and means for restoring the glamour of the military life. The growing discontent of our army must inspire anxiety in all good citizens who down in their hearts believe that the surest preservative of peace is certain preparedness for that relic of barbarism yclept war.

This discontent has reduced our enlisted force far below its authorized strength. The fundamental principle of our military organization is that the standing army must be ever available as the strong first line of defense; that the stronger it is maintained the more time will be gained in mustering our latent fighting force—the volunteers. We are indeed in a plight when we are unable to fill the ranks of this first line—by far the smallest standing army, proportionately, in the whole family of great world powers.

Thousands of Deserters.

Desertions have increased from 6.8 per cent. to 7.4 per cent. in two years, and for the decade before that the average was but 4.5 per cent. Last year's list of deserters was no less than 6258 men—a number greater than those which have won some of the great battles of the world. Here would be a pretty list of guests at one of Uncle Sam's free hotels, if all were caught and given the long term of hard labor which the law prescribes; and

soldier is the most poorly-paid man in any occupation in the country today, and recommends a 50 per cent. increase. An enterprising officer of twenty years' experience called lately at Commissioner Neill's bureau of labor and discovered that the captor of little George Washington Aguinaldo was correct. He discovered that the lowest-paid adult civilian laborer in the United States is the plantation negro of Louisiana cane fields, who averages \$1 per day. The Yankee soldier gets 43 1-3 cents a day in flat pay. Add to this his clothing allowance of 15 cents and their ration allowance of 18 cents a day and you have 76 1-3 cents as compared with the dollar received by the image of His Maker in ebony, who works in the cane fields. But the plantation negro not only has houses, but gardens thrown in, and needs but little clothing, and he has every Sunday and nearly every Saturday afternoon, whereas the soldier must always be decently attired even if he has to buy extra clothing out of his own money—as is usual—and he must be on duty every night and day of the week, and is always subject to duty that may cost him his life. Insurance companies, recognizing his greater risk, charge him extra premiums.

True, the government retires its soldiers on three-fourths pay after thirty years, but the percentage who avail themselves of this and the benefit is so small and so distant that it does not figure, says this enterprising officer. True, too, that the soldier gets free medical attention and a free funeral with cemetery lot and grave marker thrown in, but our more enterprising industrial corporations are not only giving their employees free medical attention and pensions, but free educational advantages for their children, comfortable living quarters and reduced hours of labor.

The civilian laborer can go on strike and demand a redress of his grievances, but the soldier who strikes necessarily receives a long term in prison for his trouble. The private soldier's present pay of \$13 per month was established nearly forty years ago, since when the

off his supply. But once upon a time a powerful majority of women ushered up Capitol Hill a truck bearing "polyglot petition," which caused the leaders in Congress to break out into goose flesh, and in sheer fright to pass a law abolishing the canteen. The net result has been that the bibulous soldier, after a few days' conservation of thirst, hikes out for the place of the "bootlegger" convenient to each army post, and spends his nickel on fusel oil and prune juice. He staggers back to the post with a generous bottled supply for the boys in the barracks, and the increase of drunkenness in the army has been annually accelerated ever since the new "reform" was instituted. But this is such a delicate question of the soldier man that polite language cannot do justice to the picturesqueness. Of his argument of the day and for full justice to his eloquence the country must await the "American Kipling" now sought by a popular magazine.

Tyranny of Officers.

Tyranny of officers, especially of subalterns, is another source of grievance. "The attitude of the southernward the negro seems the only perfect comparison of the officers' attitude toward the soldier," says one who has done time under the flag. The inspecting general has also found some grievances laid to the door of "tyrannical sergeants." During the long practice march of the First Battalion, Thirteenth Cavalry, from Fort Riley to Fort Sheridan, from July 27 to September 1, many men deserted in resentment of the severe punishment dealt out to them by the troop commander. One was fined \$50 because I rode on a train when I was supposed to be walking behind the troops. There were four of us, and now none of us will receive a cent of pay for four months. That is the whole trouble with the army. They pay a man \$13 a month, and then the officers let the men until they haven't got a cent coming," complained one veteran of this six weeks' march.

Needless Early Rising.

Too much early rising is another complaint frequently heard. "Why should we all be turned out at 5:30 A. M. What's the sense, anyhow?" asked one man in the olive drab.

Perhaps Dr. Stiles' "lazy bug" was eating into the chap's vitals, but some psychologist or other, who has compiled statistics of insanity, found that insanity is greater among farmers than any other class of citizens and attributed the cause to too early rising. Even officers in the recent six weeks' "practice march" from Fort Riley to Fort Sheridan objected strenuously to early hour at which they were yanked out of slumberland. "In all my experience I never heard of a commanding officer making his men get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, as we have done on this march," said a captain. Another complaint has been made over the requiring tired men to report at the final roll call at 10 o'clock each night instead of allowing them to "put their blankets in peace" as soon as they wish after the duties of a hard day are done.

There are complaints, also, of too much menial work of too often having to give up the musket for the spade or the pickaxe. In truth, there are complaints too many for bare mention in the space of this column. And, besides, if the gentle reader hears too much of their tale of woe his sympathy for our khaki boys will be blunted rather than sharpened.

And, besides, more than enough will be heard when Congress sits again, for there is to be a "to do" under the big white dome over the best ways and means of making the soldier's life more attractive.

JOHN ELFRETH WATERMAN

A WOOD NOTE.

The sportsmen, sinking down upon a mound of leaves, looked drearily about the bare autumnal woods and said that they were lost.

But the guide pointed to a spider's web. "It is to get your bearings if you are anything of a woodsman," he said. "A web like that, for instance, is nearly infallible guide. Spiders nearly always choose a southern exposure for their houses. This web points south."

"Tree bark is another guide, for it is harder, drier on the tree's south side. Gum, too, helps. That oozes from the southern part of a tree is firm and amber-colored, but north-pointing gum is soft and green."

"The hardwood trees, the oak and chestnut and the like, have all their moss and mould confined to the north side. The cedars and other evergreens bend their heads toward the south."

"Even stones are compasses in the wild. From the sunny south, they are bare and dry. It is on the shady, damp, northern side only that they bear moss."

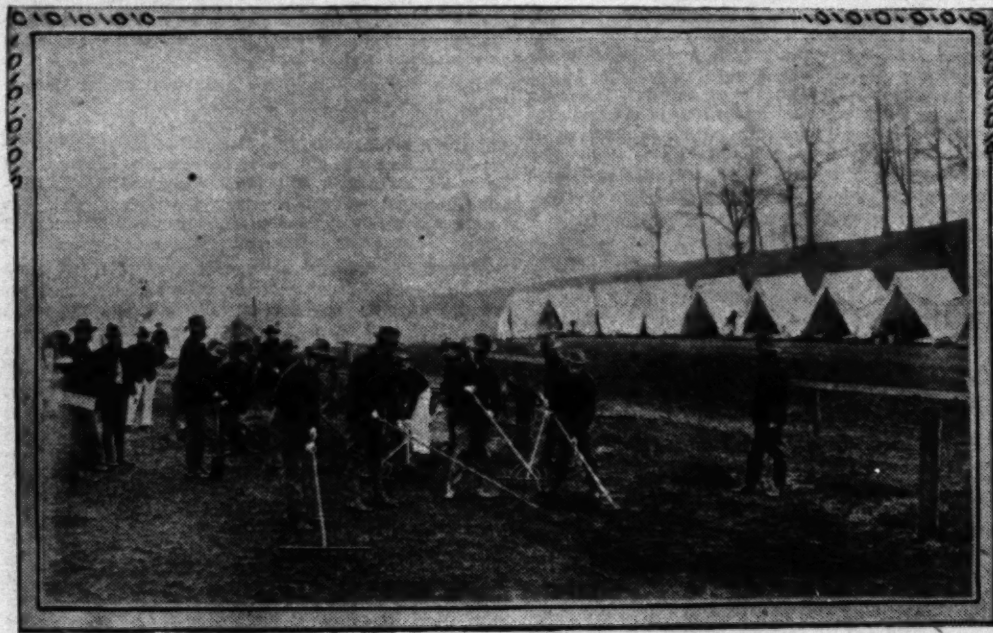
CUP PLATES.

"These cup plates assure us that this 100-year-old china service is the real thing," said an antiquarian. "They stopped making cup plates 100 years ago. 'Cup plates,' he went on, 'show how table manners have changed. For do you know what they were for? They were to hold your dripping cup of tea—after you poured a part of it into the saucer to drink from—the cloth should not be stained.'"

"Yes, in the past, everybody drank hot tea from a saucer. Kings and queens, emperors and empresses, all did. The young bucks are a sight with a gurgling sound, tilted the full saucer with a full balance to the lips. The cup, meanwhile, remained on the cup plate."

TURNED DOWN.

Gobsa Golde spoke anxiously. "I understand," he said, "that my name was turned up last evening at the Kalkerbocker Club." "Yes, that is true," said L'Olgan. "And would you mind telling me—what was taken in the matter?" "Not at all. The secretary was instructed to turn six quarts of blackballs for the use of the members."



WORK OF WHICH SOLDIERS COMPLAIN.

all would have to be clothed and fed at the nation's expense. Over three-quarters of these deserters were men serving their first enlistment, and over one-half were serving their first year. Another index to this discontent is that only one out of three men who serve their terms are reenlisting. Stating this in another way, two out of every three enlistments are by "greenhorns," more than a half of whom are deserting before the first of their three years has been served; and it takes the whole of the first year to "break in" a recruit.

Bad raw material is coming to our recruiting officers, moreover. Three out of every four men presenting themselves for service are found to have the necessary moral character, temperate habits, good physique and ability to read, write and speak English.

Shortage Even of Officers.

But, most ominous of all, officers, too, are not to be had. There are now ninety-six vacancies in the entrance grade of second lieutenants, and only thirteen enlisted men have come this month for final examinations to fill these. Even should all of these pass, eighty-three pairs of shoulder straps must be given to civilians. Army life has, indeed, lost its old-time glamour when men in the ranks are not even tempted by the chance to enter the gilded aristocracy of officers' row and to do unto others as they have been done by.

But the cause of the soldiers' growing discontent? While the conservative powers that be have been prating about the "heinous crime" of desertion, the necessity for turning the secret service bureau loose on deserters and the increase of punishment for the offense, the more progressive have gone in for heart-to-heart talks with the man behind the gun, and have sought his grievances. They have found the chief causes of his discontent to be:

- Poor pay.
- Insufficient rations.
- Lack of canteen.
- Misfit uniforms.
- Lack of home surroundings.
- Menial duties.
- Tyranny of superiors.

The worst crumb in the bed is his pay. Gen. Fred Funston in his last report says that the United States

cost of living has nearly doubled. Many skilled mechanics in civilian life now receive as much pay as a captain in the United States army, and day laborers are receiving four times as much as the private soldier.

Sometimes no Pay at All.

The soldier sometimes gets no pay at all because indebted to the United States for extra clothing. The pay roll at Fort Myer, opposite Washington, discloses that in a month 183 men out of a single regiment were in this very predicament. The regular clothing appropriation does not appear to meet the actual necessities of the soldier who wishes to be decently dressed.

This clothing grievance concerns quantity not so much as quality, in the light that the man behind the gun sees it. One ex-soldier describes the soldier's uniforms as so ill-fitting that the new recruit feels ridiculous when he appears in public. "Small wonder," says he, "that the man in uniform should be unwelcome in many places. About one in ten looks like he might have once been a gentleman. Compared with the recruit in his new uniform the ordinary coachman is an aristocrat." The inspecting-general takes much the same view in his report of this month, and urges that the soldier be allowed a uniform with a style that is pleasing. "Discrimination against the soldier's uniform at theaters and public places," says he, "may be lessened if we keep his working clothes more in the background. Prejudice might be disarmed if he wore the dress instead of the service uniform. And it is possible that sometimes we carry too far the prohibition of civilian clothes."

Canteen a Big Factor.

But of all grudges which the discontented man of the barracks holds against Uncle Sam is the substitution of the rum brothel for the canteen, or what has amounted to the same. The canteen, a regimental institution, subject to regulation, was a branch of the commissary, "where a soldier could buy a social glass of beer and forget that he was a slave," as one veteran puts it. No liquors were sold there, and the profits of the beer consumed went into the regimental canteen fund and were spent in good things to eat. If a soldier drank too much beer in the canteen, a word from his captain shut

October 6, 1907.]

The Dying Co

PICTURESQUE INDIAN IS PASSING AWAY

By a Special Contributor.

LIKE many other North American Indian tribes, the Cocopahs of Arizona are a dying race. They are destined to last, perhaps, for another generation, but they are one of the many Indian families that are passing away in Old Mexico in pre-Aztec days. They were driven northward as the Spanish conquistadors advanced, their final settlements being in the modern Mexican state of Sonora, on the Colorado River. For many years they have been heard of the Cocopahs by the Spaniards, the Colorado River burst its banks, and they fled through the Imperial Valley. Then it was that the engine of civilization was at their wits' ends to carry out the rougher work of the river and forcing it back into its bed. They finally, in addition to a large number of the Cocopahs, and a smaller lot of men were not to be found in the Imperial works than those remnants of the Mexican Indian tribe. They established some 500 souls on the Colorado's banks, near the city of Yuma, where they have shown what typical Cocopah Indian life is like. All its bright colors, gaiety and gameness, with all his many good qualities, is a born gambler, and will not rest, but his only horse at the village, and the Cocopahs, so numerous in Indian village, are kept more as



A COCOPAH.

man for actual use. Whatever else he stands his owner in readiness for the great holidays, when gambling is the order of the day.

The Indian village extends along the river for three-quarters of a mile. Some of the huts are in the open, while others dwell in the shelter of cottonwood poles fixed in the ground. The huts are kept specially for gambling, and the liberal wages paid them by the Cocopahs are swallowed up in these Indian games and other holidays, the village is a scene of revelry. I do not know of any other place where among our Indian tribes there is so much of barbarism and civilization, of the past and the present. The young bucks are a sight to see, dressed in yellow, black, and red, with the colors of the rainbow—violet, blue, green, and red—neckchiefs following suit, all

The hair of the Cocopahs is long and black, and they are fond of a mirror. In it are stuck various feathers of the eagle and other local birds, and they are equally gaudy and artistic. Their bows are made of wood, and ever and anon one in the village rush about, day in and day out, of time or the seriousness of the matter. When it is that the

The Dying Cocopahs.

PICTURESQUE INDIAN TRIBE THAT IS PASSING AWAY.

By a Special Contributor.

LIKE many other North American Indian tribes, the Cocopahs of Arizona are a dying race, though destined to last, perhaps, for another century. They are one of the many Indian families that had their origin in Old Mexico in pre-Aztec days, and were afterward driven northward as the Spanish power gradually expanded, their final settlements being within the borders of the modern Mexican state of Sonora and what now constitutes Southwestern Arizona, along the banks of the Colorado River. For many years past, but little had been heard of the Cocopahs by the outside world, until the Colorado River burst its banks, cut for itself a new channel through the Imperial Valley, and created Salton. Then it was that the engineers of the Southern Pacific were at their wits' ends to find laborers enough to carry out the rougher work of conquering the runaway river and forcing it back into its old channel. They finally, in addition to a large body of Mexican labor, thought of the Cocopahs, and a stronger, braver, stouter lot of men were not to be found at the Colorado. Their work was more than that of a once-numerous Indian tribe. They established a village of some 100 souls on the Colorado's banks, nine miles below the city of Yuma, where they have not been slow to learn that typical Cocopah Indian life really is, with its bright colors, gaiety and gambling—for the Cocopah is a born gambler, and will stake not only his money but his only horse at the gaming table. It is said that the Cocopah ponies, so numerous in this Arizona village, are kept more as a gambling reserve,



A COCOPAH.

for actual use. Whatever else falls, the Cocopah stands his owner in readiness as a final resource for the great holidays, when gambling is the order of the day. The Indian village extends along the river bank for some three-quarters of a mile. Some of the Cocopahs live in the open, while others dwell in regular Indian huts of cottonwood poles fixed in the ground, being covered all over with willow and arrow weeds. Several of the huts are kept specially for gambling, and a good many of the liberal wages paid them by the Southern Pacific are expended for their hard work at the Mexican inns and on the river. I do not know of anything quite like this among our Indian tribes. It is a grand example of barbarism and civilization, of variegated color. The young bucks are a sight to behold, their hair in yellow, black, and red, shirts in all the colors of the rainbow—violet, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. They are following suit, also their waist-

I have never been able to discover. Presumably he is so fatigued over the day's and night's wild excesses, that when at last his eyes close after midnight, his sleep is profound enough to make up for its brevity!

Days when eastern tourists and sightseers are most numerous, are the occasions of the most uproarious times. Visitors who have never seen Indian life before, on finally coming into contact with this Cocopah town acknowledge that it goes beyond all their expectations. The Sioux and Blackfoot tribes of Dakota are sober, magnificent in bearing, rather more impressive than fantastic. The Cocopahs, on the other hand, leave upon one the feeling that one has been in contact with a band of overgrown children, all dressed up, and decorated for an outdoor play.

Yet the Cocopah, as indicated above, is not a weakling, either mentally or physically. He is well formed, of medium height, and not at all repulsive in the face. Under right modes of living, there is so much of solid quality in his race that, like the Indians of Green Bay, Wis., who have doubled their numbers within a century, they, too, might perpetuate themselves and increase their kind in course of time. As long, however, as they are to continue to be the sport of tourists, living a more or less unsteady village life, drinking, gambling, and sporting in other multifarious ways, the time must come when this interesting tribe will disappear altogether—to become a mere memory. But as long as memory shall serve us, the white man will recall the great service rendered by the Cocopahs in the year 1907, when they helped mightily in the work of forcing back the turbulent, devouring Colorado into its ancient channel, thus saving to California the riches of the Imperial Valley.

ALFRED K. GLOVER.

Mile-Rock Light.

STORY OF THE BUILDING OF THE STATION ON THIS LONELY POINT.

By a Special Contributor.

TO all who enter, or depart from, the Harbor of San Francisco, the famous Mile Rock Light Station is a conspicuous feature. The story of the building of this beacon of commerce is an interesting and, in some respects, a thrilling one—replete with human daring and danger.

This little station was completed, and the light first displayed, early in January, 1906. More than a year was consumed in the construction of the station. For the past half a century, Mile Rock has been a constant menace to shipping. Every vessel entering, or departing from the Golden Gate during darkness or heavy weather ran the gauntlet of danger. In the past a number of vessels have been lost by striking this partly submerged rock. It is claimed that the large steamship Rio de Janeiro, which was lost just as she was entering the harbor, about eight years ago, ran on the Mile Rock. Over 200 human lives were lost, as well as the vessel and a most valuable cargo.

The government would have adequately beacons this dangerous rock a great many years ago, but the immense engineering obstacles that beset the undertaking, besides the imminent perils threatening those who should engage in the work of construction, deterred the lighthouse board from taking active steps.

Mile Rock stands just one mile from the south mainland, opposite the entrance to San Francisco Harbor, and about three miles from the North Head. It was originally a mere pinnacle of sharp, ragged rocks, jutting just above the ocean's surface. At extreme low tide, the points of the rock were only fourteen feet above the sea. At high tide the rock was practically submerged, and during stormy weather was constantly waveswept.

To construct a light station on such a foundation was certainly a very difficult and perilous task—next to an engineering impossibility.

Old and experienced pilots and sea masters shook their wise heads, and declared it could not be done; if possible to construct a station, they said, it could not be built strong enough to stand—to successfully resist the power of the mad sea, the tempests, tides and currents. Even the best engineers considered the feasibility of the undertaking as one of much doubt, to say nothing of its great and constant danger.

Finally, however, the lighthouse board, considering the urgent necessity for the beaconing of Mile Rock, decided to authorize the construction of a station there. Congress at once appropriated \$100,000 for the work—a large sum for the construction of only a third-order light station, but it proved none too much, for every dollar was expended before the work was completed.

No contractor, after knowing all the difficulties and dangers of the work, liked to undertake such a task, and much delay followed before the contract was let. It was finally awarded James McMahon of San Francisco, who at once began operations.

No regular skilled workmen could be persuaded to engage in such hazardous work, and so finally Contractor McMahon had to hire raw seamen, for he could secure none others. These unskilled men were set to work under an experienced foreman, and gradually initiated into what was necessary. These "tars" had but little fear of the sea and its perils.

Before a foundation could be secured it was necessary to chip off a broad base, or bench, extending clear around the ragged rock. Some distance below the highest points—as low down as it was possible to work. This chiseling of the "rim" proved a very slow, difficult and perilous undertaking. The rock was extremely obdurate, and very slippery—constantly waveswept. The greatest danger was in getting on the rock from the little tender Rio Rey, and getting back again. The men

had literally to "jump for their lives"—either going or coming.

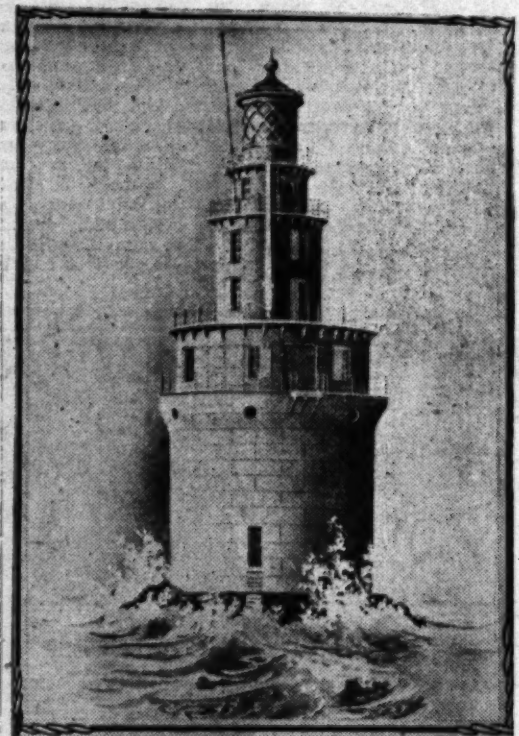
What these raw workmen experienced would fill a volume. There were days on which they could labor only a few hours; there were days on which no work at all could be done. When high tides and stormy weather prevailed, work was entirely abandoned, as the rock was almost submerged, and the waves dashed clear over it. On one occasion, after the foundation had been partly laid, heavy weather came up late in the afternoon. It was impossible to take the men off, and so they were compelled to remain on the rock over night, clinging desperately to the rough foundation, drenched to the skin, and chilled to the bone. Benumbed and half dead, they were taken off early the following morning, and soon recovered from the exposure.

With great labor and danger, extreme suffering, exposure, and many thrilling experiences, the workmen, under the personal direction of the foreman, finally built up slowly a mammoth steel cylinder around the rock, the base resting on the chiselled bench, or "rim."

From the original shape of Mile Rock, it was impossible to build up a perfectly round cylinder; but it was constructed in an elliptical form, twenty-five feet the narrow way and forty feet the long way. The metal plates of which this huge cylinder was built were 2½x5 feet in diameter and five-eighths of an inch in thickness. They were very strongly bolted with steel rivets. As rapidly as the cylinder was built upward, all the interior space was filled with strongly reinforced concrete, very firmly tamped. This cylinder foundation was constructed forty-two feet high—thus making a solid concrete mass 25x40x42 feet. More than 1200 barrels of cement alone were used in building this foundation, and many tons of steel plates.

The concrete, while in a pliant state, settled all around the ragged points of the rocks that jutted far upward inside the immense cylinder; and uniting with them thus formed an anchorage that was simply impregnable.

From the top of this massive foundation, the gradually tapering superstructure rises fifty-six feet—making



MILE-ROCK LIGHT.

the total distance from the mean sea level to the light about 100 feet. The upper part of the station is of structural steel massively anchored into the concrete foundation.

It is a noteworthy fact that, during all the time work was in progress on the station—over a year—not a life was lost, no person was even injured, and no sort of accident occurred to retard the construction. Considering the constant perils that beset the undertaking, the record is a remarkable one.

Mile Rock Station stands in a very exposed position—the target for all the fierce, sweeping western gales, the fury of the open seas, the force of swift tides and currents, and stormy waves. Yet this little pharos has thus far stood, Gibraltar-like, defying the fury of old Neptune and the Storm King.

Since its completion, Mile Rock Station has passed successfully through two crucial tests—the violent earthquake and the fearful windstorm of last November. The station on the little lonely, wave-beaten rock has weathered them both, standing as a monument to the honor of modern engineering.

After both the earthquake and the windstorm, the foundation of the station was carefully examined by United States engineers, and not a seam or crack could be discovered—not the slightest indication of yielding. Engineers claim that the building of Mile Rock Station is a most remarkable piece of lighthouse construction—probably not equalled elsewhere in the United States—certainly not on the Pacific Coast.

A submarine telephone cable connects the station with the mainland, so the situation of the keeper is not so isolated as was that of Alexander Selkirk during his lonely island exile.

I. MAYNE BALTIMORE.

A Great American.

AN APPRECIATION OF SUMNER BY
ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

By a Special Contributor.

THE public life of Charles Sumner has been more than abundantly told by his several friendly biographers. His curious and almost phenomenal egotism had long arranged for that during his lifetime. From the beginning of his career he had sat to himself as a historic figure. Though possibly in some manner justified, his presumption from boyhood was as colossal as that of Caesar who was in the habit of expressing his wonder if his debts were paid just how much he would be worth then, and proceeding to borrow another million from his friend Crassus. In justice to Sumner, however, it must be said that he was never a spendthrift save in his expectation of worldly admiration in which, not wholly unlike Caesar, he was in large measure vindicated. There had been a time, nevertheless, only a year or two prior to his election to the United States Senate, when, by reason of his almost complete failure as a practicing lawyer, he was in a mood for self-effacement from the world, requiring all the encouragement of intimate friends to tide him through the mental crisis. He had also to reflect that in his college years at Harvard he had been a failure in all practical studies, like those in science and mathematics, having succeeded only in the then so-called "humanities;" Latin and Greek, and perhaps history.

At bottom, however, he abated nothing of his self-complacency and continued, as through life, to preserve every scrap of personal correspondence and of his literary and forensic productions that could reflect luster on his career. Apparently from the beginning he thoroughly believed in himself as destined to greatness, and was doubtless in some not small measure justified, although I should write of him as an intellectual man with reservations, and, as a man of genius, not at all. It was as a man of conviction and moral resolution that he was great, and in political station phenomenally great in his time; and for this alone he stands a curious and nearly unique figure in American history.

When as a subordinate officer of the body I first observed Sumner daily on the floor of the Senate in the year ending the Civil War, the scenes here detailed were ancient history. Less than five years had elapsed and the world had entered upon a new era. Slavery was dead and the United States was an altered nation. Sumner, re-elected to the Senate, sat surrounded by his friendly peers in that assembly. His fierce encounters and the brutal onslaughts upon him there were already fading memories. All his fervid prophecies for the cause of freedom had been more than vindicated. The conflicts of debate had been shifted to the battlefield, and there, at times in the view of the very dome of the Capitol under which they were wont to rage, had been trodden out in flame and blood the last issues of the half-century-long contest that had distorted the nation. At the end of the four years' war the haughty assailants of the Massachusetts Ajax of "abolition fanaticism" had either fallen on the battlefield or, pauperized and humiliated, had scattered to their ruined homes or to foreign lands. Their followers, the legions whom they had summoned to the support of their political power, had dispersed like the hosts of Lucifer before the Almighty's decree. These once arrogant chiefs of the American Senate had drunk to the lees the cup of humiliation.

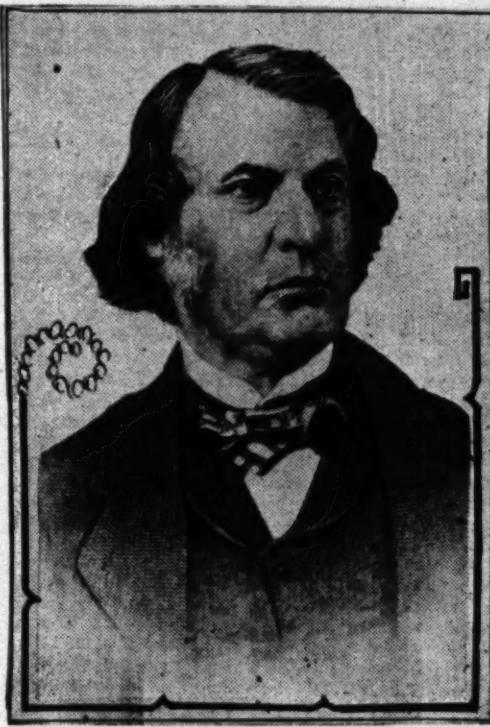
During these later years, in which I continued to see him, Sumner was easily the most notable figure in the Senate, the one about which strangers first inquired and to which they first turned on entering the galleries. And, viewed physically even, he was worthy of this curiosity. No more commanding presence than his, not even excepting Webster, whom he immediately succeeded there, was ever seen in that body. Overtopping by several inches the full manly stature of six feet, he was perfectly proportioned without a pound of extra flesh, although weighing perhaps 250 or 260 pounds. Save for his symmetry he would have seemed almost a giant. As it was, he threw the large men who surrounded him in the Senate, like Wilson, Morton, Conkling, Edmunds and others into comparative physical insignificance. Unlike Conkling, however, he did not suggest the prize-fighting athlete, owing rather to the grandeur of his figure and the dignity of his carriage, as well as to his massive classically-shaped head that, covered with its mass of dark hair, sat on his shoulders like that in the statues of the Olympia Jupiter, which he always suggested. His chest measurement was also hardly less than 50 inches. His secretary, Johnson, not a small man, was in the habit of relating to his friends that on an occasion when he had tried on the Senator's coat it "wrapped about him twice like a blanket."

The Senator himself was not insensible of his impressive personal appearance. It was an amiable weakness, but his vanity, like his figure, was nearly colossal, exciting at times with those who looked upon him as a great man, a smile. Invariably he came into the Senate tastefully and perfectly dressed, even to the point of magnificence, with his superb figure, his nearly uniform garb being a white vest, soft gray trousers and white linen spats over his shoe laces.

Unlike his uneasy colleague, Henry Wilson, who was usually seen moving about the Senate floor conversing with friends, Sumner rarely left his seat; and as he sat there bent over his notes or correspondence, he was a very pleasant as well as splendid object to look upon as a representative of American Senatorial dignity. To Englishmen who observed him from the galleries, he suggested the best models of their own aristocracy as seen in the House of Lords; and so, in fact, he was commonly regarded by this upper class of English themselves to whom he was familiar by reputation and personally, through his long visits to their country.

none who studied his manner in the Senate failed to note his familiar turning his face upward from his seat to catch the expected admiration of the galleries, usually smacking his lips as he observed the attention of strangers. "Watch Sumner!" was the familiar word passed in the reporters' gallery in anticipation of this exhibition of self-gratulation, when many visitors were present in the chamber. On the occasion of his late but unfortunate marriage, at the age of 55, his manner of receiving the half-jocular felicitations of his fellow-Senators on the event was in especial evidence of his boyish self-satisfaction. But this was the innocent weakness of a great man. And Sumner was a great man and a great Senator. His decorum and bearing as a public man were perfect, his integrity and honor flawless. Mercenary considerations never touched him. As was commonly understood in those years, most Senators had their secretaries or business doubles, who could be "seen" on schemes favorable to agents of the lobby. But no lobbyist was ever so daring as to suspect that Sumner could be approached on a matter involving pecuniary interest to himself, even by the most cunning or devious methods. He was always in his seat in the Senate, and attentive to its current routine business. During an incumbency there of twenty-two years, he was never absent a day or an hour save when detained by physical incapacity. To invitations to lecture, or to speak at political gatherings, during sessions of the Senate, he was accustomed to refuse, saying: "A man has no more right to leave his place than a soldier."

It is difficult to decide upon Sumner's claims as an orator without determining the question of what standards are set for oratory. During his life he was frequently



CHARLES SUMNER.

spoken of by his admirers or those measuring him by the logic and weight of his published speeches, as the foremost American in eloquence. In a final judgment this estimate would need qualification. In learning, especially of the historical kind, confessedly no man in the Senate approached him. In literary and classic scholarship, none there in his time equalled him, perhaps none before or since, unless his successor, the late Senator Hoar. His predecessor, Webster, although in his time accounted scholarly, could not in this respect be compared with him. If Conkling suffered from the lack of academic training for the proper equipment of his powers, Sumner was perhaps overburdened in this direction. Though forcible in statement, he was apt to overload his speeches with classic reference and historical illustration. His learning handicapped him. His physical presence and his voice were magnificent. None who heard it could ever forget his sonorous "No" on a question of debate, like the basso of a bull, or as it exploded from the depths of a cavern. It was anticipated and awaited as an event by his Senatorial fellows and the habitués of the chamber. His speeches in the Senate were generally read from manuscript, and his efforts elsewhere memorized, and so delivered. He wanted wholly the elasticity for debate. The electric effects of spontaneous eloquence he never achieved, however, admirable his occasional utterances. He was utterly devoid of the sense of humor and lacked both the poetry and epigram of diction that stir popular audiences. His voice, insufficiently modulated, was monotonous, his delivery vigorous, but grave and ponderous. He was frequently felicitous and always precise in expression, but never quite magnetic, like great popular orators, such as Beecher, Phillips, or Ingersoll; being in his best orations, as I have suggested, apt to tire by overloading with historical learning and illustration. Such, also, was his habit in conversation, provoking frequently the criticism of brilliant creative minds who came in contact with him. He was prone to refer to the utterances of great historical personages, or to the sayings of prominent persons themselves, statesmen and others, with whom he had come into familiar acquaintance during his visits abroad. He had no taste for general or abstract speculation, social or metaphysical. Able Senatorial colleagues like Edmunds, Thurman and others, who knew him well socially, were sensitive to these defects. By these men he was not regarded as a great

original mind, or even as a great orator, but for his superior erudition and his unflinching courage and convictions which made no compromise on public questions involving principle. It was acknowledged that he was the only member of the Senate, and indeed the only man in public life, who had a European correspondence of any value; his visits abroad having brought him in familiar personal relations with the most distinguished statesmen of England, France and Germany, such as Bright, Cobden, Brougham, Macaulay, the Earl Carlyle, Sir Stafford Northcote, Grote, Laboulaye, Ha Martineau, Montalambert and scores of others, equally prominent in the field of statesmanship and letters, giving him constant epistolary intimacies. This circumstance gave him superior prestige in the Senate, where for most of his years he served at the head of the Committee on Foreign Relations. He was in fact a state department by himself, constantly giving, and especially during the Civil War, important advice and suggestions to that official department in Washington, by means of his direct information on European affairs.

By those coming into antagonism with him on personal or public matters, Sumner was frequently accused of overbearing assumption. The break between him and Grant, during the second Presidency of the latter, became an affair of national notoriety. The personal breach was never healed, and both were bitter enemies. Sumner was stern in his judgments of the President, and Grant could not forgive his defeat by the Massachusetts statesman in the affair of Santo Domingo. In a personal conference of a number of public men in the Avenue Hotel in New York City, after the expiration of Grant's Presidency, a discussion arising over Sumner and his characteristics, some one remarked: "I am sure that Sumner does not believe in 'the Bible.'"

"Of course not," said Grant, "he did not write it." But the charge against Sumner of inordinate personal assumption was substantially unjust. He was naturally conscious of his superior learning and powers, and was inflexible in his convictions on public matters, especially that of the black race, to whose emancipation his elevation his career was largely devoted. To those who opposed him in this, he was imperious and unyielding. But his heart was tender and he was supremely generous. He was the fiercest and ablest protagonist in public life of the slave oligarchy in America, and this he was amply vindicated. But when the war was over he was the first to champion reconciliation with the South and amnesty for its political leaders who had been his bitter defamers and assailants, well-nigh to death. This fact, Lamar of Mississippi, one of the most eloquent orators of the South, in an encomium on the Massachusetts statesman at his death, in 1874, gave as a noble and ample testimony.

Sumner may not be ranked possibly among the greatest of American orators and, intellectually considered, not, perhaps, a man of original genius or supreme greatness. The crown of genius is a lofty and poetic laurel. This he did not in full measure possess. In the history of the American Senate, he will live as the loftiest embodiment of conscience and courage that has ennobled that body.

WILLIAM JACKSON ARMSTRONG.

THOUGHT.

Every thought that is not noble,
Every moment spent amiss—
Takes us further from our heaven,
Turns aside an angel's kiss.

Every moment spent in fretting,
Every uttered unkind word
Sets in motion tones of discord
That by troubled hearts are heard.

But each thought kind, true and loving
Helps to lift a brother's load—
Helps him up if he has fallen,
Starts him on a smoother road.

Can we then not spare some sunshine?
Even though our share seems small,
Why not answer quickly, brightly,
When the fallen strugglers call?

Give them thoughts, and words will follow,
Words of love and strength and cheer;
Tender thoughts to guide them upward,
Words that know no touch of fear.

Ah! could we our thoughts but follow!
See the harm and good they do!
We would be more careful surely
To send the grand, the fine, the true!

ELEANOR L. OWEN.

SOME REASON FOR HER FEARS.

The wife of the Pittsburgh millionaire reached her breakfast table in fear and trepidation. The maid offered her the morning papers.
"No, Marie; never give me those when John is not in town on business. I can't bear to think what might contain."
And she sipped her coffee with heavy eyes.

THE VAIN LADY.

Bell Wings: That vain leading lady thinks she is beautiful. She says her face grows on the autumn soon as she steps before the footlights.
Kitty Files: Thank goodness, it did not grow on the autumn.

EVERY PROFESSION HAS TECHNICAL TERMS.

"What wages do you expect?" asked Mrs. Bumble.
Aunt Phronie, who had come to hire as a cook.
"Well, Ah tell you. If Ah cooks an' washes an' dries, Ah 'spects \$2 obery week. Ah lives; but if Ah has family reach at de table an' Ah has to wash an' dry Ah charges er dollar an' fo' bits."

Where Three

A COMMINGLING
DANS, JEWS AND

From Westminster

THE greatest Mohammedan pilgrimage to the tomb of The Prophet himself, performed who erected the first mosque in Medina, who expelled the Christians from Damascus—the grave of the great warrior and magnanimous German, on his last visit, to the Holy Land, was a Mohammedan, clad in all the warm out upon the Jericho road, the subjects of Moslem fanaticism—Of all the wonders of the world (and it is a city that lives almost dead, upon the very slightest cold and lettuce,) none is more strange than the three great creeds—Christianity, Mohammedanism—which for many years have been united in so many a generation. The pilgrims of the world constantly jostle one another; and, in their better hours, mingle their prayers to the same God, who has made the world a better place; and, in their better hours, mingle their prayers to the same God, who has made the world a better place; and, in their better hours, mingle their prayers to the same God, who has made the world a better place.

But once within, you find the most sacred in the world in Mohammedanism to be as extraordinary an event as Christianity and latter-day Mohammedanism. The pilgrims of the world constantly jostle one another; and, in their better hours, mingle their prayers to the same God, who has made the world a better place; and, in their better hours, mingle their prayers to the same God, who has made the world a better place; and, in their better hours, mingle their prayers to the same God, who has made the world a better place.

All through the Holy Land there is a mingling of the faiths that have striven for their mutual destruction. Carmel, for example, sacred to the Prophet, Elias over the priests of Baal, the mountain of the Carmelites on the French or Spanish Catholics, with the Hebrew Psalms in the renowned cave of the Prophets; and still and the dance and scream and fire off their heads of their heart before the great Prophet Elias. One of the Carmelites, from the County Clare, who came with the liquid richness of the thickets of his native Ennis, a fanatic. The Muslims in general, in their worship, and whenever they invariably insist upon the ancient statue of Elias and kiss it and fire shots in its honor in a gesture of fanaticism, simply because the Prophet of the Jews, a Prophet who came with a swinging stroke is the Prophet who has made the world a better place; and, in their better hours, mingle their prayers to the same God, who has made the world a better place; and, in their better hours, mingle their prayers to the same God, who has made the world a better place.

It is one of the bizarre anomalies of the only pilgrimage in honor of Mohammed from the Promised Land, which he believed to be the summit of Mount Plaghah.

Where Three Faiths Meet.

A COMMINGLING OF MOHAMMEDANS, JEWS AND CHRISTIANS.

From Westminster Gazette.

THE greatest Mohammedan feast of the year is the pilgrimage to the tomb of—whom do you suppose? The Prophet himself, perhaps?—or Caliph Omar, who erected the first mosque in Jerusalem?—or Sultan Saladin, who expelled the Crusaders, and upon whose grave in Damascus—the grave undeniably of a most valiant warrior and magnanimous foe—the Emperor of Germany, on his last visit, laid a laurel wreath of honor? Not a bit of it. The hero in whose honor 40,000 Mohammedans, clad in all the colors of the rainbow, were out upon the Jericho road is—strangest of all objects of Moslem fanaticism—Moses!

Of all the wonders of the spiritual life of Jerusalem and it is a city that lives almost wholly for the spirit, upon the very slightest corporal nutriment of lentils and lettuce, none is more startling than the way in which the three great creeds—Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism—which for many a century have battled for one another's extermination with a consuming fanaticism, are united in so many objects of common devotion. The pilgrims of the three faiths that divide the world constantly jostle one another in the same streets; and, in their better hours, it must be added, single their prayers to the same throne with that simultaneous fervor of the poor of all nations which makes one sigh for the divine miracle that would unite all the forces of belief in the supernatural to the struggle with the tremendous powers of the animalism, and intellectual insolence that are so often to be seen in the East. One naturally pictures to oneself the Mohammedan as a sanguinary fanatic who would cut the edge of the sword as his only religious duty, and so long as he dared made it death for a Christian to set foot within his mosque. Even still, in the city of Jerusalem, the great Mosque of the Haram-ash-Sharif, which stands upon the site of Solomon's Temple, is not only visited by the gorgeously jacketed cavalcade of European consuls and escorted by a Turkish military band, but you must allow a pair of slippers of orange or red to be slipped over your own Christian boots before you are suffered to tread the carpets (although it is as commonly happens, the carpets get unlatched and you tramp through the mosque in your own impious shoe leather, nothing very unusual follows, except a trifling addition to the back-slash).

Once within, you find the magnificent temple (the most sacred in the world in Moslem eyes next after Mecca) to be an extraordinary amalgam of Judaism and Christianity and latter-day imposture as are the contents of the Koran. The principal object of veneration in the mosque is an enormous chunk of undressed stone preserved from Solomon's Temple and believed to be the identical altar on which Abraham proposed to sacrifice his son to appease an angry Jehovah. The Mohammedans, who would have no small scruples about mutilating all Christendom and all Jewry alike on the altar, nevertheless have enshrined this monument of the Old Testament in the most superb casket of silver, carvings, and painted windows the Arab genius has ever given birth to. Their veneration for Jesus Christ (poorly as they have exhibited it by the slaughter of unnumbered millions for clinging to His Cross) is fully exceeded by their enthusiasm for Mohammed, who preserve devoutly within the inclosure of the Haram-ash-Sharif the original chapel wherein Jesus was crucified in the temple, when Simeon, "promised from the Lord that he would not see death before he had seen the Christ," sang his joyous "Nunc Dimittis." They even firm believers in the second coming of our Lord, with the serio-comic addendum that this time He will come as an orthodox Mohammedan to convert the world to that saving faith as a preliminary to the general judgment.

Through the Holy Land there is the same extraordinary intermingling of the faiths that for the last 2000 years have striven for their mutual annihilation. At Carmel, for example, sacred to the victory of the prophet Elias over the priests of Baal, the fortress-like monastery of the Carmelites on the top of the holy mountain is visited one day by some devout pilgrims of the French or Spanish Catholics, with their rosary beads; another day by a pilgrimage of Jews shouting their "Hallelujahs" in the renowned cavern known as "The Grotto of the Prophets;" and still another day by a wild band of Mohammedans, who invade the Carmelites' church and set fire to their long guns in the courtyard of their heart before the grotto of the same prophet. One of the Carmelite fathers (Father Elias, from the County Clare, who speaks the Gaelic with the liquid richness of a blackbird's song) told me a story of his native Ennistymon that told me a Mohammedan story of the general abhorrence of the Mohammedans to their worship, and whenever they have conquered Christian churches have always conscientiously removed the names and toes off the statues; but at Mount Carmel they invariably insist upon the monks producing the bones and skull of Elias and kiss it, and dance before it in its honor in a perfect paroxysm of devotion, simply because the Prophet is represented in the mosque as a devout Mohammedan a trifle of 3000 years ago before Mohammedanism was invented. And the Mohammedans, who are so full of the anomalies of oriental life that they will not wonder at, therefore, if they claim a descent from a devout Mohammedan a trifle of 3000 years ago before Mohammedanism was invented. And the Mohammedans, who are so full of the anomalies of oriental life that they will not wonder at, therefore, if they claim a descent from a devout Mohammedan a trifle of 3000 years ago before Mohammedanism was invented. And the Mohammedans, who are so full of the anomalies of oriental life that they will not wonder at, therefore, if they claim a descent from a devout Mohammedan a trifle of 3000 years ago before Mohammedanism was invented.

It is quite likely that this enormous mass of yelling, drumming, banner-waving devotees were a powder magazine which a spark would have kindled into an explosion terrible as Tophet. At the same time I must once more testify that we glauours moved about among these multitudes, as they processed and danced and drank their harmless gooseberry wines, and ate their sticks of red barley sugar, with as comfortable a sense of safety as if we were among the booths and side shows of an Irish race course, and, alas! with a far more perfect confidence that no drunken orgie would darken the festivities. Be it for love or terror, the European obtains from the noblest races of the east a deference—nay, a servility—which a duke cannot always command in his own

never to enter, is that of a band of crack-brained Mussulmans. Doubtless, it will be responded, because the place of Moses' sepulcher is unknown; but at least the Mussulmans set out with an able-bodied faith and an abundance of shouting, dancing, and cannon-firing year after year on a seven-days' pilgrimage to discover it behind the far mountains of Moab beyond the Jordan. A marvelous show they make of the setting forth for Neby Moussa—a multitude vast as one of O'Connell's monster meetings, decked out in shirts of a hundred dazzling hues in place of our own drab frieze, but roasting and blinking upon a white, calcined mountain where the Liberator's Repealers were able to walk upon velvet on the cool, green Irish turf.

It is the one day in the year when the hours of the harems are permitted to throw off in public the hideous leprous-looking veils that hide their charms from the infidel eye. All the heights from St. Stephen's Gate to the shoulder of Mount Olivet are parterres of women, sparkling with tens of thousands of arch, dark eyes, revealing and glittering in their day of freedom. The Mohammedan women, I am given to understand, in their own homes, wear dresses of the most opulent stuffs, modeled after the Parisian fashions, and (a quaint fact!) generally made in the schools of Catholic nuns; but in public, it is the men whose dress is a mass of colors, while the women sit like penitents in robes of eternal black. Whether or not Pierre Loti, in his "Désenchantées," is right in telling us that "the New Woman" has invaded the harems of the east, and is rousing their beauties into revolt against their mawkish lives of sweetmeats and subjection, God knoweth; but assuredly the torch of rebellion has not yet reached Jerusalem. Save for the subtle flame of their eyes, the owners of these innumerable dark orbs save hour after hour with the oriental immobility of olive-skinned statues and the silence of the stone ranges of Jewish tombs which line the slopes.

Very characteristic is the astuteness with which the official Turk patronizes the day's fanaticism, while promptly rapping it on the knuckles the moment it becomes too obtrusive. Your jovial Effendi thinks religion a capital thing for the multitude, but in the matter of private consumption an encumbrance and a bore. On all state occasions he will be as stern a hater of the wine blubber as any Mohammedan saint of them all; which will not at all lessen the consumption of champagne at his confidential dinner table. In the same way the governor-General of Jerusalem went out in all his gold and feathers to a tent on the Jericho road to give the pilgrims his benediction on their departure for the desert, but returned to his palace in time for lunch, without betraying the least passion for sharing the privations of the journey to Neby Moussa in his own adipose person. But of official cavalry escorts and artillery salutes the fanatics had a bellyful from the Father of the Faithful. The Turkish artillerymen thundered away through the mouths of their great guns with the boyish delight of proving that they could discharge their old pieces without accident. The procession of the pilgrims was encompassed by strong escorts of infantry and cavalry in their Sunday clothes, partly to heighten the glory of the show, but partly also, peradventure, to keep the processionists in safe custody.

Possibly, if there were not throats to be cut in honor of Moses, the official precautions for keeping the fanaticism from boiling over was not altogether supererogatory; for the processionists were a wild crowd, and the name of Moses exercised as maddening an influence over these Mohammedans as the name of King William does over the drummers in an Orange "walk" in Ulster, and for a still less explicable reason. The resemblance of the Neby Moussa "walk" to the Shanklin Road one was, indeed, in many respects striking. There were the same "contingents" honest blunderheads in all their village bravery; the same banners of true blue, orange, and purple flung proudly to the breeze; the same terrific energy in leathering drums of a no less deafening drumskin; with just one oriental specialty in the way of enthusiasm rousing which I respectfully commend to the imitation of the worshipful grand masters. As the "contingents" began their march, one of the brethren came up to each group with an armful of heavy shillelachs, which he distributed among the pilgrims; whereupon the holy men immediately commenced to dance and leap into the air and whirl their clubs in another's faces in what seemed to be the beginning of a most bloody faction fight. As the procession moved on the shillelachs clashed against one another, the fanatics danced and capered and uttered the most discordant yells; but no bones were broken, and the enthusiasm, as the reporters would say, was immense. For here again the silliness of the Father of the Faithful was worthy of the best days of the Slick Man. In the good old blood-and-fury days it was sharp swords, and not blunt sticks, that were borne by the processionists; and as often as not they were exercised on any available Christian throats before the day was done. The Grand Turk, having the terror of Europe vividly before his eyes, and, indeed, having very special reasons of his own for not trusting his subjects with sharp instruments of war, has contrived to keep the peace and at the same time satiate the Mohammedan imagination by setting the fanatics to play at single stick instead of sharp steel in their ecstasies.

It is quite likely that this enormous mass of yelling, drumming, banner-waving devotees were a powder magazine which a spark would have kindled into an explosion terrible as Tophet. At the same time I must once more testify that we glauours moved about among these multitudes, as they processed and danced and drank their harmless gooseberry wines, and ate their sticks of red barley sugar, with as comfortable a sense of safety as if we were among the booths and side shows of an Irish race course, and, alas! with a far more perfect confidence that no drunken orgie would darken the festivities. Be it for love or terror, the European obtains from the noblest races of the east a deference—nay, a servility—which a duke cannot always command in his own

country. And all this hubbub and mad enthusiasm was for Moses!

Again and again the thought occurred to me what would be the feelings of that most magnificent of the leaders of men if, from his grave in Neby Moussa, or elsewhere, he could look across the Promised Land, whose milk and honey he was never to taste, and find it was his name which was being invoked in a fury of enthusiasm by the dancing, howling followers of the obscure Arab commercial traveler, who have wrestled the Promised Land from Jew and Gentile alike!

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M. P.

AN ISLAND OF WOMEN.

CURIOUS POPULATION OF OUESSANT, OFF THE COAST OF BRITAIN.

[London Evening Standard:] A visitor to Ouessant, off the Brittany coast, will see few, if any, Ouessantais. All that he will see are Ouessantaises—women of Ouessant, harvesting. The men are at sea. The women do all the work of the land, and one may see them in their quaint short black petticoats, their tight bodices, their black kerchiefs on their heads, binding and carrying corn and bending in strenuous labor over the flail. The men of Ouessant do no farm work. They belong to the sea, and the sea is a jealous mistress. At 15, the lads go off as sailors. Then they serve in the navy. When the navy sets them free they usually enlist so as to earn a pension when they are too old to work. Others are in the merchant service, and all, navy men or merchant men, are married. A very few are fishermen, but they are at sea nearly always, and you will rarely meet them about in the island. When the sea is too rough, they sit and watch her. They do not know or care about the land. The land is woman's business.

One sees this idea in the women's costume and in their hair, which they wear short, as the men peasants of old time used to wear it. They are straight, well-built, handsome women, dark, with big brown or big slate-colored eyes. They are entirely unlike the Breton women of the mainland, and look more like Italians. They are calm and dignified and kindly to the stranger, and they are afraid of nothing except the photographer. They do not like photographers, for they fear that their pictures may go abroad on post cards, and that they would not like.

When the news comes of a loss at sea—and such news often comes—the widow and friends of the dead man hold a wake. In the living-room of the little cottage, a little waxen cross, called the "Proella," is put on a clean napkin in the center of a table, and round it are placed a few lighted candles. The dead man's relatives and friends are there, and a nun reads a chapter from the Lives of the Saints and mumbles prayers for the dead. The door and windows of the cottage are left open, so that the spirits which are abroad at night (the Ouessantais believe in wandering spirits) may stop and listen to the prayer. Those present drink and eat a little of the national pastry called Legar. The few men there tell of the dangers from which they have escaped at sea. The women tell of dangers which their men have met at sea, and of their dreams at home, and so the night passes. In the morning the priest comes with his incense swingers for the Proella, and gives absolution at the house door. The little church's bell sounds the glas, or funeral knell. The widow, followed by the priest and her friends, carries the Proella down to the church. There, there are prayers, and everybody kisses the small waxen cross, and on the following "day of the dead," which is the day after Ash Wednesday, the Proella is carried to the cemetery, where it is placed with many others in a special place. All round the resting place of the Proella are tombstones. And the names on the tombstones are names of women only. For all the Ouessant men have died at sea.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

AUDIBILITY OF THUNDER.

While lightning may be seen and its illumination of clouds and mist may be recognized when it is even 200 miles distant, thunder is rarely audible more than ten miles. The thunder from very distant storms, therefore, seldom reaches the ear. The reason of the great uncertainty in the audibility of thunder is not difficult to understand. It depends not merely on the initial intensity of the crash, but quite as much on the surroundings of the observer, even as in the quiet country one will observe feeble sounds that escape the ear in a noisy city.

Perhaps the most curious and important condition of audibility is that the thunder wave of sound shall not be refracted or reflected by the layers of warm and cold air between the observer and the lightning, or by layers of wind, swift above and slow below, so as to entirely pass over or around the observer. Sound, in its wave-like progress obliquely through layers of air of different densities, is subject to refraction, and this refraction may occur at any time and place.

Thus, observers at the topmast of a ship frequently hear fog whistles that are inaudible at sea level; those on hilltops hear thunder that cannot be heard in the valley; those in front of an obstacle hear sounds inaudible to those behind it.

The rolling of thunder, like that of a distant cannonade, may be largely due to special reflections and refractions of sound. Again, the greater velocity of the air at considerable altitude above the ground distorts the sound wave and shortens the limit of audibility to the leeward, while increasing it to the windward.—[Philadelphia Record.]

AN HONEST REPLY.

"Could you assist me, sir?" said the beggar to a soldierly-looking citizen. "I'm an ex-army man." "Discharged?" inquired the citizen. "Oh, no, sir," replied the beggar vigorously. "I quit."—[Lippincott's.]

Some Leading Cartoons of the Day.

THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG



MAY NOT WANT TO KILL IT AFTER ALL.
R. R. Official—Go easy, old man let's see if this goose is going to continue to lay eggs of this variety.

KINNFAPOUL'S JOURNAL



CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

A FORECAST OF THAT MISSISSIPPI TRIP.



CHICAGO NEWS



PORTLAND OREGONIAN

THE UNEASY CONSCIENCE



THE ALLIANCE SENTINEL



Come In, the Water's Fine

SALT LAKE HERALD

Young Mr. Hopper.

How TOLLEVENTS THOMPSON HELPS HIM TO A DECISION.

By a Special Contributor.

"MARRY!" said old Tollevents Thompson, as he looked lazily upon the veranda of his snug, but ill-shaped, wooden cottage on the outskirts of Four Corners. "You've got me. What do you want for? Ain't your home unlike everybody else's?"

"That's true enough, Dad," said Sars-parilla, the eldest of Tollevents' ten daughters. "If you'd been a single man, you'd have built it at once, 'stead of 't'ing it by inches as we came along."

"How on airth was I to know you was all 't'ing it by inches?" Tollevents stopped whittling in his speechless wrath, as he glared at his eldest son.

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comes handiest. I reckon young Hopper'll be along in an hour. If he ain't, I'll go and fetch him."

II.

Selina, noting that her sisters, obeying a hint from Tollevents, were all attired in their Sunday best, laughed mirthfully. "Dad'll scare the life out of him," she said gaily. "That Hopper can't say boo to a goose."

She slipped round the back of the shanty, her dark face framed in a becoming sunbonnet, dived down to the Ottawa shore, then up again through the pines, some quarter of a mile from her father's house.

Presently, young Mr. Hopper, picturesque yet shy, also blue-eyed, and with a fierce mustache which belied his youth, sauntered irresolutely down the road. As he did so, he was aware of Selina coming toward him, the one person in the world whom he had hoped to see. "Snakes!" he murmured to himself. "My heart's pumpin'. I can't run now."

Selina affected to pass him, then stopped suddenly. "Goin' down the road?" she asked; and took him with veiled eyelids.

"I've bin down this yer blamed old road all the winter, and all the spring, and all the summer," declared Mr. Hopper fiercely; "an' thar's nine of you allers sittin' on the veranda and you never show up."

"Thinkin' of turnin' Mormon, Mr. Hopper? Ain't nine of us enuff for you?"

"N-no," declared Mr. Hopper irresolutely. "Not by no manner of means. Me bein' a shy sort of man, I git lost in the crowd. It-it makes my head swim," he added feebly.

"Then if you tumble in the river, you won't drown. But I did orter be gittin' on."

"What's your hurry?" implored Mr. Hopper, then blushed crimson.

There was a twitch of Selina's pretty lips as she looked down the road. "Nothin'! Nothin'! Only, you don't know what you're lettin' yourself in for if you go down that road tonight."

"Nothin' can be worse'n goin' on like this," declared the pessimistic Mr. Hopper. "Old man on the warpath? Think he owns this road, don't he?"

Selina nodded. "He's got his best clothes on, the old gun's filled up to the brim with—buckshot!"

"I'd like to fill him up to the brim with—whisky; then turn him loose in meetin'," said Mr. Hopper vindictively. "What's he want to take a hand in this yer game for?"

"He thinks it's time some of us got settled. If you go down there, you'll find out what he means. Better go home."

"See here," Mr. Hopper looked into her charming face until she blushed most becomingly. "See here. I'm the man who's doin' the marryin', ain't I?"

"Ye-es."

"Then blamed if I don't go and tell him so."

"But you've no gun," declared Selina, in terror. "He'll make you marry Sars-parilla 'cause she's the eldest."

"If," said Mr. Hopper, with dark meaning—"if I git out of this alive, I'm goin' to marry the gal I darn please, if—if she'll have me."

Selina held him back a moment, her radiant eyes flashing into his. Something he saw there filled Mr. Hopper with sudden courage. Blushing fiercely the while, he took her in his arms, kissed her fervently, and marched valiantly down the road, leaving Selina gazing after him.

"And they call him shy!" she mused. "Shy! With a mustache like that!" Her cheeks flamed as she dived into the mysterious recesses of the pines, which stood in serried ranks upon the river shore.

III.

"You, Hopper! Stop!" cried Tollevents, as young Mr. Hopper came rapidly abreast of the house.

Mr. Hopper caught the glint of a gun barrel. The sun set fair behind the gloomy hills. Ranged in a row on the veranda were nine fair girls. At the end of the veranda were nine fair girls. At the end of the veranda stood Tollevents, tall, gaunt, thin, clad in his Sunday best, leaning carelessly on the shotgun.

"Wishful to speak to me?" jauntily inquired young Mr. Hopper. "You ain't turned road agent, Deacon?"

The deacon cleared his throat. "It's a sin and disgrace you ain't married. You're the oldest young man in Four Corners, and all the others is waitin' for you to give 'em a lead. Yet you come sailin' along this yer road night arter night, and shuffles by like a ground hog 'thout raisin' your eyes to all these yer—these yer fair young flowers," he added, with a touch of parental poesy.

"Which one is it?"

"Ain't you takin' it too much for settled?" asked young Mr. Hopper.

"I'm a man of few words," Tollevents raised his gun carelessly to the level. "Here's nine gals all of a row. Which is it?"

"Any one of 'em. You ain't worthy; but it's the best I can do for 'em," said the deacon firmly. "Which?"

They were girls whose beauty would have gladdened the heart of an anchorite.

Young Mr. Hopper surveyed them carefully, then turned to Tollevents. "See here," he said severely. "Ain't you 'shamed of 'oursell, Deacon, to go puttin' such a slight on 'em? If I married one, what will the eight others do?"

"You leave that to me. Which?" ominously repeated the deacon. "Tain't no business of yours."

Young Mr. Hopper walked down the veranda, feeling that Tollevents' gun covered his manly back. "Can't I go home and think it over?" he asked, when he had come to the end of the row.

"You can go home; and take a load of buckshot with you, if that 'll help you to think," said Tollevents.

Young Mr. Hopper came back to the top of the row,

then shook his head. "They're all too much alike. I'd git mixed up and never know t'other from which. Tain't fair, Deacon."

"I don't want to shoot you in a hurry," said the deacon. "No one can't say I ain't a just, reasonable, tender-hearted, God-fearing, help-my-neighbor kind of man. Tain't my fault they're all alike; but you've got to take one of 'em."

Young Mr. Hopper shook his head. "Can't be done. I don't mind marryin', but I can't git mixed up like this. It's wuss'n bigamy."

Tollevents took deliberate aim at him. "I'm sorry to have to do it," he said gently, "and your mother, bein' a widder, 'll curse me for removing my neighbor's landmark, so to speak; but I've got to make an example of you."

There was a wild shriek as Selina threw herself between them. "Guess you'll have to hit me first," she cried, choking with laughter and tears. "You—you can't go wastin' young men like this, Dad."

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Hopper, with affected deliberation. "How dare you try such a put-up job on me?"

"I—I don't understand," faltered Tollevents, confused by this sudden attack.

"Why you might ha' known that a shy man like me couldn't make up his mind with nine gals all 'zackly alike. This settles it. Here's a dark one. I'll take her."

There was a chorus of "Oh!" from the veranda. Tollevents looked irresolute, for Selina was his favorite. "It's beginnin' at the wrong end," he said doubtfully.

"Don't you worry about that. Anyway, it's a beginnin'," urged young Mr. Hopper. "That's all you've got to do, 'cept put down that gun. It might go off; and the Coroner's a friend o' mine. He'd say things. Now you can take off your store clothes, and make yourself comfortable, father-in-law that is to be."

Tollevents put down the gun, and young Mr. Hopper, linking Selina's arm in his, strolled along with her to the pines. A bend of the road hid them from the house.

Selina could feel him trembling as they wandered along in the odorous dusk.

"You—you do mean it, Selina?" he quavered. "'Cause if you don't, he can shoot all he wants to; and I'll be glad of it. I ain't afraid of him; but I am of you."

Selina hesitated. Young Mr. Hopper turned back. "Stop," she called after him in alarm.

"Well?" queried Mr. Hopper. "I knew how it 'ud be. Let him fill me up with—"

"Won't I do instead?" queried Selina.

"What! With buckshot?"

"N-no. K-kisses!"

And in the blissful silence which ensued, a man might have heard his microbes gnaw, so sweet, so pure the heavenly night, with the great stars shining out, the silent river flowing to the sea, their young hearts beating together.

G. B. BURGIN.

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BIG JOB FOR GOATS.

At the Jardin des Plantes the hippopotamus Lisette presented her conjugal partner, Khako, with a fine baby hippo. There was much rejoicing at the zoo over the event of a hippo heir, and Lisette seemed the only uninterested party. This is the fourth offspring that she has borne in captivity, and, no doubt, she was resentful that her other three babies died from sheer neglect. As Lisette is so strong-minded as not to disbelieve in motherhood or object to furnishing sightseers with more hippos, this treatment is believed to be the result of civilization, as a wild hippopotamus is a careful mother.

The keepers of the zoo were ambitious to rear the young hippo, so when he made his appearance they waited, hoping to see the spark of motherhood light up Lisette, but she still haughtily refused to act as a wet nurse, and her offspring was taken from her. Fortunately there was a flock of goats in the menagerie, and one of them was selected as a foster mother. This being her natural profession, she did not rebel even when the baby hippo tried to derive its natural sustenance from her supply. The experiment has been a great success, and the baby, who was christened Marius, is thriving on goat's milk.

At first five goats daily supplied his needs, but it now requires eight to do the work, and before he is weaned undoubtedly all the goats anywhere near Paris will be requisitioned. In the meantime all Paris goes to see Marius. He does not care for his foster mothers, but only for Lisette, who sulks and looks fearful when the meek members of the goat family are led up to perform the duties which she neglects.—[Paris Correspondence] New York Sun.

SHORTS.

Some hotels rent out umbrellas.
Pills in the past were hand-made.
In Madeira there are wild geranium.
Hollanders wear their hats in church.
Mustard was first made in Dijon, France.
Bad hair dyes may cause facial paralysis.
Sky blue is the mourning color of Armenia.
Every third Japanese marriage ends in divorce.
Even oleo is adulterated; they put old leather in it.

GOOD PROSPECTS.

When Mr. Jones's seventh son was born, there was great rejoicing. Two or three days after the event, one of the neighbors, meeting Tommy, the eldest son, asked if he were not sorry that his baby brother was not a baby sister.

Tommy shook his head.

"No ma'am, not me!" he replied with great decision. "Y' see we're tryin' to make a houseful."—[Everybody's Magazine.]



In the Rhine Country.

TAKING THE CURE AT WIESBADEN
WHEN THE KAISER WAS THERE.

By a Special Contributor.

IN the German edition of that collection of unwritten laws known as the "social code," there seems to be a clause to the effect that in the summer time one must be cured. Consequently the inability to develop

health. In this one it is the sun's rays that are to be utilized in a way only known to the celebrated Dr. So-and-So; in another, the patients are put through a course of hard labor, and spend seriously on absurd exercises energy which, if properly applied, might accomplish something worth while.

One wise man, who was trying to sell books, and starving at it, secured an acre or so of pine woods in a conveniently-situated place, put up a high board fence, scattered open-work summer-houses about under the trees, and made a fortune by allowing people to pay ever so much a day for the privilege of going barefooted and bareheaded in his inclosure, of sleeping on the ground in,

would call "types of American slenderness," it was clearly a case of flying in the face of Providence to go to Wiesbaden, whose waters are supposed to move, as by magic, a certain number of pounds daily.

But there was to be a summer festival of opera in honor of a ten days' visit of his "imperial royal highness," the Kaiser; and the temptation to indulge in a last deep draught of music, made us decide to risk the weight-reducing dangers of the Wiesbaden springs.

So to Wiesbaden we went, falling at once into the prescribed routine of life—being properly boiled at regular intervals, in one or another of the luxurious bath houses, sauntering twice a day to the springs and drink-

The Kaiser was visiting this time. The Kaiser was inspecting the going to the station to see the Kaiser; the Kaiser was coming; the Kaiser had called a meeting; the Kaiser was reviewing the going to the opera; the Kaiser was going; the Kaiser was going; the Kaiser might lay its weary head on it until 5 the next morning, at which the Kaiser would go hunting.

About the third day most of us had lost their voices from the kommt! Hoch! der Kaiser! caught in two or three blocks of hour on the opposite side of luncheon, waiting until the clatter past, began to feel a d to his imperial royal movements the noise and excitement, fled

In that green German land "far away, and it needed but testing to carry us from the tame streets into the fragrant There were paths carpeted brown needles, leading this w indolence born of the do-no place, we were content to lea having found an enchanting pl we repaired there day after d which wound away into the st came to a little meadow that s in the heart of the woods, and emaly excluded elsewhere, seen

The greenest grass in the v meadow, and the daintiest a waded and swayed there in ha tumbling into it by accident in great excitement to tell the great, gorgeous butterflies float

To hold a nice book (which day) open on one's knees, and gloom of the woods into the w little meadow, was bliss inde

But one Sunday afternoon, walking in the woods (the Kais feared to find our meadow des ing party, we turned into anot a hill, having as inducement, view. And prominent in "th tically across a wide-stretching Rhine.

The sight of it stirred our sle and we realized that we had be an hour's tram ride of the m about, written-about river in Ru the trouble to pay our respects shortly to follow its windings since it was so easy, one might vey, especially as one of the mo Rhine castles could be reached f outing.

Accordingly the first fine mor along the pleasant road to Biebr rich was the Rhine—a broad, river, flashing grandly in the su its small beginnings (down on young, impetuous thing, full of gally over obstacles in its path, and a scattering of silver foam o hausen; but it had traveled fa lonely mountain passes, across towns and busy cities, and having along the way, had grown strong

A short distance upstream lay and steeples clustered about the The Rhine has been acquainted changing outlines, since the days tus, and probably remembers w born some 900 years ago. But M another day, and taking a boat we landed in a short time at Ru lovers of good wine as the "Rudesheimer," but otherwise un

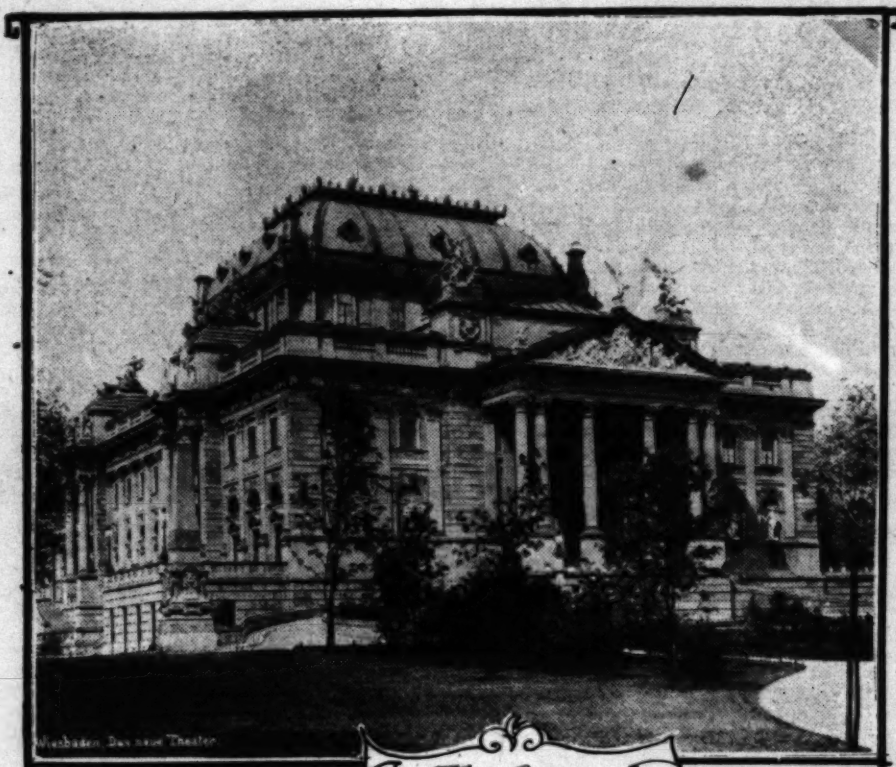
Above Rudesheim, on the sum hill, stands the huge and imposi but having ascended the hill in a the purpose of seeing it, we forg joining over the wonderful view

One sees, from this point, the one across a rich flat country fro hills which at first stand, hea faintly blue and indistinct, seem traction of the shining river, and ries on either side, draw nearer Rudesheim they reach the banks, s sees them pressing closer still, c one another, and peering eagerly shoulders. It was impossible to e city of the hills, and we followe off through the woods that promi the river went next.

What we did see on coming unex ing on the edge of a bluff, was an time far down the valley of anot rectly opposite where we stood, lo Rhine.

Just in the angle formed by th Bingen.

One remembered (having in one's tious tears about him) that "no who was "dying in Algiers" while Bingen vision was the picture o Bingen on the Rhine." In this view leral associations with the evidenc tary progress was confusing and tory. Below us on a shelf of the bl one thirteenth-century castle, and stream was the Mouse Tower of l



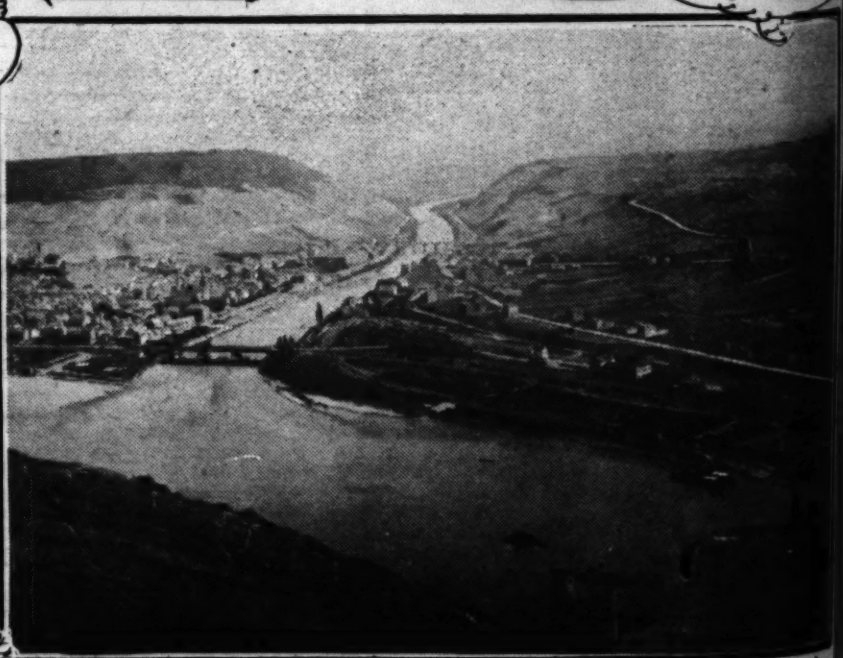
The Opera House at Wiesbaden.



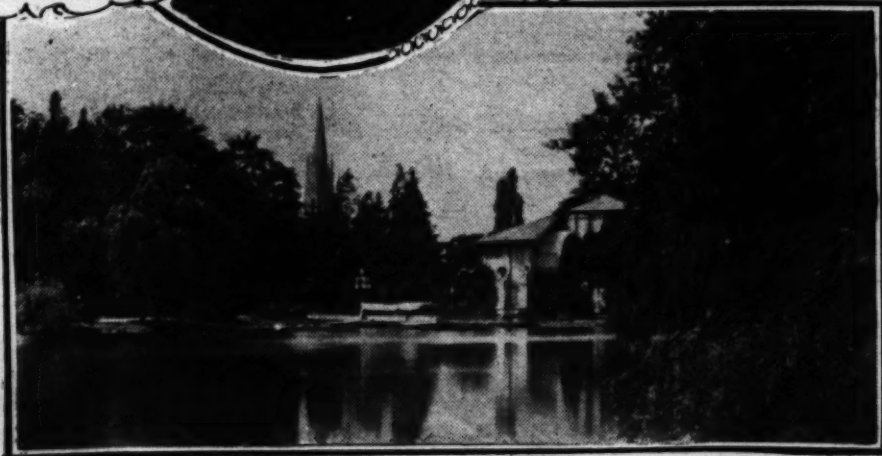
The Mainz Cathedral.



The Rudesheim Castle.



View of Bingen on the Rhine.



In the Curgarten, Wiesbaden.

symptoms of something to be cured of brands one immediately as a "nobody."

"Cures" (to translate the word literally, for they are something more than sanatoriums,) are therefore as thick in the land as mushrooms after a rain, each one exploiting some ingenious method of attaining perfect

the aforesaid summer-houses, and living on nuts and cherries.

If one finds it impossible or inconvenient to develop a serious malady, one may as a last resort, be too fat or too thin, and go to one of the watering places to have the mistake rectified. Being what a society reporter

docilely two glasses of the insipid hot water, "somebody" said two glasses were to be taken each then lounging for a while on a bench in the long drinking hall to watch the procession of water drinkers. There were old ladies and gentlemen in every stoutness, society queens and dapper middle-aged cers who dreaded stoutness, pretty young English condemned to drink the waters because of a pap-ah was stout and who exclaimed vigorously "na-h-stiness;" Americans, of course, who took water because they were "taking in" everything wanted to see "what the stuff tasted like." There a stroll in the afternoon down the Wilhelm-strasse, attractive shop windows on one side and the park and Curgarten on the other; and in the evening a band concert at the Casino, where one amused oneself by watching the other

It was into this colony of idlers that the Kaiser projected himself in his little pale-blue train (rejecting every sojourner in the Vaterland,) and immediately the Kaiser became the absorbing object of Berlin the passing of the imperial carriage caused a faint wave of interest, but in Wiesbaden it was ent—the place seemed to be too small to contain Kaiser and his desperate activity. (Being at a tance, one might venture to suggest the Kaiser seal in the ocean, and the same seal in a bath

All day long there was a rushing about of police, and of harassed-looking city officials in

erican slenderness," it was the face of Providence for waters are supposed to be number of pounds daily. summer festival of opera then of his "imperial royal majesty" to indulge in a made us decide to risk the Wiesbaden springs. falling at once into the properly bottled at regis of the luxurious bath house the springs and drinking

The Kaiser was visiting this or that public institution; the Kaiser was inspecting the barracks; the Kaiser was going to the station to see the Kaiserin off on an excursion; the Kaiser was coming back from the station; the Kaiser had called a meeting of this board or that board; the Kaiser was reviewing the troops; the Kaiser was going to the opera; the Kaiser was returning from the opera—the Kaiser was going to bed! And Wiesbaden might lay its weary head on its pillow and sleep, at least until the next morning, at which hour, it was rumored, the Kaiser would go hunting.

About the third day most of the small boys in town had lost their voices from shouting: "Der Kaiser kommt! Hoch! der Kaiser!" and we, having been caught in two or three blockades, and forced to stand an hour on the opposite side of the street from home and haphazard, waiting until the Kaiser's cavalcade should rather past, began to feel a disrespectful indifference as to his imperial royal movements, and finally, to escape the noise and excitement, fled (literally) to the woods.

In that green German land "the woods" are never very far away, and it needed but ten or fifteen minutes' walking to carry us from the tame, uninteresting Wiesbaden streets into the fragrant colonnades of the pines. There were paths carpeted deeply with the soft brown needles, leading this way and that, but with an indolence born of the do-nothing atmosphere of the place, we were content to leave them unexplored, and having found an enchanting place on the first excursion, we repaired there day after day. One followed a path which wound away into the still green twilight, until it came to a little meadow that somehow had been formed in the heart of the woods, and where the sunbeams, solemnly excluded elsewhere, seemed fairly to revel.

The greenest grass in the world grew in that little meadow, and the faintest and faintest wild flowers waved and swayed there in happy security. Big sleepy butterflies tumbled into it by accident, and then bustled away to that excitement to tell their friends about it, and the gorgeous butterflies floated from flower to flower.

To hold a nice book (which one wanted to read some day) open on one's knee, and gaze for hours from the green of the woods into the wonderful brilliance of the little meadow, was bliss indescribable.

On one Sunday afternoon, when all Wiesbaden was walking in the woods (the Kaiser having flown) and we were to find our meadow desecrated by some picnic-party, we turned into another path which climbed a hill, having as inducement, at the top, coffee and a view. And prominent in "the view" trailing majestically across a wide-stretching open country, was the Rhine.

The sight of it stirred our sleeping tourist consciences, and we realized that we had been all this time within an hour's tram ride of the most talked-about, sung-about, written-about river in Europe, and had not taken the trouble to pay our respects to it. True, we meant chiefly to follow its windings as far as Cologne, but when it was so easy, one might take a preliminary survey, especially as one of the most interesting of the Rhine castles could be reached in the course of a day's riding.

Accordingly the first fine morning found us speeding along the pleasant road to Biebrich. And here at Biebrich was the Rhine—a broad, dignified, slow-moving river, flanking grandly in the sun! We had seen it in its small beginnings (down on the Swiss border)—a young, impetuous thing, full of the joy of life—leaping over obstacles in its path, tumbling with a rush and a scattering of silver foam over the falls at Schaffhausen; but it had traveled far since then, through lovely mountain passes, across wide plains, past quiet towns and busy cities, and having observed many things along the way, had grown strong and deep and silent.

A short distance upstream lay Mainz, a mass of roofs and steeples clustered about the great cathedral towers. The Rhine has been acquainted with Mainz in all its changing outlines, since the days of the Emperor Augustus, and probably remembers when the cathedral was there some 900 years ago. But Mainz was to be left for another day, and taking a boat going down the river, we landed in a short time at Rudesheim, sacred to the gods of good wine as the home of the sparkling "Rudesheimer," but otherwise uninteresting.

Rudesheim, on the summit of a vine-draped hill, stands the huge and imposing national monument, but having ascended the hill in a mountain railway for the purpose of seeing it, we forgot to look at it in relation to the wonderful view spread out before it.

From this point, the Rhine, winding toward the sea, sweeps a rich flat country from far away, while the hills which at first stand, hesitating, on the horizon, slowly melt and indistinct, seem suddenly to feel the attraction of the shining river, and gathering in companies on either side, draw nearer and nearer, until at last they reach the banks, then farther down one sees them pressing closer still, crowding and jostling one another, and peering eagerly over one another's shoulders. It was impossible to help sharing the curiosity of the hills, and we followed the first path leading through the woods that promised to show us "where the river went next."

What we did see on coming unexpectedly into a clearing on the edge of a bluff, was another wide view, this time far down the valley of another river, which, directly opposite where we stood, lost itself quietly in the sea.

And in the angle formed by the meeting rivers lay the town of Bingen. The remembered (having in one's youth wept surreptitiously about him) that "soldier of the Legion" who was "dying in Algeria" while floating before his eyes was the picture of this Bingen, "fair as the picture of the Rhine." In this view the mixture of modern and ancient with the evidences of twentieth-century progress was confusing and distinctly unsatisfactory. Below us on a shelf of the bluff lay the ruins of a thirteenth-century castle, and on an island in mid-river was the Mouse Tower of legendary fame. But

across the river was a busy railway terminus with stations and sheds and puffing engines—and the past and present refused to "make friends." The busy terminus looked upon the ruins as mere useless lumber belonging to that unimportant age before the steam engine, while the ruins, which asked only to be allowed to dream in peace and draw about themselves the memories of the colorful glorious days of their prime, were shocked and startled and insulted at the effrontery of that horrible black thing which was dead and yet alive, and which, by its shrieks, made all dignified dreaming impossible.

We left them to fight it out, and turned again into the path which took up its way on the other side of the clearing, and being a well-regulated German path led just at the proper moment, to dinner (served in a big wooden pavilion erected for the purpose in the midst of the woods.)

Near at hand was another mountain railway, which carried us back to the level of the river at Assmannshausen, a village scarcely as large as its name, lying snugly in a crevice between two hills.

Here at last was the Rhine one had dreamed of, for a bend in the river had put Progress out of sight and mind, and Romance had come into her own again. The river swept silently along its winding way until the green hills folding tenderly about it hid it from sight; and across the water was the object of our pilgrimage—Rheinstein.

It was perched on the top of a great mass of gray rock, that jutted from the wooded hillside to hang precipitously above the river, and the castle, with its heavy walls and turrets and battlements, in following the irregularities of the rock seemed to have grown out of it. Crossing the river in a small launch we climbed, on the only accessible side, to the gateway of this veritable eagle's nest. Here were moat and drawbridge and frowning portcullis—all the trappings of the middle ages—in miniature.

Not being provided with a trumpet upon which to blow "a goodly blast," we merely knocked in prosaic fashion at the iron-bound door. It was opened by a smiling portress, who led the way, without any preliminary "parley," into a sunny inner courtyard, where a pack of beautiful hunting dogs received us as long-lost friends.

The charm of Rheinstein is not to be translated into words. There are scarcely three rooms on the same level, and one goes up a few steps into one, and down a few steps into another (no two the same size or shape)—coming unexpectedly now into a courtyard, where a fountain is playing and gay flowers are blooming in trim beds, and where one may lean over the ivy-draped battlements to gaze into the river far below, now into a stately baronial hall, with high arched ceiling and splendid stained-glass windows, now out upon a balcony which looks into another garden court and suggests all manner of romantic escapades.

One comes upon low-ceiled sunny bedrooms where the beds are like cupboards, built into the walls and hung with faded curtains to protect the sleeper from any prowling breath of air, and one climbs by winding stairways into tower-rooms, whose deep-embowered windows frame views of exquisite beauty.

The imagination has a wide selection of many colored filaments from which to weave associations for this castle, which behind the warlike front presented to the world allows itself to tumble off into such delightful coyness. For Rheinstein comes up out of a remote and hazy past, is picked up casually by history, in the middle ages, and after figuring in its annals for a hundred years or so, is dropped again; and the intangible essence of the life that flowed through it during all those centuries, is there, lingering in every room and turret and hall.

After this day, it was impossible to bear Wiesbaden, and the people—the band concerts and the stupid routine, for that vision of the river disappearing among the hills was like a voice calling—and very soon we answered it. That stretch of the river between Mainz and Coblenz, a matter of five hours by steamboat, is really all that is meant by tourists when they speak of "the Rhine."

It was clearly some good fairy who caused us to lose account of the time, in wandering through the huge, quiet spaces of the Mainz Cathedral, and miss all the early boats, thereby providing that we should drift down those marvelous beauty-haunted miles in the late afternoon, when the hills were wrapped in enchanting veils of shifting color, when the shadows were deep on the tranquil water, and every unfolding vista was like the gateway to a land of dreams.

When the boat pulled noiselessly into the landing at beautiful Coblenz night was already gathering on the river, though the light still lingered in the sky, and a crescent moon hung low above the brooding darkness of Ehrenbreitstein, the great fortress, which from its height across the river, seemed to bid friend and foe alike remember the untiring vigilance of the "Wacht am Rhein."

ADELE M. DONOVAN.

PRINCESS'S PICNIC MOTOR.

The Princess of Wales's picnic motor car, a Daimler 28-horse-power, was constructed according to her own ideas. It has accommodation for five persons besides the chauffeur and footman, and is shaped like a large brougham. There is an unusually large window at the back, and the car is fitted with a folding table, which can be adjusted in a few seconds for luncheon or tea.

The coloring of the car was decided in a curious manner. Walking in the grounds of York Cottage, Sandringham, the Princess was struck by a beautiful contrast in greens on a fir tree. A bunch of the leaves was obtained and forwarded to the carriage-maker, who colored the car exactly in the tone which the Princess had admired. —[London Chronicle.]

ILLEGAL.

Ethel: That 16-year-old boy asked me to marry him.
Edith: And you threw him over?
Ethel: Yes; told him it was against the law to catch lobsters so young.—[Judge's Library.]

PHOTOS ON THE FLY.

SUCCESSFUL USE OF THE CAMERA ON A MOVING RAILROAD TRAIN.

By a Special Contributor.

It is probably known to comparatively few people who carry a camera, either the professional or amateur photographer, that photographs may be successfully taken from a rapidly moving train. The general impression is that a photograph taken in such a way when finished would appear blurred. This is a mistaken idea. The accompanying view was taken from the observation car of a tourist train on the Rio Grande system while the train was passing through the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas River in Colorado at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour. Another thing that adds to the interest of the photograph is that it shows, in addition to the cañon, the front part of the same train from which the photograph was taken.

To get a clear-cut print from an exposure made from a rapidly moving train one must use a very sensitive plate and make the snap-shot exposure in lightning time. It must be made in even less time than is required to photograph a moving object with the camera in a stationary position. The reason for this is that a



PHOTO TAKEN FROM RAPIDLY MOVING TRAIN.

motion of the train by which the camera is the same as swung on a pivot sufficient for the swinging of the lens to equal an arc of ten degrees, or a half inch, will be equal to the object to be photographed moving, at a distance of several yards from the camera, a space probably equal to a hundred feet in a flash of time. In other words, a movement of the camera lens is magnified many times by every intervening foot between the camera and the object photographed; or a movement of a half inch in the former may equal a hundred feet in the latter. It is readily seen that no object of itself, and which one will try to photograph, can move such a distance in so short a time; but we also see that a slight movement of a camera, such as it is sure to get from the motion of the moving train, can make the object appear to move even faster. Therefore, to make an exposure with the camera moving, the opening and the closing of the shutter must consume very little time. One-fiftieth of a second, however, will not be too much time, unless the train is moving at the rate of more than forty miles an hour. If such is the case, then the exposure must be given only one-hundredth of a second. The photograph here reproduced was given one-fiftieth.

To be able to take photographs from a moving train enables the traveler often to secure views of the country through which he is passing that otherwise he would never get, or at least not without considerable effort. For this purpose he should, therefore, carry some very rapid plates with him and be prepared to take very brief snapshots.

TOBACCO TONGS.

The tongs, the size of a wish bone, were of rough gold, studded here and there with turquoises.

"They are tobacco tongs," said the antiquary. "They date back to Elizabeth's time. This pair belonged to Raleigh—at least I have been told so, and who is there to contradict me?"

"In Elizabeth's time they had no matches. When a man wanted a light, therefore, he took his tobacco tongs from his girdle, and nipped out of the fire a red-hot chunk of wood. This glowing coal, held in the tongs, gave a beautiful light."

"Tobacco tongs, as my pair witnesses, were often very costly and ornate. Of gold, of silver, of ivory, and decorated with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and so forth, they were pretty trinkets to dangle upon silken coats. They are being revived now. Cigarette holders are being made in their shape. That is why I keep this old pair in my window."

REST.

The night about me settles slow,
And solitude my heart surrounds:
'Tis then the pow'r of love doth flow,
And in my soul sweet peace abounds.

The peace of God, the rest of life,
That gently lays a healing balm
Upon the wounds and scars of strife—
Then all my tumult turns to calm.

Oh, in this holy hour of rest
I gladly raise my thoughts to praise,
And humbly see in least the best,
While patience comes with passing days.
WOLINA.

The Mystery.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF THE CRUISER WOLVERINE.

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE and SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

CHAPTER IV. THE TWIN SLABS.

Within half an hour the gig had reached the mouth of the cave. As the coxswain had predicted, the seas ran into the lofty entrance. Elsewhere the surf fell whitely, but through the arch the wave, rolled unbroken into a heavy stillness. Only as the boat hovered for a moment at the face of the cliff could the exploring party hear, far within the hollow boom that told of breakers on a distant subterranean beach.

"Run her in easy," came the captain's order. "Keep a sharp lookout for hidden rocks."

To the whispering plash of the oars they moved from sunlight into twilight, from twilight into darkness. Of a sudden the oars jerked convulsively. A great roar had broken upon the ears of the sailors; the invisible roof above them, the water heaving beneath them, the walls that hemmed them in, call, with a multiplication of resonance, upon the name of Darrow. The boat quivered with the start of its occupants. Then one or two laughed weakly as they realized that what they had heard was no supernatural voice. It was the captain hailing for the marooned man.

No vocal answer came. But an indeterminate space away they could hear a low splash, followed by a second and a third. Something coughed weakly in front and to the right. Trenderon's hand went to his revolver. The men sat, stiffened. One of them swore, in a whisper, and the oath came back upon them, echoing in hideous sibilance.

"Silence in the boat," said the captain, in such buoyant tones that the men braced themselves against the expected peril.

"Light the lantern and pass it to me," came the order. "Keep below the gunwale, men."

As the match spluttered: "Do you see something a few rods to port?" asked the captain in Trenderon's ear.

"Pair of green lights," said Trenderon. "Eyes. Seals!"

"Seals! Seals! Seals!" shouted the walls, for the surgeon had suddenly released his voice. And as the mockery boomed, the green lights disappeared and there was more splashing from the distance. The crew sat up again.

The lantern spread its radiance. It was reflected from battlements of fairy beauty. Everywhere the walls were set, as with gems, in broad wales of varied and vivid hues. Dazzled at first, the explorers soon were able to discern the general nature of the subterranean world which they had entered. In most places the walls rose sheer and unscalable from the water. In others, turreted rocks thrust their gleaming little crags upward. Over to starboard a little beach shone with Quaker graveness in that spectacular display. The end of the cavern was still beyond the area of light.

"Must have been a swimmer to get in here," commented Trenderon, glancing at the walls.

"Unless he had a boat," said the captain. "But why doesn't he answer?"

"Better try again. No telling how much more there is of this."

The surgeon raised his ponderous bellow, and the cave roared again with the summons. Silence, formidable and unbroken, succeeded.

"House-to-house search is now in order," he said. "Must be in here somewhere—unless the seals got him."

Cautiously the boat moved forward. Once she grazed on a half submerged rock. Again a tiny islet loomed before her. Scattered bones glistened on the rocky shore, but they were not human relics. Occasional beaches tempted a landing, but all of these led back to precipitous cliffs except one, from the side of which opened two small caves. Into the first the lantern cast its glare, revealing emptiness, for the arch was wide and the cave shallow. The entrance to the other was so narrow as to send a visitor to his knees. But inside it seemed to open out. Moreover, there were fish bones at the entrance. The captain, the surgeon, and Congdon, the coxswain, landed. Capt. Parkinson reached the spot first. Stooping, he thrust his head in at the orifice. A sharp exclamation broke from him. He rose to his feet, turning a contorted face to the others.

"Poisonous," he cried.

"More volcano," said Trenderon. He bent to the black hole and sniffed cautiously.

"I'll go in, sir," volunteered Congdon. "I've had fire practice."

"My business," said Trenderon, briefly. "Decomposition; unpleasant, but not dangerous."

Pushing the lantern before him, he wormed his way until the light was blotted out. Presently it shone forth from the funnel, showing that the explorer had reached the inner open space. Capt. Parkinson dropped down and peered in, but the evil odor was too much for him. He retired, gagging and coughing. Trenderon was gone for what seemed an interminable time. His superior officer edged uneasily. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Dr. Trenderon, are you all right?" he shouted.

"Yup," answered a choked voice. "Cubbing oud dow."

Again the funnel was darkened. A pair of feet appeared; then the surgeon's chunky trunk, his head and the lantern. Once, twice and thrice he inhaled deeply.

"Phew!" he gasped. "Thought I was tough, but—phew-ee-ee-ew!"

"Did you find—"

"No, sir. Not Darrow. Only a poor devil of a seal

that crawled in there to die."

The exploration continued. Half a mile, as they estimated, from the open they reached a narrow beach, shut off by a perpendicular wall of rock. Skirting this, they returned on the other side, minutely examining every possible crevice. When they again reached the light of day they had arrived at the certain conclusion that no living man was within those walls.

"Would a corpse rise to the surface soon in waters such as these, Dr. Trenderon?" asked the captain.

"Might, sir. Might not. No telling that."

The captain ruminated. Then he beat his fist on his knee.

"The other cave!"

"What other cave?" asked the surgeon.

"The cave where they killed the seals."

"Surely!" exclaimed Trenderon. "Wait, though. Didn't Slade say it was between here and the point?"

"Yes. Beyond the small beach."

"No cave there," declared the surgeon, positively.

"There must be. Congdon, did you see an opening anywhere in the cliff as we came along?"

"No, sir. This is the only one, sir."

"We'll see about that, said the captain, grimly. "Head her about. Skirt the shore as near the breakers as you safely can."

The gig retraced its journey.

"There's the beach, as Slade described it," said Capt. Parkinson, as they came abreast of the little reach of sand.

"And what are those two bird roosts on it?" asked Trenderon. "See 'em? Dead against that patch of shore weed."

"Bits of wreckage fixed in the sand."

"Don't think so, sir. Too well matched."

"We have no time to settle the matter now," said the captain impatiently. "We must find that cave, if it is to be found."

Hovering just outside the final drag of the surf, under the skillful guidance of Congdon, the boat moved slowly along the line of beach to the line of cliff. All was open as the day. The blazing sun picked out each detail of jut and hollow. Evidently the poisonous vapors from the volcano had not spread their blight here, for the face of the precipice was bright with many flowers. So close in moved the boat that its occupants could even see butterflies fluttering above the bloom. But that which their eager eyes sought was still denied them. No opening offered in that smiling cliff side. Not by so much as would admit a terrier did the mass of rock and rubble gape.

"And Slade described the cave as big enough to ram the Wolverine into," muttered Trenderon.

Up to the point of the headland and back passed the boat. Blank disappointment was the result.

"What is your opinion now, Dr. Trenderon?" asked the captain of the older man.

"Don't know, sir," answered the surgeon hopelessly.

"Looks as if the cave might have been a hallucination."

"I shall have something to say to Mr. Slade on our return," said the captain crisply. "If the cave was an hallucination, as you suggest, the seal murder was fiction."

"Looks so," agreed the other.

"And the murder of the captain. How about that?"

"And the mutiny of the men," added the surgeon.

"And the killing of the doctor. Your patient seems to be a romantic genius."

"And the escape of Darrow. Hold hard," quoth Trenderon. "Darrow's no romance. Nothing fictional about the flag and ledger."

"True enough," said the captain, and fell to consideration.

"Anyway," said Trenderon vigorously. "I'd like to have a look at those bird roosts. Mighty like signposts, to my mind."

"Very well," said the captain. "It'll cost us only a wetting. Run her in, Congdon."

With all the coxswain's skill, and the oarsmen's technique, the passage of the surf was a lively one, and little dribbles of water marked the trail of the officers as they shuffled up the beach.

The two slabs stood less than fifty yards beyond high water tide. Nearing them, the visitors saw that each marked a mound, but not until they were close up could they read the neat carving on the first. It ran as follows:

Here lies
SOLOMON ANDERSON,
alias
HANDY SOLOMON,
Who murdered his employer, his captain,
and his shipmates, and was found,
dead of his deserts, on these
shores, June 5, 1904.

This slab is erected as a memento of
admiring esteem
by
the last of his victims.

"And you can kiss the Book on that."

"Percy Darrow felt," said the surgeon. "You can kiss the Book on that, too."

"Then Slade was telling the truth!"

"Apparently. Seems good corroboration."

The captain turned to the other mound. Its slab was carved by the same hand.

Sacred to the Memory
Of an Ensign of the U. S. Navy, whose body,
washed upon this coast, is here buried
with all reverence, by strange
hands; whose soul may
God rest.

"The seas shall sing his requiem."

June the Sixth, MXMIV.

"Billy Edwards," said the captain, very low.

He uncovered. The surgeon did likewise. So, for a

space, they stood with bared heads between the twin graves.

CHAPTER V. THE PINWHEEL VOLCANO.

THE surgeon spoke first.

"Another point," said he. "Darrow was alive within a few days."

Capt. Parkinson turned slowly away from the grave. "You are right," he said, with an effort. "Our business is with the living now. The dead must wait."

"Hide and seek," growled Trenderon. "If he's here, why don't he show himself?"

The other shook his head.

"Place is all trampled up with his footprints," said Trenderon. "He's plodded back and forth like a prisoner in a cell."

"The ledger," said the captain. "I'd forgotten it. That grave drove everything else out of my mind."

"Bring the book here," called Trenderon.

Congdon unwrapped it from his pocket and handed it to him. The sailors cast curious glances at the two headstones.

"Mount guard over Mr. Edwards's grave," commanded the captain.

The coxswain saluted and gave an order. One of the sailors stepped forward to the first mound.

"Not that one," rasped the officer. "The other."

The man saluted and moved on.

With your permission, sir," said Trenderon.

On a nod from his superior officer he opened the ledger and took up Darrow's record.

"Here it is. Entry of June 3."

"Everything lovely. Schooner lost to sight. Query—to memory dear? Not exactly. Though I shouldn't mind having her under orders for a few days. Quasi glow in the sky last night; if they've been investigating they may have got what's coming to them. Volcano exhibiting fits of temper. Spouted out considerable fire about 9 o'clock. Quite spectacular, but no harm done. Can foresee short rations of tobacco. Lava in valley still too hot for comfort. No sign of Dr. Schermerhorn. Still sleep on beach."

"Not much there," sniffed Trenderon.

"Go on," said the captain.

"June 3. Evening. Thick and squally weather again. Local atmospheric conditions seem upset. Volcano still leading strenuous life. Climbed the headland this afternoon. Wind very shifty. Got an occasional whiff of volcanic output. One in particular would have sent a skunk to the camphor bottle. No living on the headland. Will explore cave tomorrow with a view to domicile. Have come down to an allowance of seven cigarettes per diem."

"June 4. Explored cave today. Full of dead seals. Not only dead, but all bitten and cut to pieces. Must have been lively doings in Seal Town. Not much choice between air in the cave and vapors from the volcano. Barring seals, everything suitable for light housekeeping, such as mine. Undertook to clean house. Dragged late lamented out into the water. Some sank and were swept away by the sea puss. Others, I regret to say, floated. Found trickle of fresh water in depth of cave, and little sand ledge to sleep on. So far, so good; we may be happy yet. If only I had my cigarette supply. Once heard a botanist say that leaves of the white shore willow made fair substitute for tobacco. Fair substitute for nux vomica. Would like to interview said botanist."

"The fellow is a tobacco maniac," growled Trenderon, feeling in his breast pocket. "The devil," he cried, bringing forth an empty hand.

Silently the captain handed him a cigar. "Thank you, sir," he said, lighted it, and continued reading.

"June 5. Had a caller today. Climbed the headland this morning. Found volcano taking a day off. Looking for sign of Laughing Lass, noticed something hellegraphing to me from the waves beyond the reef. Seemed to be metal. I guessed a tin can. Caught in the swift it rounded the cape, and I came down to the shore to meet it. Half way down the cliff I had a better view. I saw it was not a tin can. There was a dark body under it, which the waves were tossing about, and as the metal moved with the body, it glinted in the sun. Suddenly it was borne in upon me that an arm was doing the signaling, waving to me with a sprightly, even a jocular friendliness. Then I saw what it really was. It was Handy Solomon and his steel hook. He was riding quite high. Every now and again he would bow and wave. He grounded gently on the sand beach. I planted him promptly. First, however, I removed a bag of tobacco from his pocket. Poor stuff, and water-soaked, but still tobacco. Spent a quiet afternoon carving a headstone for the dear departed. Pity it were that virtues so shining should be uncommemorated. Idle as the speculation is, I wonder who my next visitor will be. Thrushes, I hope. Evidently some of them have been playing the part of Pandora. Spent last night in the cave. Air quite fresh."

"June 6. Saw the glow again last night."

The surgeon paused in his reading. "That would be the night of the 5th; the night before we picked her up empty."

"Yes, agreed Capt. Parkinson. "That was the night Billy Edwards—Go on."

"Saw the glow again last night. Don't understand it. Once should have been enough for them. This matter of hoarding tobacco may be a sad error. If our Spitfire keeps on the way she has today I shall need much more. It would be a raw jest to be burned or swallowed up with a month's supply of unsmoked cigarettes on one. Cave getting shaky. Still, I think I'll stick there. As between being burned alive and burned alive, I'm for the respectable and time-honored fashion of interment. Bombardment was mostly to the east today, but no telling when it may shift."

"June 7. This morning I found a body rolling in the surf. It was the body of a young man, large and strongly built, dressed in the uniform of an ensign of our navy. Surely a strange visitor to these shores."

There was no mark of identification, case graven with a in Tiffany's most illegible tion. This I buried with him a headboard. An officer and friendly ways and kindly lived face of the dead; and he con same goal as Handy Solomon.

"Why not? And why should book that will never be read? perhaps—it may be read. The Ensigns of the United States untraversed waters alone somewhere in the vicinity. officer floating on the ocean's luxuriously and plentifully. solve it. But one thing I do. the headland and cache this noon. From day to day, with the volcano, I will add to it. Spitfire. The cloud is coming to be moving along the cliff my private estate in the cave."

"That's all, except the scraw Trenderon. "Some action of the He just had time to scrawl the the book into the cache. Th back alive!"

"I doubt it," said the captain headland for his body."

"But the cave," insisted the have found some sign of him.

"Slade is the solution," said ask him."

They put back to the ship awaiting them."

"Your patient has been in a said."

"What's wrong?" asked Trenderon. "He came up on deck, with There was a sheet of paper in his have some bearing on his trou had gone to the island without like a maniac. I had to have him in the rumpus the paper dis responsibility of giving him an

"Quite right," approved Trenderon. "You come with me, sir?" he said. They found Slade in profound

"Won't do to wake him. Hello, what's here?"

Lying in the hollow of the where it had been crushed to mass of tracing paper. Trenderon at it and passed it to the captain. "It's a sketch of an Indian in surprise at the first glance marks?"

"Map of the island," barked Trenderon. The drawing was a fairly cartographical points as had been year inhabitants. There was a cated as they had found it, and the headland the legend, "Seal

"But it's wrong," cried Capt. Parkinson. "We passed there tag."

"No guarantee that there may be the other. "This island has been slide down the cliff. Noticed a think of it in connection with the brightening. "We'll blow up the it necessary, but we'll get at the He hurried out. Order followe

gig, with the captain, Trenderon was driving for the point marked map over which they were bent.

CHAPTER V. MR. DARROW REVISITS THE ISLAND.

"You say the last entry in June the boat entered the light surf."

Trenderon nodded.

"That was the night we saw the burst from the volcano, wasn't it?"

"Right."

"The island would have been burned. Not so violently but that the captain."

"That's true, sir. But there's volcanic gas going. The man's days."

"Give the fellow a chance," growled the surgeon. "He may be all right in the cave. G says so himself. By Slade's account he citizen when it comes to him. Wouldn't wonder if we'd find him. There was no clue to lives and act presently."

"None." It was the captain who the gig grated, and the tide bent the base of the cliff, Barnett carried plumes aloft in his arms.

"Here's the spot," said the captain. "Water goes in through those crevices. He let out his bellow, roaring down. "I doubt if you could project y

"This blocked," said Capt. Parkinson. He drew his revolver and stood at the crevices of the rock.

"Your enterprise, Mr. Barnett," said with a gesture which turned over the chair to the torpedoes expert.

Barnett examined the rocks with a look like moderately easy

between the twin

LCANO.

"Darrow was alive

way from the grave. fort. "Our business must wait."

"If he's here, why

his footprints," said north like a prisoner

"I'd forgotten it. of my mind."

ocket and handed it glances at the two

grave," commanded

order. One of the

"The other."

Trendon.

After he opened the

to sight. Query—

though I shouldn't

few days. Queer

been investigat-

to them. Volcano

considerable fire

no harm done.

Lava in valley

Dr. Schermerhorn.

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est. Volcano still

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h a view to domi-

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ull of dead seals.

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Not much choice

from the volcano.

light housekeep-

ne sank and were

I regret to say,

in depth of cave,

far, so good; we

cigarette supply.

of the white shore

Fair substitute

ew said botanist.

grewed Trendon.

devil," he cried.

ar. "Thank you,

reading.

bed the headland

day off. Look-

something bello-

the roof. Seemed

light in the swirl.

to the shore to

a better view. I

dark body under

and as the metal

sun. Suddenly it

There was no mark of identification upon him except a cigarette case graven with an undecipherable monogram in Tiffany's most illegible style of arrowhead inscription. This I buried with him, and staked the grave with a headboard. An officer and a gentleman, a youth of friendly ways and kindly living, if one may judge by the look of the dead; and he comes by the same end to the same goal as Handy Solomon.

"Why not? And why should one philosophize in a look that will never be read? Hold on! Perhaps—just perhaps—it may be read. The officer was not long dead. Badings of the United States navy do not wander about untraversed waters alone. There must be a warship somewhere in the vicinity. But why, then, an unburied officer floating on the ocean? I will smoke upon this, luxuriously and plentifully. (Later.) No use. I can't save it. But one thing I do. I put up a signal pole on the headland and cache this record under it this afternoon. From day to day, with the kindly permission of the volcano, I will add to it. . . . Bad doings by Old Spire. The cloud is coming down on me. Also seems to be moving along the cliff. I will retire hastily to my private estate in the cave."

"That's all, except the scrawl on the last page," said Trendon. "Some action of the volcano scared him off. He just had time to scrawl that last message and drop the book into the cave. The question is, did he get back alive?"

"I doubt it," said the captain. "We will search the headland for his body."

"But the cave," insisted the surgeon. "We ought to have found some sign of him there."

"Slade is the solution," said the captain. "We must ask him."

"You put back to the ship. Barnett was anxiously waiting them."

"Your patient has been in a bad way, Dr. Trendon," said.

"What's wrong?" asked Trendon, frowning.

"He came up on deck, wild-eyed and staggering. There was a sheet of paper in his hand which seemed to have some bearing on his trouble. When he found you had gone to the island without him he began to rage like a maniac. I had to have him carried down by force. He rumpus the paper disappeared. I assumed the responsibility of giving him an opiate."

"Quite right," approved Trendon. "I'll go down. Will you come with me, sir?" he said to the captain.

They found Slade in profound slumber.

"Won't do to wake him now," growled Trendon. "What's here?"

Lying in the hollow of the sick man's right hand, there it had been crushed to a ball, was a crumpled mass of tracing paper. Trendon smoothed it out, peered at it and passed it to the captain.

"It's a sketch of an Indian arrowhead," he exclaimed to surprise at the first glance. "What are all these marks?"

"Map of the island," barked Trendon. "Look here."

The drawing was a fairly careful one, showing such geographical points as had been of concern to the two inhabitants. There was the large cavern, indicated as they had found it, and at a point between it and the headland the legend, "Seal Cave."

"But it's wrong," cried Capt. Parkinson, setting finger to the spot. "We passed there twice. There's no opening."

"No guarantee that there may not have been," returned the other. "This island has been considerably shaken up lately. Entrance may have been closed by a landslide down the cliff. Noticed signs myself, but didn't think of it in connection with the cave."

"That's work for Barnett, then," said the captain, brightening. "We'll blow up the whole face of the cliff if necessary, but we'll get at that cave."

He hurried out. Order followed order, and soon the two, with the captain, Trendon and the torpedo expert, were driving for the point marked "Seal Cave" on the map over which they were bent.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. DARROW RECEIVES.

"See any the last entry is June 7?" asked Barnett, as the boat entered the light surf.

Trendon nodded.

"That was the night we saw the last glow and the big boat from the volcano, wasn't it?"

"Right."

"The island would have been badly shaken up."

"Not so violently but that the flagpole stood," said the captain.

"That's true, sir. But there's been a good deal of volcanic gas going. The man's been penned up four days."

"Give the fellow a chance," growled Trendon. "Air may be all right in the cave. Good water there, too. By himself. By Slade's account he's a pretty capable fellow when it comes to looking after himself."

"I wouldn't wonder if we'd find him fit as a fiddle."

"There was no clue to Iven and McGuire?" asked Barnett presently.

"None." It was the captain who answered.

"The tide's grained, and the tide being high, they waded to the line of the cliff, Barnett carrying his precious explosives stiff in his arms."

"There's the spot," said the captain. "See where the men were going in through those crevices."

"It's at the top, too," said Trendon.

"He let out his bellow, roaring Darrow's name."

"I don't if you could project your voice far into a cave," said Capt. Parkinson. "We'll try it."

He drew his revolver and fired. The men listened at the crevices of the rock. No sound came from

"Your enterprise, Mr. Barnett," said the commander, "is a venture which turned over the conduct of the expedition to the torpedo expert."

"I've examined the rocks with enthusiasm."

"That's a moderately easy stuff," he observed.

"See how the veins run. You could almost blow a design to order in that."

"Yes, but how about bringing down the whole cave?"

"Oh, of course there's always an element of uncertainty when you're dealing with high explosives," admitted the expert. "But unless I'm mistaken we can chop this out as neat as with an axe."

Dropping his load of cartridges carelessly upon the flat rock which projected from the water, he busied himself in a search along the face of the cliff. Presently, with an "Ah" of satisfaction, he climbed toward a hand's breadth of platform, where grew a patch of purple flowers.

"Throw me up a knife, somebody," he called.

"Take notice," said Trendon, good-naturedly, "that I'm the botanist of this expedition."

"Oh, you can have the flowers. All I want is what they grow in."

Loosening a handful of the dry soil, he brought it down and laid it with the explosives. Next he called one of the sailors to "boost" him, and was soon perched on the flat slant of a huge rock which formed, as it were, the keystone to the blockade.

"Let's see," he ruminated. "We want a slow charge for this. One that will exert a widespread pressure without much shattering force. The No. 3, I think."

"How is that, Mr. Barnett?" asked the captain, with lively interest.

"You see, sir," returned the demonstrator, perched high, like a sculptor at work on some heroic masterpiece, "what we want is to split off this rock." He patted the flank of the huge slab. "There's a lovely vein running at an angle inward from where I sit. Split that through, and the rock should roll, of its own weight, away from the entrance. It's held only by the upper projection that runs under the arch here."

"Neat programme," commented Trendon, with a tinge of sardonic skepticism.

"Wait and see," retorted Barnett blithely, for he was in his element now. "I'll appoint you my assistant. Just toss me up that cartridge, the third one on the list."

The surgeon recoiled.

"Supposing you don't catch it?"

"Well, supposing I don't?"

"It's dynamite, isn't it?"

"Something of the same nature; Jovelte, it's called."

Still the surgeon stared at him. Barnett laughed.

"Oh, you've got the high explosives superstition," he said lightly. "Dynamite don't go off as easy as people think. You could drop that stuff from the cliffhead without danger. Have I got to come down for it?"

With a wry face Trendon tossed up the package. It was deftly caught.

"Now wet that dirt well. Put it in the canvas bag yonder, and send one of the men up with it. I'm going to make a mud pie."

Breaking the package open, he spread the yellow powder in a slightly curving line along the rock. With the mud he capped this over, forming a little arched roof.

"To keep it from blowing away," surmised Trendon.

"No; to make it blow down instead of blowing up."

"Oh, rot!" returned the downright surgeon. "That pound of dirt won't make the shadow of a feather's difference."

"Won't it!" retorted the other. "Curious things about high explosives. A mud cap will hold down the force as well as a ton of rock. Wait and see what happens to the rock beneath."

He slid off his perch into the ankle-deep water and waded out to the boat. Here he burrowed for a moment, presently emerging with a box. This he carried gingerly to a convenient rock and opened. First he lifted out some soft padding. A small tin box honeycombed inside came to light. With infinite precaution Barnett picked out an object that looked like a 22-caliber short cartridge, wadded some cotton batten in his hand, set the thing in the wadding, laid it on the rock, carefully returned the small box to the large box and the large box to the boat, took up the cartridge again and waded back to the cliff. They watched him in silence.

"This is the little devil," he said, indicating his delicate burden. "Fulminate of mercury. This is the stuff that'll remove your hand with neatness and despatch. It's the quickest-tempered little article in the business. Just give it one hard look and it's off."

"Here," said Trendon, "I resign. From now on I'm a spectator."

Barnett swung the fulminate in his handkerchief and gave it to a sailor to hold. The man dangled it like a new-born infant. Back to his rock went Barnett. Producing some cord, he let down an end.

Tie the handkerchief on, and get out of the way," he directed.

With painful slowness the man carried out the first part of the order; the latter half he obeyed with sprightly alacrity. Very slowly, very delicately, the expert drew in his dangerous burden. Once a current of air puffed it against the face of the rock, and the operator's head was hastily withdrawn. Nothing happened. Another minute and he had the tiny shell in hand. A fuse was fixed in it and it was shoved under the mud cap. Barnett stood up.

"Will you kindly order the boat ready, Capt. Parkinson?" he called.

The order was given.

"As soon as I light the fuse I will come down and we'll pull out fifty yards. Leave the rest of the Jovelte where it is. All ready? Here goes."

He touched a match to the fuse. It caught. For a moment he watched it.

"Going all right," he reported, as he struck the water. "Plenty of time."

Some seventy yards out they rested on their oars. They waited. And waited. And waited.

"It's out," grunted Trendon.

From the face of the cliff ruffed a cloud of dust. A thudding report boomed over the water. Just a wisp of whitish-gray smoke arose, and beneath it the great rock, with a gaping seam across its top, rolled majestically

outward, sending a shower of spray on all sides, and opening to their eager view a black chasm into the heart of the headland. The experiment had worked out with the accuracy of a geometric problem.

"That's all, sir," Barnett reported officially.

"Magic! Modern magic!" said the captain. He stared at the open door. For the moment the object of the undertaking was forgotten in the wonder of its exact accomplishment.

"Darrow'll think an earthquake's come after him," remarked Trendon.

"Give way," ordered the captain.

The boat grated on the sand. Capt. Parkinson would have entered, but Barnett restrained him.

"It's best to wait a minute or two," he advised. "Occasionally slides follow an explosion tardily, and the gases don't always dissipate quickly."

Where they stood they could see but a short way into the cave. Trendon squatted and funnelled his hands to one eye.

"There's fire inside," he said.

In a moment they all saw it, a single, pin-point glow, far back in the blackness, a Cyclopean eye, that swayed as it approached. Alternately it waned and brightened. Suddenly it illuminated the dim lineaments of a face. The face neared them. It joined itself to reality by a very solid pair of shoulders, and a man sauntered into the twilight mouth of the cavern, removed a cigarette from his lips and gave them greeting.

"Sorry not to have met you at the door," he said, courteously. "It was you that knocked, was it not? Yes? It roused me from my siesta."

They stared at him in silence. He blinked in the light, with unaccustomed eyes.

"You will pardon me for not asking you in at once. Past circumstances have rendered me—well—perhaps suspicious is not too strong a word."

They noticed that he held a revolver in his hand.

Capt. Parkinson came forward a step. The host half raised his weapon. Then he dropped it abruptly.

"Navy men!" he said, in an altered voice. "I beg your pardon. I could not see at first. My name is Percy Darrow."

"I am Capt. Parkinson of the United States cruiser Wolverine," said the commander. This is Mr. Barnett, Mr. Darrow. Dr. Trendon, Mr. Darrow."

They shook hands all around.

"Like some silly afternoon tea," Trendon said later, in retelling it to the mess. A pause followed.

"Won't you step in, gentlemen?" said Darrow. "May I offer you the makings of a cigarette?"

"Wouldn't you be robbing yourself?" inquired the captain, with a twinkle.

"Oh, you found the diary, then?" said Darrow easily.

"Rather silly of me to complain so. But really, in conditions like these, tobacco becomes a serious problem."

"So one might imagine," said Trendon dryly. He looked closely at Darrow. The man's eyes were light and dancing. From the nostrils two livid lines ran diagonally. Such lines one might make with a hard blue pencil pressed strongly into the flesh. The surgeon moved a little nearer.

"Can you give me any news of my friend Thrackles?" asked Darrow lightly. "Or the esteemed Pulz? Or the scholarly and urbane Robinson of Ethiopian extraction?"

"Dead," said the captain.

"Ah, a pity," said the other. He put his hand to his forehead. "I had thought it probable." His face twitched. "Dead? Very good. In fact—really—er—amusing."

He began to laugh, quite to himself. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear. Trendon caught and shook him by the shoulder.

"Drop it," he said.

Darrow seemed not to hear him. "Dead," all dead!" he repeated. "And I've outlasted 'em! I've outlasted 'em!" And his mirth broke forth in a strangely shocking spasm.

Trendon lifted a hand and struck him so powerfully between the shoulder blades that he all but plunged forward on his face.

"Quit it!" he ordered again. "Get hold of yourself!"

Darrow turned and gripped him. The surgeon winced with the pain of his grasp. "I can't," gasped the maroon, between paroxysms. "I've been living in hell. A black, shaking, shivering hell, for God knows how long."

What do you know? Have you ever been buried alive?" And again the agony of laughter shook him.

"This, then," muttered the doctor, and the hypodermic needle shot home.

During the return, Darrow lay like a log in the bottom of the gig. The opiate had done its work. Consciousness was mercifully dead within him.

[To be Continued.]

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HUNGER.

"What would Your Majesty wish for breakfast?" asked the waiter of the cannibal king who is sojourning in this country.

"What have you?" asked the cannibal king.

"Almost anything—cereals, fruits, rolls, muffins—"

"Do you think you could get me a few ragamuffins?" asked the cannibal king with a hungry twinkle in his eyes, looking out of the window at the plump newboy who is crying his extras.—[Judge's Library.]

"I TOLD YOU SO."

Aunt Dinah was laboring over the wash tub in the side yard near her cabin, when suddenly and mysteriously a little negro, as if fallen from the skies, sprawled upon the grass near by, picked himself up slowly, and began to whimper.

"Hey, yo, Sam!" cried Aunt Dinah. "didn't I done severely warn yo' 'bout dat? Didn't I caution yo' elaborately? Ain't I done tole yo' ter quit foolin' eroun' dat mule?"—[Judge.]

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Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM
VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

Out of Babes' Mouths.

GERRIT J. KOLLEN, the president of Hope College, at a dinner in Holland, Mich., recounted some quaint juvenile definitions.

"They are definitions," said Dr. Kollen, "given by little children in examinations. Some of them, I think, are rather good. Some show unconscious, some intended humor."

And with that preface he began:
"Temperation—When the heat makes your body cry down."

"Papa—A thing to brush the warm off with."

"Monkey—A little boy with a tail."

"Clear soup—A quart of water boiled down to a pint make it strong."—[New York Tribune.]

A Good Cusser.

HAVE often interviewed John D. Rockefeller during a game of golf," said a New York reporter, "and a milder-tempered golfer I have seldom seen. No matter what hard luck he plays in, Mr. Rockefeller never loses his equanimity."

"He told me one day that he despised a golfer who swears and profane on the links. He said he knew a number of that abominable type."

"The broker, on a sunny autumn afternoon, set out to play nine holes. Looking back after he had driven a few holes, he saw a great crowd following. There were young and old, good players and bad, all trailing close behind with looks of interest and expectation."

"The broker paused and turned. He smiled politely and nervously."

"Really, gentlemen," he said, "this is very flattering. I am in good form this afternoon. I trust I shall play well enough to reward all this kindly interest."

"An elderly lawyer laughed."

"Oh, it isn't that," he said. "We came out to listen."

A Little Mixed.

HE late Marion Story, Julian Story's brother, was a great sportsman," said a New York broker. "He was a splendid angler. I used to like to hear him tell his stories, for in his case these stories were always no less amusing than true."

"Mr. Story was once fishing for tarpon in Florida. He hired from a motor boat, and his companion was a cracker, a Florida cracker."

"Suddenly the cracker got a bite, gave a great jerk backward, and then—presto, he was splashing and floundering in the water. The huge fish had pulled him overboard."

"Drop your rod," shouted Mr. Story, and he started the motor, and in a few minutes reached the cracker and hauled him back on board."

"The man said, as he began to wring out his clothes: 'What I want to know is—Is this cracker a-fishin'?'"

"You see that fish a-cracker?"

What the New Man Learned.

When a foreman and his crew of bridgemen were striving hard to make an impression on the select board, a new man, Mr. Rooney, at her Arkansas eating establishment."

"The Old Man sure made a funny deal down at Piney Point," observed the foreman, with a wink at the new man to his right."

"What'd he do?" asked the new man at the other end of the table."

"Well, a year or so ago there used to be a water tank down here, but they took down the tub and brought it up here to Oak Creek. The well went dry and they covered it over. It was four or five feet round, ninety feet deep, and it was in the right of way. Didn't know what to do with it until along comes an old lollypop yesterday and gives the Old Man \$5 for it."

"How dollars for what?" asked the new man."

"That old lollypop borrowed two jacks from the foreman and jacked her up out of there and carried her home on wheels."

"What'd he do with it?" persisted the new man."

"That old lollypop must've been a Yank. Nobody could have figured it out. The ground on his place was hard and he needed some more fence. So he calculated that it would be easier and cheaper to saw that old well up than to put holes than 'twould be to dig 'em."

"Then the new man bit more on his food and less on the conversation."—[Everybody's Magazine.]

The President's Property Hay.

WILLIAM KNOX told this story at the Elks' convention in Philadelphia:

A delegation from Kansas visited President Roosevelt at the White House not long ago. The President met them in the study, and they sat down to talk."

"The President," he said, "de-lighted to see you. But I'm very busy putting in my hay just now. I have a lot of hay to put in, and I'll talk to you when I have time."

"The delegation asked a pitchfork and—but where was the President. 'John! where's all

"Sorry, sir," came John's voice from the loft, "but I ain't had time to throw it back since you threw it up for yesterday's delegation."—[Everybody's Magazine.]

The Boys' Notion.

A MEMPHIS paper tells of a married couple, who are in the habit occasionally of going out to entertainments, and social affairs, and, at such times they make themselves solid with their little boy, by saying they are going out to see a sick man. One week these social affairs came pretty frequently; on Monday night the parents went to the theater, and told the lad they had to sit up with the sick man. Tuesday night they went out to visit a neighbor, and explained that they were going to give some medicine to the man that was sick. On Wednesday night they proposed to attend an entertainment, and apologized to the young chap by saying they had to put a plaster on the sick man's back, to draw out the pain."

"Papa," asked the youth, "is the sick man in much pain?"

"Very much, my son."

"And is he pretty near dead?"

"Yes, he's in bad shape."

The lad thought deeply for a while, and then remarked: "Well, papa, he can't die any too soon to suit me."—F. W. S.

The Greater Calamity.

TWO or three urchins were running down a long and very steep flight of steps when the foremost stumbled and fell headlong twenty to thirty feet, and was only stopped near the bottom by doubling backward around the newel post. It looked as though his back was broken, and that he was a dead small boy, but he gathered himself up, thrust his hands anxiously in his trousers pockets, and ejaculated:

"B'gosh, I b't'ave I lost a cent!"—[Judge's Library.]

The Old Way and the New.

THE young lady from Boston was explaining: "Take an egg," she said, "and make a perforation in the base and a corresponding one in the apex. Then you apply the lips to the aperture, and by forcibly inhaling the breath the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."

An old lady who was listening exclaimed:

"It beats all how folks do things nowadays. When I was a gal they made a hole in each end and sucked."—[Judge's Library.]

His Neighbor's Cat.

A CLEVELAND lawyer tells of a man living in a suburb of that city whose sleep had been disturbed nightly by the howling, on his own back fence, of his neighbor's cat. At last, in despair, he consulted his lawyer.

"There sits the cat every night on our fence," explained the unhappy man, "and he yowls and yowls and yowls. Now, I didn't want to have any trouble with this neighbor; but the thing has gone far enough, and I want you to suggest a remedy."

The lawyer looked solemn and said not a word.

"I am well within my rights if I shoot the cat, am I not?" asked the sufferer.

"I would hardly say that," replied the legal light.

"The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it."

"No."

"And the fence does?"

"Yes."

"Then," concluded the lawyer, "I think it safe to say that you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."—[Lippincott's.]

Corrected.

IT WAS on a street car in the city of Washington. Two colored women in cheaply gorgeous splendor were talking and one chanced to mention a Mr. "Jinks" in her conversation.

"Excuse me," said the other woman, "but his name is not 'Jinks.' It is Mr. Jenks."

"Oh, I see," said the other woman complacently. "I see that you puts de access on de pronoun."—[Lippincott's.]

Different Backbones.

A BOY in the physiology class of a school in South Boston gave the following definition of the difference between the backbone of a man and the backbone of a cat:

"A man's backbone runs up and down while the backbone of a cat runs sideways. A cat is liable to spit and throw up her backbone."

Another boy said of the spine: "The spine is a long bone reaching from the skull to the heels. It has a hinge in the middle so that you can sit down, otherwise you would have to sit standing."—[Lippincott's.]

PLENTY OF MUSIC.

A gentleman of the most cultivated musical tastes, wishing to change his residence, advertised for rooms in a private family "fond of music." The next mail brought him the following reply:

"Dear Sir: I think that we could accommodate you with rooms, and as for music one of my daughters plays the parlor organ and guitar; another one plays the accordion and banjo; I play the cornet and fiddle; my wife plays the harmonica and my son the flute. We all sing and if you are good at tenor singing you would fit right in when we get to singing gospel hymns evenings, for none of us sings tenor. Or if you plays the base viol we have one right here in the house. If you want music as well as rooms and board we could accommodate you and there would be no extra charge for it."—[Lippincott's.]

THE NEW PARIS GUIDE.

BLUE AND GOLD UNIFORMS, AND EVERY LANGUAGE SPEAKING FLUENTLY.

[London Express.] English Guides, Gulas Espanoles, Deutsche Führer, Cinceroni Italiana, Hollandsche Gidsen, Guldha Portuguese, Scandianaviska Cieroner.

The gentleman in the gorgeous blue uniform and the cap with gold letters upon it handed me a card inscribed as above. There was a good deal more than that on it, though. There was a promise of Greek and Russian guides, offers of services from guides whose languages looked like the spluttering of a bad pen, and, furthermore, a notice to strangers, bidding them beware of any one using the card as a reference who did not wear the badge of the association. The gentleman in blue and gold wore it all right, and wore it all over him, and I am perfectly certain that he would have spoken any of the spluttery languages to me on the slightest encouragement. His English had a strong German accent, and when I answered him in German, the German in which he answered me back had a reminiscence of Italian in it.

I am a polyglot myself, and replied in a few words of Danish. This put him on his mettle, and he argued the point hotly in Swedish, with a smattering of Dutch mixed into it to give it flavor. I was with a friend who had just come back from St. Petersburg, and made a remark to him in Russian. The man in blue and gold hummed a few bars of "Boje Tsare khrani" in reply, and told my friend just what he thought of him in Russo-Portuguese. Luckily both of us had forgotten our Greek, for Greek abuse with a Spanish accent would certainly have finished us.

And then the man in blue and gold subsided into French, which he spoke fluently but exotically, probably with a tinge of Turkish, Arabic, and Yiddish mixed, and told us that he represented a new association of guides, interpreters, and couriers, which has been formed to supplant the old unauthorized guides, who for so long have infested the streets of Paris.

The Paris guide, who is, according to my blue and golden friend, soon to become obsolete, was certainly a terror to the visitor to Paris. He was a nuisance, too. There must be thousands of Express readers who remember their first experience of him. You arrive in Paris, go to your hotel, bathe, change, and saunter out on to the boulevards. You have not been on the boulevards three minutes before an evilly-dressed person, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, has lurched crabwise at you, remarking: "Want a guide, sir?" You do not want a guide, and you tell the man so quite good-humoredly, and go your way.

Two minutes later you are shaking off another of the tribe, and before long are using rather strong language to a third. This third one, with a mixture of all the languages which you have ever heard—and bad language among them—will tell you what he thinks of your behavior to a gentleman in reduced circumstances, and, as this is your first visit, you are feeling in your pocket for the consolatory coin when the fourth guide comes up.

Then you probably throw yourself on the mercy of the first cabman. The Paris guides of the old school knew very little about Paris. If they took you to the Louvre (I mean the museum, not the shop,) they would hand you over at the door to another guide, whom you had to pay extra. They knew nothing of any of the real sights of the city, and if they gave you any information of its history, that information was invariably inaccurate. What they did know was what shops in the city would pay them commission, and the ingenuity with which they steered you to these shops when you did not want to buy anything, and away from others where you had something to buy, but where they had nothing to make, was stupendous.

In the evening the guide would first of all take you to a café, where the best beer in Paris, or the best anything else which you wanted to drink, was obtainable. Directly you got into the place, everybody in it knew that your companion was a guide, but he sat himself down at your table with a fine air of being your intimate friend, and he made you supremely ridiculous by giving you, in a loud voice, knowing information about Paris life. Of course, if his victim spoke a very exotic tongue, the worst that could happen to him was to be laughed at for his helplessness in needing a guide.

But if, on the other hand, the guide discoursed in English or in German, the chances were that many people in the café understood him and enjoyed the rubbish which his victim was absorbing. And I am not alluding to the beer. From the café the next move would be to the Moulin Rouge, the Folies-Bergère, or some other place which any Englishman could find without help, and enjoy ever so much more without it. You were unwelcome everywhere you went with him, and if you escaped without a barefaced attempt at robbery before the evening was out, you were very lucky. Sometimes these street guides of Paris have turned out very bad characters indeed, and there have been many cases of unwary visitors who have been hounded and robbed by them.

The association of guides, interpreters, and couriers of Paris, which has its headquarters in the Rue de la Michodière, was registered last month at the Prefecture of Police with the object of furnishing travelers with reliable guides. It has already almost done away with the nuisance of the pavement guide, and in this respect it has done well. Also to the student of foreign languages many of the guides supplied by the association will prove quite invaluable. Many of them are Babels in miniature, and their language is a mixture of every tongue on earth excepting Volapuk. But several of the guides speak Esperanto. I do not know what they mix

The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

FLOWERING ANNUALS.

THE PRESENT A GOOD TIME TO SOW SEED FOR THEM.

By Ernest Braunton.

AT ONE of the late Los Angeles flower shows some one gave a special cup as a prize for the best collection of flowering annuals and but one grower brought in a display and a very ordinary one at that. No good reason exists why we may not have gorgeous arrays of annuals in our gardens for there are many of great beauty and extremely easy to grow.

Right now is a splendid time to sow the seeds. As a rule, we will get rains at this time, so that after sowing the seeds no further care or attention is necessary except to pull out the weeds which trouble them. If grown during the winter all the hardy sorts will grow more robust plants, producing more and larger flowers than any spring sowing possibly can. During summer they mature faster and earlier in their growth, but the results are never so satisfactory.

The spring-sown seed therefore has a short season of flowering with very ordinary blossoms—the fall sown has an early spring crop of extra fine blossoms lasting through a long period. We are generally not overburdened with a wealth of spring flowers, but our gardens could be ablaze through March, April and May by present planting of a judicious selection of hardy annuals. We have no weather at their season of flowering that could in any wise injure them and it is equally as cer-

the little plants have three or four character leaves you may begin planting out, selecting the largest and strongest each time until all are in their permanent place. The soil bed should be of the same texture as the seed box soil, but heavily enriched by thoroughly-rotted stable manure well incorporated with the soil. Never use green manure. Set the plants eight inches apart each way.

Propagation of Oleanders.

Oleanders are still in bloom, as they have been for months past, and many have noticed plants of good color and form from which they would like to propagate. These plants grow from cuttings nearly as readily as do willows and hardwood pieces about the size and length of a lead pencil (larger rather than smaller) may be rooted any time during the spring months. If you have no good place in which to propagate in the soil put them in a jar of water, filling the jar as fast as water evaporates, and leave them there until rooted, when they may be planted in permanent position, shaded and well watered for a week thereafter and you will have fine, sturdy plants. April, May or June will do for commencing work.

Two Moving Rose Bushes.

A city correspondent writes to ask if the present is a good time to move rose bushes of good size if heavily pruned and water having been withheld for some time. No better time could be chosen. During the past three months, at various times, the writer has been moving roses that have been watered once a week ever since the rains ceased. These roses were covered with a soft



A MAMMOTH ROSE GARDEN.

tain that spring flowering annuals have no superior in beauty, for they far surpass in color and texture the autumn annuals so tender that they may only be grown during summer and set out late after danger of frost is past. Our special plea may be made for all annuals—they go far toward relieving the monotony so noticeably prevalent in our older and more "planted up" gardens.

Economic Uses of Palms.

From a purely economic view the date no doubt is entitled to first place in the long list of useful palms, for aside from the raw dates syrups and flavorings are made from the dates and both leaves and trunks have been utilized for building. The leaf buds or tender centers grown of Asiatic and American species are used for food and known as palm cabbage. Hats, baskets, brooms and a great variety of articles are manufactured from leaves of several species. And aside from the fruits of the well-known coconut-nut palm, there are those which furnish either wine or honey from the sap of the trunk.

Pansy Culture.

Those wishing to grow pansies from seeds should sow them at once, for the time is passing for seeding if you are to get tip-top results. Sow the seeds in shallow boxes, in the bottom of which some holes should have been bored so that no stagnation of water may result from overwatering. Over these holes may be placed stones, pieces of broken flower pots or anything that will allow the escape of surplus moisture.

Fill the boxes with any good garden loam that is sufficiently sandy or friable, so it will not become too sticky when wet or bake when dry. Press down soil firmly with block of wood or a brick, water well but evenly, and scatter on the seeds, covering them lightly with a soil fully as light as that on which they were sown and place in a shaded position as nearly level as possible. Watch the boxes every day and keep the seeds as uniformly moist as you can without too much soaking of the soil. If the seeds have been sown too thickly the little plants must be transplanted to other boxes as soon as up, for

and tender growth, with far too much of top for the extent of roots. They were dug up with bare roots, less than one-half the tops cut off and replaced before the tiny roots and root hairs could dry and at once heavily watered. A stake just the height of the bush was driven into the ground on which to hang a protecting "gunny" sack and this was left on until a new growth had started. The bush was also tied to the stake to prevent it being loosened in the soil. None have died nor have any been seriously injured by this method of transplanting, though both bush and climbing sorts were used in the experiments.

Rose bushes that have been given a reasonable amount of rest will surely move and renew growth very readily at this time, and little danger attends the operation. If sufficient rest has been given to render them partially dormant, followed by a heavy pruning and a good thorough watering after planting the average rose bush simply cannot be killed, so that none should hesitate to undertake the work. Roses that have been resting through the hot weather should still be allowed a little more sleep unless the leaves have all dropped and wood of a lead pencil size is showing a shriveling bark. If such conditions exist, prune heavily and water at once. Such a condition speaks a sufficient rest and desire to return to active work. Roses grown in a light soil will be found needing attention. Those in heavy soil or in one rich in humus will continue to remain dormant without harm for another month.

Roses All the Year.

He is indeed fortunate who has a rose garden so extensive and so skillfully planted that he may gather roses each day in the year. But few sorts will furnish us with good blossoms during the heat of summer, yet there are those which are very satisfactory in this respect, yet not specially good during winter. With sufficient area one may have good roses for cutting each month in the year, but few, indeed, have the necessary extent of gar-

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GARDENING

A LACK OF SCHOOL PROGRESS

MANY requests come from young men and women (landscape gardeners, architects) concerning school gifts in this direction. Many wish only a correspondence is not obtainable on this building (a strange place and all voice one fact: the learn of any institution taught.

During the past decade a rapid, wonderful and pleasurable art and the best is yet to the foundation of the movement educational value cannot be denying was the entering wedge to reach all classes. The department is now no longer a world-wide and pretty thing and all countries. Second of more recent introduction of sculpture in the common school seems assured of universal acceptance. Now comes the Universal



course in landscape gardening regular agricultural course at national institutions are considerable. When this movement acceptance, as it undoubtedly will have to be up and doing if the keep pace with the "Country" healthful rivalry between the dreams of some of our best work may be realized, viz: A temporary landscape work, California where the study and practice interruption throughout the year from such a course could find applying their practical knowledge improving the old home and a improvement of the community to use the light and start all the highway which could not but be California.

Uniformity in Street Planting.

It seems very strange that the view long lines of uniform street "streets" with its strength and distance, gains with each succeeding mile and if sufficiently lengthened that and effective. Near the city of striking avenues of the C little used or valued for street or of use, if continuous lines of maintained.

Plantation of Street Trees.

It would appear from a superficial view that trouble is in store for the city and power companies

The City Beautiful—Its Avenues, Streets, Parks and Lakes.

GARDENING EDUCATION.

A LACK OF SCHOOL INSTRUCTION, BUT PROGRESS NEVERTHELESS.

MANY requests come to this department from young men and women desirous of becoming landscape gardeners (erroneously called landscape architects) concerning schools or colleges where natural gifts in this direction may be fostered and improved. Many wish only a correspondence course and even this is not obtainable on this Coast. Some of these applicants wish to obtain a place in our parks to learn park building (a strange place to study construction work,) and all voice one fact: that they have been unable to learn of any institution where landscape gardening is taught.

During the past decade public sentiment has undergone a rapid, wonderful and pleasing change regarding this art and the best is yet to come. Civic improvement is the foundation of the movement in all its phases and its educational value cannot be overestimated. School gardening was the entering wedge which was destined first to reach all classes. The desirability and value of these gardens is now no longer questioned, for the movement is world-wide and pretty thoroughly permeates all States and all countries. Second only to school gardens is the recent introduction of nature study and general agriculture in the common schools, an introduction which was assured of universal acceptance.

Now comes the University of Illinois and makes a

and unlawful cutting of street trees. Of late, one serious case of mutilation has come to light and certain interested parties seem determined to make a test case through a suit for damages. Wherever the issue has been fought out the higher courts have decided that possession of a franchise over streets carries with it no right to mutilate either public or private property and in the case of street tree damage, the city or State has cause for criminal action and the same parties or abutting property owners legal foundation for a civil suit and recovery of damages.

Growth of School Gardens.

Each year we receive many new and extensive reports on school garden work and each year the seats of the pioneer movements send out a more voluminous annual report than they did the previous year. Even the national government has become interested and is aiding the work in Washington City. Fond parents, witnessing the results obtained in the home garden through school garden influences, become ardent supporters of the work for all time, so that retrogression is impossible, for each successive year draws, with an irresistible force, a vast army of converts from every walk of life.

Upheaval in New York Parks.

As our park department is gradually being freed from the blight of political control, we are getting better results, so noticeable, in fact, that many old-time observers have mentioned the welcome change to the writer. New York is one of the few large eastern cities

pered. Quite a different class of work is now being done from that of a decade ago and broader lines of effects as a whole are being considered in place of the ribbon and border planting so much in vogue in past years. Small plants should, as in all gardening, be used as incidentals, not as fundamentals. The latter office must be delegated to trees and shrubs of sufficient size and character to produce desirable effects.

City Forestry Work.

One of the most pleasing powers vested in our city forester is that whereby he may protect trees now growing on our streets. At times his office is thronged with people who desire the city to extend its protection to some grand old tree standing in the center of a roadway where contractors would remove it. The street department, City Clerk and City Attorney are all coöperating with the forester so that street improvement ordinances now take into consideration all existing trees of value. This one phase of the work is alone of more value to our city than several times the amount of the total cost of the forester's office. Protection of what we already have is of equal importance with extension of planting.



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AVENUE OF CALIFORNIA FAN PALMS.

course in landscape gardening a compulsory part of the regular agricultural course and several other educational institutions are considering following the example.

When this movement shall have found wide acceptance, as it undoubtedly will, we of the cities will have to be up and doing if the "City Beautiful" is to keep pace with the "Country Beautiful." If a good beautiful rivalry between the two should result, the names of some of our best writers on improvement may be realized, viz: A More Beautiful America. According to the subject of a course of study in elementary landscape work, California is the only State where the study and practice may continue without interruption throughout the year. Students graduated from such a course could find ample opportunity to apply their practical knowledge of the subject, first in improving the old home and secondly in calling the attention of the community to their needs in outdoor improvement. Would that our State University could take the light and start all the students on the royal highway which could not but lead to a more beautiful California.

Beauty in Street Planting.

It seems very strange that there are people who can see long lines of uniform street planting and not be struck by its strength and dignity. Even the poorest of material, when continued over a considerable distance, gains with each succeeding hundred feet of planting and if sufficiently lengthened becomes both beautiful and effective. Near the city of Fresno are a number of striking avenues of the California fan, a plant which is well adapted for street ornamentation, but nevertheless capable of producing a dignified beauty when planted in continuous lines of considerable length be

Planting of Street Trees.

It would appear from a superficial knowledge of the trouble is in store for some of our transportation and power companies over the unnecessary

where politics have always had pretty free sway, but from the following note it would appear that the end is in view: "In consequence of a severe condemnation of physical conditions in Central Park, New York, from many sources, the superintendent, a political appointee, was dismissed by the park commissioner of the borough. The City Club immediately communicated with the commission suggesting that the office of superintendent of parks be made what it should be; and, generally, there promises to be an upheaval in park affairs which it is earnestly hoped will result finally in their divorce from politics. The showing up of conditions in Central Park should awake the citizens of New York to the disgusting effects of politics in their parks. Abuses have been so flagrant and methods so diametrically opposed to standard ideas, that it is surprising that so important and rich a metropolis should present such a contrast with other cities where parks are established and controlled by ability and wisdom."

Railroad Gardening.

The planting of station grounds is rapidly becoming more universal and we have hardly a railroad in the United States that is not doing something in this line. In all States there seems a tendency to dispense with carpet bedding and such tomfoolery and confine the planting to such material as will give permanent all-the-year-round effects.

Such gardening needs the services of a careful, practical and experienced overseer, for railroad men themselves belong to that type and have a really wonderful faculty of weighing results against a cash outlay and the effects must be more than ordinarily may be expected from landscape embellishment if they are to encourage and foster any considerable extension or maintenance of the work. Expenditures are closely guarded by railroads and if out of proportion to results are soon reduced or entirely cut off. In our State too few good, and too many poor, men have been employed in this work, and its progress has been correspondingly hampered.

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Practical Poultry Culture in the Southwest.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF STANDARD-BRED POULTRY AND THE PEOPLE WHO GROW IT.

EVOLUTION OF A BREED.

THE INTERESTING HISTORY OF A CORNISH FOWL.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

NOTE.—Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experiences with poultry, giving their successes as well as failures. The writer will be glad, in so far as lies in his power, to answer inquiries of public interest bearing on any phase of an enlightened poultry culture, such as feeding and management, disease and its prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. The co-operation of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited, to the end that the best thought and practice in an enlightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in these columns.

THE Cornish fowl—known also as "Cornish Indian Game"—took its inception in Cornwall, England, somewhere about 1840, from which town it takes its name. Being of a docile disposition, the word "Game" in its name was certainly out of place, and for some time after its establishment it was known as the "Cornish Indian;" of late years, however, it has been classed in both England and America simply as the "Cornish Fowl," to which name it is justly and appropriately entitled. In its veins are commingled the blood of the Aseel, the English Game and the Malay. In the early seventies Lewis Wright, in his somewhat elaborate treatise on poultry, a cross was introduced known as the Pheasant Malay, from which was derived a solid black breast and darker colored cocks, and a more pronounced iridescent lacing on the hens. There are now three varieties—the Browns, Whites and Buff Laced. The former are standard, but the latter has as yet not attained to that distinction. The Cornish was first exhibited at the Crystal Palace in 1858.

This celebrated market fowl did not reach America until 1877, when the first birds were imported by Adam Thompson of Amlty, Mo. The first birds to reach the



THE EGG-LAYING TYPE.

Pen of six White Leghorns, from strain-bred and selected for egg production by a woman poultry keeper. The six hens laid 176 eggs, averaging twenty-eight ounces to the dozen, during the year. See "Some Champion Layers."

Pacific Coast were imported by John D. Mercer, now of this city, in 1890. The first time the bird was exhibited in Southern California was in the same year at the district Agricultural Fair. Since that time they have been more or less in evidence. In 1902 James F. Heartwell showed a magnificent string of forty specimens at the Los Angeles show, and a year or so later Capt. Broadhead entered some fifteen specimens at a similar function. At the present writing there is quite an interest awakened in this breed, and it will undoubtedly take its place in the trade as the table fowl par excellence in our local markets.

The Cornish Fowl Fanciers Organize.

Southern California now enjoys the distinction of possessing the oldest and largest association of Cornish fowl fanciers and breeders in the United States in the Pacific Cornish Fowl Club of this city. It took its inception in 1892, and though inactive for a few years, it has of late given evidence of a robust activity and greatly-increased membership. Capt. T. H. Broadhead is president, and John D. Mercer secretary.

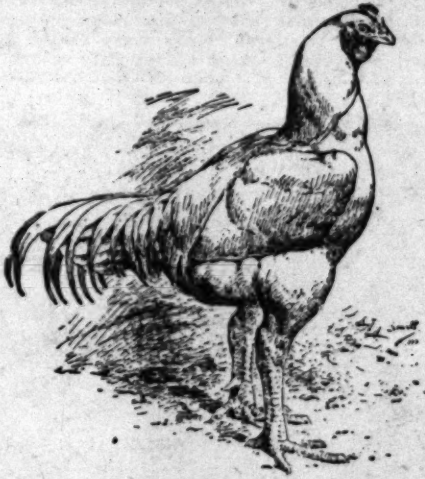
The Egg-Laying Type.

In Australia they seem to appreciate the bird that lays eggs, and in their endeavor to build up laying strains the governments of the several colonies through their agricultural colleges conduct laying contests. These have been a feature of the Antipodes for several years, and in that time have accomplished something of real value in building up strains of fowl possessed of strong laying proclivities. We present herewith an illustration of a pen of six White Leghorns possessing a record of 1476 eggs in one year, averaging 28 ounces to the dozen. These birds were bred by a woman, who has handled this breed for about six years with the sole purpose of building up an egg-laying strain. Though a splendid showing, we believe there are White Leghorns in California with a record equally good—and what is more, The Times would like to hear of them. Who is the breeder that can go the Australians one better?

Modern Fowl Derived from Primitive Stock.

The self and parti-colored varieties constituting the classes of poultry culture as it is understood in its more advanced stages have been quite thoroughly noted in this department during the past three or four issues of the Sunday Times. The fact must have come to the reader's mind more than once, that all the varieties of fowl recognized as standard in both England and America have through the ages descended from a primitive stock, generally known as jungle fowl (*Gallus bankiva* or *ferrugineus*). Science recognizes three other va-

stanleyi, *Gallus sonnerati*, and *Gallus furcatus*. Among naturalists, however, the first mentioned is quite generally recognized as the source from which the modern domesticated fowl takes its origin. It is native of India, and the color of its plumage is red and black, much like in the Black Breasted Red-Games of today. Indeed, the trio of Indian Jungle fowl shown at the last Los Angeles poultry show gave one the impression of undersized games with a slight tendency to angularity and a "rangey" appearance. But we are not primarily interested in giving a discourse on the jungle fowl—what interests us is the evolution of breeds and color from this primitive stock. To evolve a pure white bird, a pure buff, a pure black and the countless varieties of parti-colored breeds from such a source is indeed an interesting study. Obviously it has been a matter of slow development covering long periods of time. But that is not all. There is scarcely a single breed that would "come true" to standard requirements for more than one or two generations unless carefully separated as to type and color and carefully noted under the skill of the experienced poultry breeder. Reversion to the two colors of red and black is a pronounced experience where two breeds are crossed. Indeed, in the Buffs even with the best of care, there is a constant appearance of black feathers in the plumage; the same is true of Barred and White Rocks, the Wyandottes, and other breeds. Not



WHITE CORNISH FOWL.

long since we learned of a breeder crossing a Cornish male on Barred Rock hens, with the result that he secured a number of coal-black chicks. Darwin reports mating a Black Spanish male to a White Cochon and White Game hens, seven chicks "came" white and four black. These mongrel offsprings if bred again would show a still wider and mixed divergence from the parent stock, thus always showing a tendency to reversion. The subject is so vast in all of its bearings and ramifications that it is only possible to touch on it in this column.

All testimony and observation seems to prove that all the breeds of commercial poultry are "made" either by change of condition and environment, or more truly by the direct intervention of man with nature. This fact once thoroughly recognized and appreciated and the fancier and breeder will more clearly comprehend the difficulty of breeding true to color of plumage and type of breed. Every off-colored feather, every tendency to the primitive type and character is nature's effort to assert her own.

And this again brings us back to the derivation of pigment in the feather. Why should black pigment get into the plumage of a white bird? Why is the pigment in some white breeds proof against "brassiness," while in others it is so pronounced in hackle feathers as almost to be considered a distinct yellow? These same questions apply to color of shanks and feet, beak and eye. It is indeed an interesting and knotty question.

All of these distinctions which typify breeds and define varieties, have but little to do with the more prosaic commercial values of the industry. When it comes to carcass and hen fruit, weight and numbers are the factors that count. In spite of that, however, it is shape and type that defines the breed and color the variety—two things about which the all will never be known.

Pickings from the Yards.

It is a well-known fact that many flocks suffer for the want of grit. See to it that yours are well supplied.

In Germany there is put up an article called "condensed egg." The water content of the egg is removed, and sugar added in its place. In this way eggs are said to keep well and bear transportation from place to place.

Remember the open meeting of the Los Angeles Poultry Association at the Chamber of Commerce rooms on Broadway Tuesday evening. There will be a number of addresses by prominent poultry breeders and fanciers.

Now is the time to study your standard carefully if breeding for show purposes. The opening shows are only about two months ahead, and the competing birds should be selected and groomed.

If we are to believe the poultry sharp on the Farm News, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco prefer dry-picked poultry; Washington, Baltimore, St. Louis, Chicago, and Los Angeles the scalded kind.

Yarded fowls are quite apt to be more tender in quality of flesh than those allowed free range.

Eastern commission men claim that there has been

created a market for late fall-hatched chicks to be marketed before the real broilers are ready for the market. In Southern California the winter broiler is the winner, due to the heavy tourist travel.

When eggs are picked up in the yards and in hidden nests, mark them "doubtful" and do not send to market. Try them out at home and if "available" credit the grocery accounts.

One of our local breeders is of the opinion that at the present price of feed and grain, 10 cents per month is about right for the cost of keeping the American hen.

Cater to the whims of customers, no matter what your own views may be in the premises. No asset so valuable as a satisfied patron.

A scared, nervous, or worried bird never makes a good layer.

EMERSON PROPHESED THE PHONOGRAPH.

An electrician of New York has a collection of prophecies anent the phonograph. It is interesting to note that Emerson prophesied the phonograph's advent. He said: "We make the sun paint our portraits now; by and by we shall organize the echoes as we now organize the shadows."

Maury, in 1844, prophesied more clearly than Emerson, saying:

"What a pity it is that M. Daguerre, instead of photography, had not invented a process of writing by merely speaking through a trumpet at a piece of paper. Instead of saying: 'I wrote you a letter last Monday,' the phrase would have been: 'I spoke you a ream.'"

Tom Hood prophesied in his "Comic Annual" for 1858: "In this century of inventions, when a self-acting drawing paper has been discovered for copying invisible objects, who knows but that some future Daguerre or Herschel may find out some sort of Boswellish writing paper to repeat whatever it hears?"

BABIES AS BAIT.

"Wot do ye think," said the sailor, "of usin' live babies for bait? We done it in Ceylon."

"Babies for bait? Fishing for shark?"

"No; crocodile. Baby bait is the only thing for crocodile, and everybody uses it. Ye rent a baby down there for half a dollar a day."

"Of course," the sailor went on, "the thing ain't so cruel as it sounds. No harm ever comes to the babies, or else, o' course, their mothers wouldn't rent 'em. The kids is simply sot on the soft mud bank of a crocodile stream, and the hunter lays hid near them, a sure perfection."

"The crocodile is lazy. He basks in the sun in mid-stream. Nothin' will draw him in to shore, where he can pot him. But set a little fat naked baby on the bank, and the crocodile soon rouses up. In he comes, a greedy look in his dull eyes, and then ye open fire."

"I have got as many as four crocodiles with one baby in a mornin's flashin'. Some Cingalese women wot live near good crocodile streams make as much as \$2 a week reg'lar out o' rentin' their babies for crocodile bait."

THE NEW DODGE.

"Nothing new, eh?" said the great actress's press agent. "All our tricks are old, are they? Well, do you ever hear any more about an actress's losing her diamonds?"

The reporter sneered. "I confess," he said, "that you really have dropped that advertising dodge. We no longer hear, I admit, of an actress's losing her diamonds."

"But you do hear, don't you," said the press agent, "of actresses being arrested for exceeding the speed limit in their ninety-horse-power automobiles? And every time you hear that, you say to yourself: 'Gee, she must be a great actress, to be able to afford a ninety-horse-power car. I'll have to go and see her.'"

"So that is your new dodge," said the reporter. "It is one of them," said the press agent.

NEGLIGENCE.

The automobile cop was greatly excited. "I've just found, judge," he said, "that Millionaire R. K. Hain't been fined for fast speedin' for two weeks."

The justice of the peace of Croydon Four Corners spoke with prompt decision.

"Put three men on his trail," he said, "and see if you get him the fust time he goes out."

HEN FRUIT PAYS. IF YOU WANT MORE, FEED

Egg-More

A concentrated food, very rich in protein. A little daily as a mash or fed dry with good grains, or even bran, will make the hen healthy and lay lots of eggs. Best and cheapest egg maker especially if you buy grains cheaper than to ship them in. 4 lb. cans, 35c; 25 lb. pail, \$2.00; 50 lb. sack, \$3.75. Prepaid by us on pail or sack if your dealer doesn't keep it.

West Coast Stock Food Co.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

PROFITABLE POULTRY

How to breed and feed for eggs. How to hatch, raise, and doctor. How to build a cheap house. It's all in Mrs. Bailey's paper. October issue of 96 pages just out. 3 months, 10c; 1 year, 50c; 3 years, \$1. Sample free.

THE LIVE STOCK TRIBUNE.
301 Copp Bldg.
Los Angeles, California.

The School in

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT IN

From London

ONE of the most interesting being made in Germany Schule, the open-air school. The first one was set up on advice of the school committee of the town, and it is now being of Germany.

The idea is to strengthen and those children of the poor who institutions and would succumb to roundings and in crowded city.

An English humorist has said need only give himself the treatment does the rest. This is petrified truth, and the consequence, spendthrift parents have more than in other countries healthy, spendthrift children.

Those children quite young, and them and keeps them clean, for the regular curriculum of the school where there is need it supplies and clothing; it does not feed philanthropy does that sufficient child's health minutely, takes school doctor that defective sightly treated, and segregates in delicate children, who if left ones would never get on.

The Forest School takes a gives these children the whole s in the healthiest possible surroundings, it must be remembered, house to himself, with a little game can tumble about and play. H which he pays an enormous rent does not even face the open street courtyard, shut in on all sides stories high. Cellar dwellings, in Germany still, and the living dark and airless. It is true that man poor look cleaner and tidier but they look just as white and those among them who are in the Forest School has been established.

The school is open every day the end of April to the middle of the 240 delicate children choose schools of Charlottenburg. I am children were going to sit down of bread and milk, and each child hung on a numbered hook. are taken at long tables in the open they are served in big shelters dotted about the forest there are tables, with seats and tables beneath in slight showers. There are five class rooms, where the children sit five minutes at a time. Each child hours' work a day; all who are a mastic, and all have baths at school own locker and its own number doors on damp or chilly days. school twice a week, and the work carefully watched.

The busy sister who superintends and the hygiene of the school much each child had gone up in me what quantities of food were in the kitchen and larder were as clear as such places always are in Germany in private houses or in public the children arrive in the morning a first breakfast of gries-suppe, porridge, or of bread and milk. They have rolls and butter. The one solid dish. The day I was there and cabbage, a mixture Germans draw more willingly than we should to be nudel-suppe and beef. There article to explain nudel-suppe to public, but every German knows to have bread and milk again, and home, at 7, a supper like their ear porridge, and bread. Two hundred milk are used every day, 50 pounds 2 cwt. of potatoes, thirty big rye loaves and when spinach, for instance, is 50 pounds of spinach.

I asked if the children paid any that those who could afford it paid for their food. The school is kept open summer holidays, but no work is thirds of the teachers are away. A are at play for the greater part of the day and all day in the vacation, the he to be seen, or one with rough marks to play in the light, sandy soil as English children play at the sea decorated chain of fortresses defended friend who took me over the school bear a lesson in mental arithmetic on the other; and I found that these

Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

CONDUCTED BY J. W. JEFFREY, AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.

FIELD NOTES

Drying Figs.

IN answering a question received on the day of this writing relative to fig drying I give a recipe in use in some places. After collecting the (Smyrna) figs they are dipped into a boiling brine made by dissolving three ounces of salt to a gallon of water. They are then placed on trays, the time of drying varying from two to four days, according to the weather. The dipping is supposed to bring the sugar into the skin, hasten the drying, and make the skin pliable. After the figs are dried they are placed in sweat boxes where they are allowed to remain two weeks to pass through the sweat.

Citrus Gum Disease.

THE experiments leading to the control of "gummosis" in a lemon grove, noticed in this department some time ago, are attracting considerable attention. Reports from this orchard one year hence will be far more conclusive, yet thoroughness of the removal of diseased tissue has already been established as one of the chief factors of success. Assuming that the real, killing gum disease is of bacterial origin, two points are essential in its eradication, namely, cutting out all infection possible and the destruction or isolation of all remaining germs. It would be most helpful to have determined the "life history" of this bacterium, but it is not necessary to await it in the face of the great damage now being wrought to the citrus groves by this malady.

Successful Operation.

REPORTS from the white fly infection at the Tevis Ranch near Bakersfield indicate the very best results. The trees were fumigated the second time about the 26th of last month, though it may not have been necessary. To make the eradication complete beyond question, the trees will be treated the third time during the winter. If there is one living specimen left there now the most careful inspection fails to discover it. As Bakersfield is the only location of the fly at this end of the State, as far as known, these reports are most gratifying to the citrus growers of the south, yet the danger of fresh importations of the fly from Florida remains imminent in every unprotected county. The State will never be safe from future invasions till general quarantine enforcements are secured.

Agin the Government.

A GENTLEMAN with whom I served in the home guard at Azusa during the Spanish War, and who has now dropped the sword for the pen, puts up a plea that is most disconcerting. I thought for old times sake he would remain "true to me," but this is his ultimatum to an old comrade: "I am living here and have some thirty lemon trees on the lot, all infected with scale. I was considering writing a double-barreled editorial advocating your candidacy for State Commissioner of Horticulture when a gimlet-eyed son-of-a-seacock came here to 'do my trees'—and incidentally myself, for 50 cents a tree, and I'm agin ye now, and want you to call this plate off. The trees are not worth 50 cents a dozen, and I'm disconsolate. Can't you come to my rescue before I throw a fit and die?"

Dying Cypress.

TWO dead cypress trees were recently pointed out to me from the car window by a gentleman living in the neighborhood, and as this is the common fate of the Monterey cypress under certain conditions, it may be well to warn owners of this plant that it is a culmination of extreme dryness and wetness of soil. I have not observed any dangerous insect attacks lately that might account for the death of these trees—so mysterious when the treatment is not considered. The cypress has a twig borer that is often severe upon the very small branches and only upon their tips. This moth does not seriously injure the health or growth of the tree, and cannot be charged with the destruction of our magnificent cypress.

The trouble lies in unevenness of irrigation, aggravated by the tendency of the cypress to give off moisture from the leaves too freely. Overirrigation is liable to be followed by the sudden death of the tree the following reason if then it is allowed to get dry. I do not believe the cypress is subject to this sudden killing where it is evenly watered, or possibly where it is grown without any water except the winter's rainfall. Even care will no doubt preserve the cypress to a good age.

Grafting Chestnuts.

W. C. B., of Pasadena, writes: "Last year you published an article on the chestnut tree in Southern California and asked that those who had one or more trees bring you foliage and fruit. My tree has a spread of about 35 or 40 feet, and is about 25 or 30 feet high. The trunk is 22 to 24 inches in diameter. It is a very beautiful shade tree, with dense foliage and branches drooping to the ground, making an ideal outdoor living-room with hammock, rocking chairs, sewing and reading table.

"Every year it is covered with burs, but the nuts do not all become perfect, and a large number of those that do show the taste of tannin to a marked degree. But if the burs are removed and the nuts kept for a few days they are more edible. I think this the most beautiful shade tree in the eastern part of Pasadena, and value it accordingly. Will you advise me if you think that the fruit could be improved by budding or grafting?"

I do not know of an instance of budding or grafting adult chestnut trees in this State. The process would be successful, as it takes readily to this treatment. But one would not know whether it would improve the bearing qualities of the tree. This is doubtless the European species, judging from the description of the flavor of the nuts. None of the European varieties vie with the wild, American species in sweetness or value. Again, the lack of fruit perfection may be inherent in the tree or its environment, and grafting might not correct this fault even if the owner had an improved variety. Of forest chestnuts some of the trees are barren, as is the case with the hickory, oak and many others. The inquiry may bring out something of value from some one who has had experience upon the point raised. A tree that is worth hundreds of dollars to a home, as this one is, should not be made the subject of an experiment, and the owner should cherish it as the most precious of his outdoor possessions.

Cold Storage Temperatures.

IN the evidence of the Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner before the House of Commons Committee on Agriculture there appear figures on cold-storage temperatures which should be of interest to many. The safe storage temperatures for different commodities are:

Apples (long storage,) 31-34 degrees.
Apples (short storage,) 40-45 degrees.
Butter (long storage,) 10 degrees.
Butter (short storage,) 20-25 degrees.
Cheese (cool cured,) 60 degrees.
Cheese (ordinarily cured,) 35-40 degrees.
Eggs, 40-45 degrees.
Potatoes, 36 degrees.

In answer to a question a member of the committee stated that cheese which has been allowed to reach a temperature of 75 to 90 degrees for a few days while it is maturing develops certain fermentations which give rise to bad flavors, and the cheese must be placed in a low temperature afterward to prevent these bad flavors developing.

Coloring Apples.

WE all desire highly-colored apples, but what can we do to the soil or to the trees to add color to the fruit? We have been told many times that certain fertilizers, and particularly potash, applied to the soil will heighten the color of apples, but I have doubts on this claim. I am convinced, however, that sunshine admitted freely to the fruit will add the desired color. Therefore the judicious pruning of trees, avoiding overproduction or crowding of the fruit, will add the desired color. We have all noticed that fruit on the outside of the tree, visited by the sun almost every day, is of a bright color on the Baldwins and Spies, and that we can write our names on the skin of these apples by pasting a perforated paper on the side of the apple. When apples are brightly colored they are apt to be of better quality than those growing on the interior of the trees, where they cannot be reached by the sun.—[Green's Fruit Grower.]

Peach Yellows.

GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER is continually asked about peach yellows, the cause of the disease, and a remedy. I am not aware that any remedy has ever been discovered for this disease, nor that any person has ever discovered the cause of the disease.

There have been many theories as to the cause of yellows on the peach, and many assumed remedies, but none have been effective so far as I am informed. My advice is the same as that of the Experiment Station and large orchardists, which is when a peach tree is attacked with yellows cut it down and burn as soon as possible. In removing this diseased peach tree from the orchard be careful that it is so loaded upon the wagon that it will not brush against the branches of other trees on its way out of the orchard, for it is possible that the disease may be thus communicated to healthy trees.

It is not easy to decide, when the tree is first attacked, whether it is by yellows, or whether it is suffering from the white grub, which bores into the bark at the base of the tree, or whether the tree is attacked with some other disorder, but the safe thing to do when you see the foliage of your peach tree turning yellow is to cut it down and destroy it. One sure indication of peach yellows is that when the tree is allowed to stand some time after it has been attacked, it will be found to be filled with small suckering branches and the fruit will be more highly colored than usual and will mature earlier.

Market Changes.

UNTIL recent years the fruit supply of the country came from the orchards on the farms grown along with other crops. Today we find conditions entirely changed, and we look to the great commercial orchards of the different fruit sections for the general supply, especially for our great cities and mining and manufacturing centers. The apple buyers care but little for the fruit grown by the average general farmer, but they seek out the men who are growing fruit commercially, and with the best aids of practical science. They often pay a third more for such products than for that which has been allowed to look out for itself in the farm orchard. The question naturally arises what has brought this great change about. Briefly we might say that our markets have been extended and their demands have been changed. Many of us can recall having seen load after load of apples taken to market loose in the wagon bed and sometimes not even a straw under them. Then

we have seen peaches hauled around in large boxes and measured out by the peck or bushel as the customer might desire. This is the way many home markets used to be treated. Is it any wonder the demand was limited? The work of the specialist in producing the better quality of fruits is the direct cause for this transition in the business.—[Field and Farm.]

Kansas and Her Alfalfa.

KANSAS is unique in many things, but in none more than in the commanding position she occupies in relation to alfalfa-growing. Her development in this industry has been one of the marvels of her prolific agriculture, and with alfalfa, as with winter wheat, no other State is her equal in its area and production. The alfalfa field of Kansas now approximates nearly three-quarters of a million acres, and but three cultivated crops exceed it in annual area, viz., wheat, corn, and oats. In combination with these, alfalfa furnishes Kansans in abundance with perhaps the best and cheapest rations anywhere available for the maintenance of their live stock, for the excellence of which they are famed.

The increase in its area in Kansas affords some, although no adequate idea of the growing appreciation which the plant is held. It is sixteen years since the crop was first thought of enough importance to chronicle its statistics, when the enumerators of the Board of Agriculture returned the area for the State as 34,300 acres. This year (1907) the area in alfalfa is 742,130 acres, or an increase of 20.7 per cent. over the area of 1906, 132 per cent. more than in 1901, and a gain of 200 per cent. over the area of 1891. Alfalfa can be grown in every county in the State, and 103 of the 105 counties report greater or less areas devoted to it in 1907. Of the 103, ninety-two counties show increases aggregating 130,869 acres, while eleven report decreases aggregating 35,442 acres, making a net gain for the year of 127,000 acres. Jewell, a central county bordering Nebraska, has nearly 49,000 acres in alfalfa, by far the largest acreage of any one county; Smith, its neighbor on the west ranks second, with 30,939 acres, and Butler, south and east of these, comes third with 30,355 acres. Other counties having over 20,000 acres each are Cloud, Mitchell, Phillips, Republic, all north central counties, and Sedgewick, adjoining Butler. The largest gains in area in the year are likewise reported by Jewell and Smith or 7027 and 6258 acres respectively, followed by Mitchell with an increase of 5451 acres, Washington with 4000 acres, Wabaunsee 4988 acres, Sedgewick 4613 acres, and Republic 4029 acres.—[Coburn, in Kansas Farmer.]

Pulling Power of Horses.

WE think almost every farmer will confess that he knows of no rule of judging how much a horse should pull on a load to be within his strength and endurance. No wise or humane man wants to overwork his team. In plowing, in particular, and in other kinds of steady pulling, it would be well to know if there is any well-ascertained rule whereby we can measure this problem.

The Illinois Agricultural College has made some very interesting and valuable investigations on this point in experiments in plowing. The sum of conclusions is that the number of pounds a horse should pull on a load, as measured by a dynamometer, should not exceed one-eighth of the weight of the horse. The advantage of weight in a horse for heavy pulling is thus readily seen. The matter of weight operates with a horse just as it does with a locomotive. It enables both to stick to the foothold or point of traction, and thus exert their pulling power to greater advantage. The English as well as European farmers in general have always advocated the use of horses of heavy weight in farm work. The light thrown on the subject by the Illinois Experiment Station would seem to point to the same conclusion.—[Chicago Herald.]

NOT IN IT.

"Will you please give me a crust of dry bread?" Though neatly, albeit poorly clad, the speaker was taken to the point of emaciation. He was paler than death and tremulous with weakness.

"Step inside," said the cook, regarding him compassionately. "But tell me, my poor fellow, what has brought you to this dreadful pass?"

With a deep sigh the man replied: "Alas, I am but a plain, ordinary bank burglar, and the superior skill and ingenuity of the cashiers, clerks and manipulators has thrown me altogether out of employment."

Patting his bony spine in kindly fashion, the cook said before him a plate of doughnuts fresh and hot from the oven.

HORSE ON THEM.

The Wooden Horse was standing before the beleaguered city.

"That seems a heavy beast," remarked Paris to the victor, surveying it critically. "Of what weight would you say it was?"

"Troy weight, of course," answered Hector. "When envy turned Paris green."—[Harper's Weekly.]

AN AUTO THOUGHT.

"Automobiles," said Wragged Whiskers, "is what the common nowadays that—"

He smiled thoughtfully. "It'll soon be safe for us fellers to say we're lookin' fer work."

Starting Cabbage Plants.

IT is wise in most parts of the country to start cabbage plants in a seed bed in September. The ground well to guard against naturally moist. In the open ground in drills eight or ten inches apart, and the plants can be grown at the hoeing. In the interior, where they are liable to be greater, cold may be used to protect the dry winds. In small garden seed box is often handy. Plough enough to grow thickly and the field when conditions are the locality.

Plants started in September as soon as they are strong winter crop is expected. When the local climate, it is still advisable to start in the open ground, and in garden practice transplanted, and thus kept strong out when soil and weather the early winter is apt to be started in the fall in the open cold frames until this danger is over.

For late winter and spring started later, say in January, but hotbed, or other form of gentle care must, however, be taken with cabbage plants, and for a seed bed, with the soil made drainage, and with the protection afforded by a fence or building enough for cabbages. If, however, with heat, they should be first frame, or a protected bed, for taken to the open ground.—[California Farmer.]

Early Vegetable Growing.

THOSE who first discerned the value of the hoe to get gold with the hoe that market prices surprisingly grew. John M. Horner of Alameda to have cleared about \$150,000 from 800 acres of vegetable growing in much more per acre than he, that did not require so much high demonstration of their success. Plantations were made in requirements, and disastrous. The second year after the export there was a collapse. The following shows how sharp was the fall. In 1852—Beard & Horner's averaged 200 sacks (about twelve) sold for upward of \$300,000. The body cultivated them. In 1853 were one day bet on a horse race.

THE FUTURE OF TRADE.

It is generally conceded, I believe, that the most far-sighted minds, that the future is to be across the trade centered in the Mediterranean. That the largest and most important were formed on the shores of Northern Africa. The discovery of Suez, centered trade later in most important cities of the world shores of Western Europe and Eastern Asia. The Pacific Coast of America is in proportion to the trade the trade across an ocean, other in proportion to the number of peopled borders.

Today the Pacific Coast of the United States is as many people as the seaboard; yet the shores of the Pacific are richer in natural resources than the Atlantic. There is hardly any comparison of New England and the gateway of the Pacific, Oregon and California. Broadly speaking, two-thirds the support of supporting 20,000,000. Along the lower world harbor—San Francisco. The Golden Gate a city as large as London.

It may be San Francisco, but not what the local point of view. The important fact is that at the present time the growth of this city or cities on the Pacific Coast—will be in exact proportion to the trade in America, the awakening of the Pacific Coast, and the development of the Pacific Coast.

THE PUNCTILIOUS FARMER.

A French schooner went ashore at a beach resort. When day dawned she was on the beach, the waves breaking on the shore, the water's edge, where she was working.

"Merry, man, why don't you all save those poor men? I wonder what they are doing?"

Gardening in California—Flower and Vegetable.

Marketing Cabbage Plants.

It is wise in most parts of California to start plants in a seed bed in September or October, irrigating the ground well to guard against drying out on land not naturally moist. In the warmer coast regions good plants can be grown at this time of the year in the open ground in drills eight or ten inches apart for hand weeding. In the interior, where temperature extremes are liable to be greater, cold frames or covered seed beds may be used to protect the young plants against hot, dry winds. In small garden practice the use of the cold box is often handier. Plants should be given space enough to grow thriftily and should be transplanted to the field when conditions are right for planting out in the locality.

Plants started in September may be planted in the field as soon as they are strong enough, when an earlier winter crop is expected. Where this is not favored by the local climate, it is still advisable to have early grown plants, and in garden practice they can be several times transplanted, and thus kept small and stocky for planting out when soil and weather are right for it. Where the early winter is apt to have severe frosts, plants started in the fall in the open air can be transplanted to cold frames until this danger is past.

For late winter and spring planting, plants may be started later, say in January, but then in some places the hot, or other form of gentle bottom heat, is desirable. One must, however, be taken not to use too high heat for cabbage plants, and for usual California conditions a bed, with the soil made light enough for good drainage, and with the protection from cold winds as afforded by a fence or buildings, is usually coddling enough for cabbages. If, however, the plants are grown in heat, they should be first transplanted to a cold frame, or a protected bed, for hardening before they are set in the open ground.—[California Vegetables,

Early Vegetable Growing.

THOMAS who first discerned the fact that it was easier to get gold with the hoe than with the pick, realized that prices surprisingly great as the vegetables they grew. John M. Horner of Alameda county is reported to have cleared about \$150,000 from his large venture of 40 acres of vegetable growing in 1851, and others gained much more per acre than he, with smaller operations that did not require so much high-priced labor. But the demonstration of their success proved their destruction. Plantations were made out of all proportion to requirements, and disastrous overproduction ensued. The second year after the exposition in San Francisco there was a collapse. The following account of potato growing shows how sharp was the turn in affairs:

In 1852 Beard & Horner's potato crop at Alvarado averaged 300 sacks (about twelve tons) to the acre, and sold for upward of \$300,000. The following year everybody cultivated them. In Pajaro Valley 20,000 sacks were one day bet on a horse race. Beard & Horner con-

tracted theirs in advance at 2½ cents per pound to San Francisco merchants. Garrison took 1,000,000 pounds, which were never removed, but were allowed to rot on the ground. Saunders & Co. purchased a large quantity, which they stowed away in a hulk in the bay. As warm weather came on, the potatoes commenced growing and threatened to burst the vessel open. They commenced dumping the potatoes in the bay, but the harbor master stopped it, and the owners had to pay for their removal to another locality.

With the first disaster the charm and spirit of vegetable growing passed away. There was, of course, quick recovery of values and very profitable business done, but it was not the same grand affair, and it did not accord with the adventurous spirit of the day. Small growers near the cities and mining camps did well, but there was not dash enough about market gardening for Americans, and it was soon given over to immigrants from the south of Europe and China, and has never recovered. Field growth of vegetables on a large scale has been continued by Americans, but even in this line he has often been obliged to withdraw from competition with Chinese, Portuguese and Italians with their cheap labor supply and living expenses. Within a decade from the date of American demonstration of the unique fitness of California for vegetable growing there arose occasion for frequent exhortations to California farmers to restore the garden to its proper place in farm policy, and yet California farmers neglected to supply their own tables and the proper adornment of their house yards until the ranch home in this land of beauty and grand horticultural opportunities became a byword for unthrifty and desolation.—[E. J. W., in California Vegetables.

Uncle Sam's Big Experiment Farm.

THE lowland portion of the old Arlington estate, once owned by Gen. Robert E. Lee, and now being used as the experiment farm of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, has many interesting features—agricultural, horticultural and floral.

While the main idea of the farm is substantial utility experimentation, some striking ornamentation has been done here and there, about the house of the superintendent and some of the farm buildings. These too have their real use, as fortunes are expended every year for ornamentals while mere ideas of effective arrangement are oftentimes highly paid for.

In one place, near the main flower-house of the farm, is probably as handsome a bed of fall annuals as can be found anywhere—a great bank of cannas and castor beans edged with collas, the tallest of which stands twice as high as a man.

The old farm itself has been rejuvenated. Highly productive at one time, before the war, under Gen. Lee's reputed able farm management, and with an unlimited number of blacks to work it, it later became badly run down and got to be one of the "waste places" around Washington.

Besides the testing of so-called improved strains and

varieties of ordinary garden crops, there are many curious and unfamiliar foreign plants being "tried out," while great contrasts may be seen in crops, treated and untreated for fungous diseases, and in those where tests are being made of different kinds of fertilizers and various combinations of the elements of plant food.—[Prairie Farmer.

The Golden Glow.

GOOD things keep coming right along in this fine old world of ours; if it isn't a new kind of apple or melon or a new fashion in hats, it is, perhaps, a brilliant and decorative new flower. Only a few years back there was no such flower as the Golden Glow. Now the yellow treasure flourishes along the garden paths and fences, making a spot of sunshine, no matter whether it rains or not. A cross between the sunflower and the dahlia, it looks like either—speaking under the fear of scornful correction by gardeners.

Anyway, the Golden Glow flower is one of the things for which to be thankful. It comes just when the summer days begin to take on the first tints of faded coloring; when the maple trees put on their brightest green just before the touch of frost which shall transform them into bouquets of scarlet and gold, and when the elms look a little seedy and out at elbows, as they greet the dewy mornings.

Every one begins to think of autumn and its fading grandeurs, when lo! the Golden Glow stands up its six feet in air, and seems to say there will be no end to golden summer forever more. And the magic flower will stay as long as the cruel cold lets anything live. Good cheer and good hope live in this flower, lodged, now, firmly in the affections of city and country.

"I stand in the sunshine or the rain, bending to the blast of early fall or glorying in the sun of waning summer, all is the same to me," so seems to say the bold voice of Golden Glow.—[Prairie Farmer.

Colorado Potatoes.

DURING the last few years our Colorado potato growers have sent trainloads of spuds to California, where the market was always shy. This season every farmer in that State went into the potato business in earnest, so that the crop now coming on is said to be the greatest ever known there. The dealers are already contracting for shipment to Texas and Arizona where our growers will have to meet this competition. At the east of us, however, Nebraska is quite short and Kansas and Missouri have none too many of the Irish lemons. In the far east a great drought prevailed throughout the summer, and this means a short spud crop for that section so that we are looking for a fairly good market as time wears on. As usual, the trade is busy pounding spuds on the back, but this is only the annual bluff which the services of that stern master Demand will trim around all right a little later in the season.—[Field and Farm

THE FUTURE OF THE PACIFIC.

It is generally conceded, I believe, by the best and most thoughtful minds, that the greatest world trade of the future is to be across the Pacific. For centuries trade centered in the Mediterranean, with the result that the largest and most important cities of that time were formed on the shores of Southern Europe and Northern Africa. The discovery of America, then a wilderness, centered trade later in the Atlantic, and the most important cities of the world then grew up on the shores of Western Europe and Eastern America. So the cities of the Pacific Coast of America in time will probably be in proportion to the trade across the Pacific, and the trade across an ocean, other things being equal, is in proportion to the number of people who live along its borders.

Today the Pacific Coast of the United States has about one-fourth as many people as live along the Atlantic seaboard; yet the shores of the Pacific are many times richer in natural resources than are those of the Atlantic. There is hardly any comparison between the sterile hills of New England and the garden valleys of Washington, Oregon and California. California alone is, roughly speaking, two-thirds the size of France, and is capable of supporting 20,000,000 people. France supports 40,000,000. Along the lower half of the western coast, for hundreds of miles, there is but one world harbor—San Francisco. This fact alone insures to the Golden Gate a city as large as Paris, or even larger. It may be San Francisco, or Oakland, or any other point on the great bay; in a large sense it matters not what the local point or name is, or will be. The important fact is that at the Golden Gate there is to be an American city of from two to five million people. The growth of this city—or of any of the other cities on the Pacific Coast—will not be sudden, but it will be in exact proportion to the pressure of population in America, the awakening of Asia—as Japan has awakened—and the development of other Pacific shores.—[Thomas Thomas, in Success Magazine.

THE PUNCTILIOUS FRENCH.

A French schooner went ashore at one of the fashionable resorts. When day dawned she was plainly in sight from the beach, the waves breaking over her decks, and she was straining to the shore. The summer residents looked on from the water's edge, where a life-saving crew was waiting.

"Why, then, why don't you all do something—try to save that poor boat? I wonder what they are—" an

excited woman gasped, catching a bronzed coast-guard by the arm.

"We are doing all we can, madam," was the hurried reply. "They are French. We have just sent them a line to come ashore."

The lady turned to a friend with a look of admiration in her eyes.

"Just think of that, Mary," she said. "And isn't it just like those awfully polite Frenchmen? That man said they had just sent them a line to come ashore. You see, they wouldn't come, though they were about to be drowned, without a formal invitation!"—[Success Magazine.

NOT DISCHARGED.

An old antebellum negro in a small Southern town was arrested and brought before the village magistrate for drunkenness. He asked for a lawyer who had helped him out of scrapes before, and the magistrate sent for the attorney.

The young man came into the little office, where the usual crowd of spectators had gathered, and asked the old negro, "Well, William, what are you charged with this time?"

Sadly the ancient darky replied, "Boss, I's charged with whisky!"—[Harper's Weekly.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

Master Walter, aged five, had eaten the soft portions of his toast at breakfast, and plied the crust on his plate.

"When I was a little boy," remarked his father, who sat opposite him, "I always ate the crusts of my toast."

"Did you like them?" inquired his offspring, cheerfully.

"Yes," replied the parent.

"You may have these," said Master Walter, pushing his plate across the table.—[Harper's Weekly.

A FINE WATCH.

"I want this here watch regulated," he said. "It runs too fast."

But the jeweler, after a brief inspection, said:

"No, no; you are mistaken. This watch keeps perfect time, sir. Compare it with the town clock for a day or two, and you will be convinced that I am right."

"I don't care nothin' about that," said the other doggedly. "I want it to go slower. For I'm an automobile cop, and I use it in trap work for timin' scorchers on the South Pike."

DOING.

Would you do a deed of honor?

Then remember what I say:

Keep a vigil on your conduct,

Make the best of life today.

Banish thoughts of selfish triumph;

Hold your mind to things select;

Let the good your motives cherish,

Let it every act protect.

Would you prove a feat of greatness?

Just be humble in your sphere.

Lend compassion to the needy,

Chase away the cruel fear.

Lift some fallen, wretched being

From the quagmire of disdain.

Fill your years with such a living—

They will bring you richest gain.

Would you manifest a kindness?

Ah, be watchful what you do.

Ask in ceaseless supplication

For this blessing firm and true.

Set your efforts to dispelling

Grief of soul and pain at heart.

Make this world a better haven

By accomplishing your part.

Would you do a deed of valor?

Then unrighteous foes assail

Be colossal in repulsion.

Let your ardor never fall;

Stand for God and His dominion;

Ever more the right defend;

Fight humanity's hard battle,

And be dauntless to the end.

STOKES ANTHONY BENNETT.

SEED

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Plants now \$1.00 per doz., \$5.00 per 100. Ask for price on larger quantities. New seed just arrived of

TENERIFFE GROWN BERMUDA ONION SEED.

Crystal Wax (pure), \$4.00 per pound.

EUCALYPTUS SEED

All the leading varieties. Send for catalogue and description.

MORRIS & SNOW

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Health.

Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 25TH PAGE.)

the organic salts, which are most important for preserving health.

To sum up, it is best to live on pork, white bread and coffee, a diet which is an ideal one to prevent the doctor from being idle.

Dr. Hutchinson's articles show much ignorance regarding the food question. He entirely overlooks the fact that the great danger lies in overeating, which naturally produces poisonous waste products in the system. His statements are mostly misleading, and his appeal to the ignorant masses, but not to the thinking, intelligent mind. Perhaps it is too much to ask a doctor, to admit that he has blundered. The majority of so-called scientific men would rather protect their names before a higher civilization is possible.

The fourth communication is from C. P. Holt, a veterinarian, over seventy years of age, who has in his life exemplified the remarkable youthfulness and vigor that may be retained in advanced age by a man who eats only once daily, a simple meal of fruit and nuts.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, 'What is he giving us?' In his 'Jungle' article, he is talking through his hands, his statement that beans, peas, peaches, which are not nuts at all, and cheese are poisons, is a lie, and so is swine flesh, and all other dead flesh, still more poison than anything he has named.

Not only is animal flesh poison, but it is also filthy; but when he says that bananas and strawberries are poison he will have to 'show' all that. It is, however, when the doctor asserts that 'there is no best food,' that his head ceases to be level, and he begins undulating in the extreme.

It is scientific to assume that there is a best food (or a best kind of food for each species of animals). The omnivora, except the omnivora, which man is not, is a carnivora, flesh food is the best; for the herbivora, grass food is best; for the granivora, cereals are best; and for the frugivora, which includes anthropoid man, fruit and nuts (with perhaps grains in the case of the anthropoid) are the best food. In determining what kind of food is best to run a machine or an animal, it is not to consider on what plan the animal or machine is constructed.

A locomotive engine, that is built to be propelled by heat evolved from coal oil, should not be fed wood, or coal. Oil is its best food. The best fuel for a tiger is native Hindu, or Christian missionary, and the tiger's machinery is constructed to be run on flesh-food fuel. The ox, being built differently from a tiger, must be fed grass, to get the best results from his machinery, the gorilla, being constructed quite differently from either the tiger or the ox, requires fruit and nuts for food fuel, to make him monarch of the jungle, and give him strength and intelligence to vanquish and conquer the tiger and all comers, except his cousin, man.

Man is constructed as is the anthropoid ape, and like the ape, is a true frugivore, is proven by modern science, and is asserted by all naturalists and scientists, from Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel through the list of modern scientists on man's descent and origin. Now, I submit that if man is constructed to eat fruits and nuts, and that case, fruit and nuts are his best food, and his cousin, Jocko, fruit and nuts are not poison. Fruit is not poison to the carrion crow, or the buzzard. The buzzard thrives on carrion, but a man on a diet of carrion would be likely to cause even Dr. Hutchinson, M.D. to turn up his toes. The tobacco plant thrives on the tobacco plant, but French school-boys have declared war on the cigarette for school-boys, because the poison of the nicotine in the tobacco plant is poison, it is the kind of poison on which the human body and intellect of the child. If it be true that man is constructed as the ape and man possess seem to be, then the laboratory analysis may come from Dr. Hutchinson's laboratory regarding fruit and nuts. The great chemist which nature has in the digestive tract of man and ape asserts that fruit and nuts are not poison to man and ape, but that they are the natural food, upon which they best thrive. The proof of this is to be found in the history of the human race; both having originated in the tropics, and the ape has never by his own volition strayed, during the ages, in his native jungle. Man, like the ape, while primitive, subsisted entirely upon fruit and nuts, and many human beings to this day fare sumptuously on such diet, and upon no other. And they are the most robust physical specimens of the genus homo. Among so-called civilized peoples there are to be found a few fruitarians, who, for endurance, both physical and mental, are the peers of hog eaters and devourers of meat. That comes along.

Dr. Hutchinson offers to substantiate his claims that strawberries, and some other fruits, are poison to man, by the percentage of those thus afflicted he claims that out of twenty of the human species, nine are afflicted with this disease, and only one escaped being afflicted. I suggest that we accuse the eater of the berry for eating the culprit, and I think we have it in our power to prevent or post-natal conditions, affecting the health of the child, as I am supported in this by the testimony of the doctor in his article in McClure's.

Dr. Hutchinson includes many kinds of food, and nuts, as poison to some 'unfortunate individuals.' So it is possible that either the mother of the person so afflicted took aversion to the stated food, and so impressed the unborn child with the dislike for the food, or else, some time after birth, the man or the woman so 'unfortunate,' in some way had become disgusted with that particular food, and nature would have no more of it in that particular case. The strawberry or the banana were harmless on a normal stomach, while the abnormal stomach and Dr. Hutchinson accused the strawberry unjustly of being poison.

'A normal human palate and stomach never yet abhorred a sweet, ripe strawberry, or a perfectly ripe banana—and there are plenty such in the banana groves of the tropics and semi-tropics, where man's home should be. At least, he should not stray north or south beyond the temperate zone, for there he can find his natural food, which I repeat, is fruit and nuts and grains in their milk. These are never poison to him, while he is normal.'

The following communication was received by the editor, a few days ago, from Stanley Dubois, of Pasadena: 'It occurs to me that the article of Dr. Hutchinson, in September McClure's, is inspired by the meat trust, and that, for a price, the magazine printed it. The trust is putting forth many skilled 'ads,' and it seems this is one.'

The editor might believe this of some publications, but he cannot for a moment believe that a high-class magazine like McClure's would prostitute its reading columns in such a manner. It is true that it looks strange when Dr. Hutchinson places almost every widely-used food, except packing-house products, under the ban, thus attempting to counteract the effects of the 'Jungle.' This, however, is, doubtless, merely a coincidence.

As the editor of this department has said, in replying to Hutchinson's previous article, in justice to the everlasting truth, McClure's should allow some one who has made a life study of dietetics—such, for instance, as Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek—to make reply to this misleading article—or, at least, to state briefly the facts in regard to the food question, that modern research and experiment have proved to be well founded.

Insanity and Climate.

THE editor has more than once referred to Maj. Charles Woodruff's theory, that tropical light and heat are injurious to the blond races. In doing so, he has expressed the opinion that, while this is an ingenious and interesting theory, and well worthy of consideration, Maj. Woodruff is inclined to attempt to prove too much.

However, none of us can deny that sunshine is a strong stimulant. If you doubt this, notice the effect—when, your bed, being close to a window, you awake in the morning, while the sun is high in the sky, feeling drowsy, and inclined to imitate Solomon's sluggard. You pull up the blind, and let in a flood of sunshine. Presto, you are a changed man. You feel as if you had received an electric shock, or taken a glass of champagne. It is out of bed and to work for you.

Now, if such results follow a momentary dose of sunshine, what must be the result of the continued application of the rays of a tropical or semi-tropical sun for hours every day? Again, we know that, under certain conditions, the ardent rays of the sun will produce sunstroke, from the effects of which a man seldom entirely recovers.

These remarks are apropos of harrowing disclosures that have been recently made in regard to conditions in the Southern California State Asylum for the Insane, at Highland, in San Bernardino county, disclosures that have caused the Governor to appoint a commission to search for the facts. If the rays of the sun are stimulating to the brain of a normal man, what must they be, falling direct upon a poor addled brain? Yet, we find it a shameful fact that—at least so far as this southwestern country is concerned—sites for insane asylums have been selected without the least reference to the comfort and welfare of the inmates—merely to satisfy the greed of real estate speculators. For instance, the Territorial Insane Asylum of Arizona is located at Phoenix, one of the hottest places in the Southwest during the summer months, and two of the California State asylums are located, respectively, at Stockton and Highland, both in the interior of the State, in sections where the temperature rises daily above the 100-degree mark, during the summer months, although there are delightful climates to be found within a few hours' journey of each of these locations.

Even supposing that, by some error, or fatuity, an insane asylum should be located in so unsuitable a climate, yet notwithstanding this, much might be done to contribute to the comfort and health of the inmates, by protecting them as much as possible from the fervid rays of the sun. How is it? Here is an extract from the account written by the reporter of a local paper, in regard to conditions prevailing in the 'bull pen,' at Highland:

'The bull pen' is most aptly named. It consists of an inclosure approximately 50 by 75 yards and surrounded on all sides by a board fence from 15 to 20 feet high. The soil is fine, desert sand, and, on a warm day, reflects the heat of the sun to an unbearable degree. No trees or artificial shade is extended the patients, and they are forced to stay out under the torrid rays for hours at a time.

'In the center of the pen,' and commanding an unobstructed view of the inclosure, is a summer-house. This is the only shade from the sun's rays, and is monopolized by the attendants. Time and again I have seen patients driven out of the place by attendants.

'An excellent idea of the tortures from the excessive heat that the patients are forced to endure while in the pen,' may be gleaned from the following temperature records which I took during the last six days that I was in the madhouse: September 6, 112; September 7, 116; September 8, 118; September 9, 122; September 10, 121; September 11, 117.

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I cured myself solely by simple nature-aiding means. I was given up to die 8 different times by 8 different doctors. I had to cure myself. Do I look well at 47? I spent 15 years close to nature among primitive people who cure themselves and keep well by INSTINCT. Here I learned cause and cure NATURE'S WAY, and there is NO OTHER. My simple home methods will cure you in connection with my Nature-aid appliances, which absolutely hold the rupture in place until cured.

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Weak and Sore Throat

a sample for the simple
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o always have plenty of
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placing a trial box only
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"Do you feel you are grow-
er?"
Don't risk neglecting these
arnings—stop the disease
ore it reaches the lungs.

OF THE EARS
tarrh extends from the
out along the eustachian
en into the ears, causing
trial or complete deafness.
In your hearing failing?
"Do your ears discharge?"
Is the wax drying in your
ears?
"Do you hear better when
you are lying down?"
"Do you have a cold?"
Don't neglect this until
your hearing is irreparably
stayed.

OF THE STOMACH.
tarrh of the stomach is
sally caused by swelling
poisonous mucus, which
goes down from the head
to throat at night.
Is there nausea?
"Do you belch up gas?"
Are you constipated?
Is your tongue coated?
Do you bloat up after
dinner?
Is there constant bad
breath in the mouth?
Don't wait until you have
lost your appetite and
their purchases at our
tablets to make their
stomach, and after you have
continue the treatment
your DRUGGISTS.

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Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 27TH PAGE.)

ings have died from the effects of eating the flesh of
sals that have been maltreated on their way to the
st yards. Thus, the animals are revenged on man
in his inhumanity to them, but unfortunately, the in-
most must suffer with the guilty.

Centuries ago Cormaro showed the only way in which
he may be prolonged—by temperate living, and a placid
mind. Yet, these medical speculators, who combine
gun cruelty with crass superstition, assume to claim a
monopoly of the healing art, and ask the law to enforce
their preposterous claims.

Fish and Sewage.

are scavengers of the sea, just as chickens and
hens are scavengers on land. This particularly ap-
plies to fish feeding in shallow waters, and especially
near sewer outlets. People who eat fish, therefore,
should exercise a little care as to where they have been
caught. When at Catalina, recently, the editor was sur-
prised to note a dozen or more small boats, containing
people diligently fishing, all day long, just off the sewer
outlet of Avalon, near Lover's Cove. He often won-
dered whether these people ate the fish they caught, or
simply caught them for "sport." They naturally find
in fishing "good" there.

It was also recently noted in the papers that Japa-
nese have been catching fish for the Los Angeles market
in this city sewer outlet, between Santa Monica and Re-
dondo, that has been romantically named "Hyperion."
Sewer outlet by any other name would smell as bad.

Enlarged Young Men.

Several correspondents have written to criticize a
"underfoot," who recently suggested that Southern
California is distinguished for young people with gray
hair. As the editor stated, in thirty years he has never
known such a condition before, and these correspond-
ents all declare that the conditions are not so, by any
means. The original correspondent must have got
things mixed up. Anyhow, it is pretty hard to judge of
conditions, in a city where 90 per cent. of the residents
have come here during the past twenty years, and 75
per cent. of them during the past ten years. To make a
fair estimate about this thing, one should watch a pro-
geny of Native Sons.

Medical College.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires about a new eclectic
college. The California Medical College (Eclectic)
recently had its charter transferred to Los Angeles,
from San Francisco. Everything is coming to Los An-
geles. The 25th session of the college was to commence
on the first Monday in October. An article on the col-
lege was recently published in the daily Times.

The California Medical Journal (San Francisco) says:
"The eclectic school is the only school that teaches
modern medicine. The old school is purely nihilistic in
its application of medicine to diseased conditions, or it
uses outrageous combinations, without the least regard
to physiological knowledge."

It is unnecessary to state that the editor has no use
for drugs, whether administered allopathically, homeo-
pathically, eclectically, or as "tissue salts."

Too Many Children.

MEXICAN woman, of Wilmington, Los Angeles
County, was arrested by a humane officer, for keep-
ing her children in filthy quarters. She is 38 years old,
and has 18 children, the eldest being 24 years of age.
Her husband has deserted her.

This is another example of the fact that Roosevelt's
"open outside" theory does not always work well. To
bring many children into the world, under such condi-
tions, is a crime. What we should aim at is not more,
but better, children.

Dancing, Marriage and Prostitution.

Following dispatch from Paris was recently
received:

"The Paris Association of Dancing Masters sent thou-
sands of circulars to dancing masters, throughout the
world, asking if, in their opinion, dancing is not the
best way to promote marriage.

"About 3000 answers have been received, representing
the opinion of about 1,000,000 pupils, some of whom are
single, others married, and most of them engaged
to marry."

"The statistics collected seem to show that dancing
has increased 91 per cent. of the marriages in Germany, 85
in Switzerland, 82 in France, 80 in America, 70 in Greece,
60 in Belgium and Austria; 65 in England, 69 in Holland
and Prussia, 66 in Russia, 55 in Hungary, 53 in Den-
mark and Serbia, 51 in Sweden, 50 in Egypt, 48 in Tur-
key and 25 per cent. in Norway."

A statistician that statistics show an exactly similar con-
dition of affairs to prevail in regard to prostitution.
In England and America, statistics show that a
large majority of prostitutes date the commencement of
their career from the ball room, love of dress coming

second, that starts upon sexual feelings aroused by
music, in the mazes of a dance, aided and abetted
by the seductive glances of the dancer. There should be something more
to prevent the probability of a contented,
happy married life.

ROYAL FAMILY OF WORKERS.

KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN AND HIS SONS LEAD
A BUSY LIFE.

In respect of personality the Swedish royal family,
one of whose younger members, Prince Wilhelm, grand-
son of the King, recently visited New York, is among
the most interesting in Europe. King Oscar is a man
of many accomplishments. All his sons are also able
men.

No reigning monarch is more approachable than Oscar
II, and none knows better how to set a visitor at his
ease.

"How do you do, my good friend?" is his salutation to
a visitor admitted to an audience in the palace at Stock-
holm. He puts out his hand and gives the visitor's a
hearty clasp.

The King is the tallest ruler and one of the tallest
men in the world. But he is 78 and he has been in poor
health of late, so he stoops a little. He dresses plainly.
The coat is the only peculiar feature of his attire. In
shape it is like a single-breasted round-cornered sack,
but is as long as a cutaway.

The King is an accomplished player on the organ. He
has composed many pieces. Music is only one of his ac-
complishments. He has been called the most polished
Scandinavian orator of his day. He is a poet, and has
translated Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," Goethe's
"Faust" and many other works into Swedish.

Once when he criticized some work of Björnsterne,
Björnson's the poet accused him of jealousy and actually
sent him a challenge. The King took no notice of this,
but some time afterward when he was serenaded by a
singing society he asked them to sing one of Björnson's
poems, and he stood with his head bared while they did
so. On the following day he sent the poet the Order of
St. Olaf with an autograph letter.

In private life his hobby is collecting pottery, especially
Sèvres. He is fond of taking his callers into the private
dining-room of the palace and exhibiting his treasures.
Then he will tell how he restored the room to its ancient
beauty, having layer after layer of paint and enamel
scraped off to get at the fine old woodwork.

The King gets up at 8 a.m., works an hour and
breakfasts at 9:30. The morning is given up to walking
for health and pleasure and to business of state.

He has luncheon at 2:30 and spends most of the after-
noon in social engagements, including visits to the
homes of his children. He sleeps for an hour before din-
ner, plays billiards or whist from 9:30 to 11 and does
his literary work in the last hour before going to bed at
12:30.

He drinks several glasses of Bordeaux wine or a little
beer every day and smokes very little, using very mild,
denicotinized tobacco.

The King has traveled over all Europe, and has had
many queer adventures. In the palace at Monaco he
was assigned to a state room, "The Duke of York's
Room," they call it. In the middle of the room was one
of those canopied beds that look like catafalques.

In the wee sma' hours the house was awakened up by
a bustle that made the sleepers think there was a fire.
It was the King and his valet carrying upstairs an iron
camp bed that he takes around with him. He stood the
short bed of state as long as he could, but had to seek
room for his feet before he could get to sleep.

When he was Crown Prince he stopped a runaway in
the streets of Paris. The coachman had been flung off
and three women in the carriage were in danger of death.
The horses dragged him a block before they stopped.

Then the police came.

"What is your name?" asked the sergeant.

"Oscar Bernadotte," was the reply.

"Your occupation?"

"Crown Prince."

"Residence?"

"Royal Palace, Stockholm."

They sent him the regular French medal for life sav-
ing with its tricolor ribbon, and he wears it still.

His marriage to the Princess Sophie of Nassau, of
which they celebrated the fiftieth anniversary on June 6
of this year, was a love match. There is an oak in the
park at Monrepos in which the inscription "S-O-
1856," cut deep with a jack-knife, is still shown. It is
a memorial of the romance of Sophie and Oscar.

All four sons of the King have taken life seriously.
The Crown Prince, Gustavus Adolphus, has devoted him-
self to preparation for rulership.

Oscar, the second son, gave up royal honors and con-
tingent right of succession to marry a girl of the people.
He is known as Prince Bernadotte, and he and his wife
devote themselves to religious work, and are at present
carrying on a revival movement all through the country
upon Salvation Army lines.

Charles, the third son, is a hard-working soldier. He
is inspector-general of the Swedish cavalry. Eugene,
the fourth son, is a painter.

The Crown Prince's dad is silverware. He has a col-
lection equal in interest to his father's porcelains. In
late years he has taken much routine work from his
father's shoulders, presiding regularly at the meetings
of the council of state.

The soldier Prince, Charles, wedded to the Danish
Princess Ingeborg, has three little daughters. The fam-
ily live simply in a handsome house in Stockholm,
where not so much as a sentinel at the door indicates
the quality of the inhabitants. A newspaper photo-
grapher tells how easily the couple submitted to having
their pictures taken.

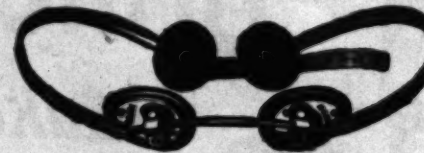
The Prince helped to wheel a table out of the way.
The Princess held up a lamp shade while the Prince
climbed on a chair and unfurnished it because it spoiled
the picture. One of the little princesses looked on wist-
fully until assured that she would be taken, too, when
she danced in glee.

Eugene, the artist Prince, lives in a house he built in
1905 at Valdemar-Udde, near Stockholm. His life and
surroundings are those of a private gentleman.

Besides being a painter he is a photographer of great
skill. He has a fine studio in the upper part of the

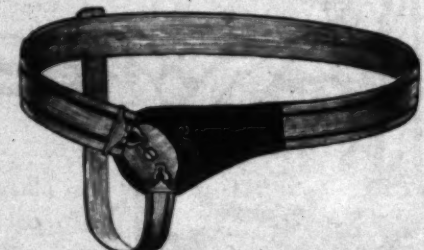
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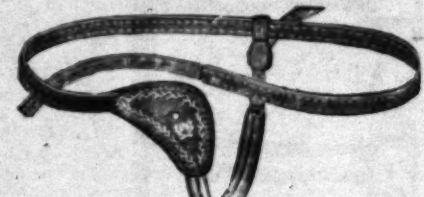
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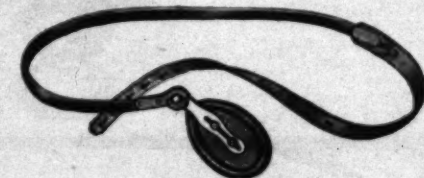
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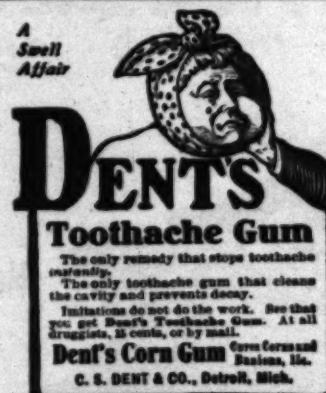
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house, commanding views of the fjord on which it
stands. He has also a kiosk in the grounds where he
paints in summer.

When his father visits him, they sit there together for
hours, watching the sea in the changing light. Lately
he has devoted himself to painting decorative panels for
the village schools all over Sweden, his purpose being
to help in developing the artistic sense of the Swedish
people.

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SYNOPSIS.

THE CITY. Brigham Young piece here, secretly wedded. Salt Lake tonight with grand parental blessing.... Common original lover, taken to San Francisco for obscene letter to Schmidt, America's oldest dies here.... Forty thousand in German celebration.... strike well of burning we ranchman receives rival love to save woman.... Angled by own gun in Arizona.... Charles Charnock fighting Arizona man driven out for holding American.... Fritz picking up a living after.... Rally of young Christian workers.... "Big stick" equated Taft's also, found on vine.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Ho start a little riot in Pasadena due to darkness; car pro California orange trees... Fine orange orchards... Shortage of sail... delay in shipping.... The Pacific coast... at Santa Monica.... celebrates a long residence... delays payments at Baldwin... more political agitation... Big land profits attract... Imperial county.... Order... a high officer by death front yard is mysterious... Channel High School At... Channel is dissolved.... Arrangements of splitting San Diego.

PACIFIC SLOPE. Serious car shortage unavailability of warehouse causes record-breaking wheel of the Northwest to become bad in ports.... Cars crash in Oakland and several sustains injuries.... Sailors who were in attempt to save imaginary man are buried with honors at San Francisco celebrate landing of their race in America.

GENERAL EASTERN. Washington decides to adopt extraordinary measures to prevent introduction of the United States not only of Japan but of other Asiatic colonies laborer Baldwin announces that he will conduct another expedition to Fole, going by way of Berlin.... National Purity Federation urge more science and less sentiment in marriages.... President spends time in Louisiana canebrakes... today.... Exhibit of craft building will be held in Illinois Hospital.... Ticket agents alarmed learning that Federal officers have approved their acceptance of commission on Atlantic steamship tickets when crossing equator on way to Pacific.... Unusual demands on street serve to tighten New York market.... Bryan attacks Federal plan of centralized Federal control of corporations.... Postmaster-General refuses to pay claims of Hartford company which, it is alleged, wanted government with material contract grade.... Maryland molasses and shoots to death negro slaver.... Four cooked to death in molten metal and forty seriously injured in frightful explosion at Butte, Pa.

FOREIGN. Czar of Russia blames for attacks made upon them, and all revolutions there in past two years.... Secretary Taft welcomed at... Release of Sir Harry Mc... aeronauts seeking way to... Hostile tribesmen in Morocco adopt new tactics.... Secret... is further entertained in...

GERMANS CELEBRATE LANDING. Immigration from "Faderland" to United States, Observed at San Francisco.
BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 6.—Enterprising fair memories of the fatherland and with strong feelings of loyalty to their country of their adoption, the German people of San Francisco today amid the bowers and trees of Golden Gate Park to commemorate the landing of the first German people in the United States at Germantown, Pa., on October 6, 1848.
The celebration was given under the auspices of the San Francisco branch of the German-American League, composed of its separate societies and their members.